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INDEX TO VOLUME XXIII

Acrostic to N. C. U. (Poem) —C. G. Weaver 51
Allah Ich Per (Sketch).—W. H. R. 409
Alumni Contributions.—Ed. 246
Alumni Notes. 78, 174, 262, 435
An Exhortation.— 50
Athletics and the College.—Edward K. Graham . . . 302
Athletics, The Honor System in.—Ed. 159
Between Six and Six-thirty.—Mary Graves 383
Blue Spot, The (Sketch).—'04 527
Bluebeard (Sketch).—C. D. W. 411
Book Reviews.—
Beautiful Thoughts from Robert and Elizabeth Browning; by Margaret Shipp —Mrs E. R. Hand . . . 443
Bible in Browning, The; by Minnie F. Gresham Machen. —W. B. Love 535
Brief Course in the Calculus, A; by Wm. Cain.—R. H. McLain 88
Browning, Robert; by Charles H. Herford.—A C. Dalton . 440
Browning, Robert; by Edward Dowden.—W. L. Mann . 537
Browning, Robert; by G. K. Chesterton.—V. L. Stephenson. 541
Browning and Meridith; by Mary Winchester Abbott.— V. L. Stephenson 543
Browning for Beginners; by Rev. Thos. Rain —H. L Sloan 540
Poetry and Philosophy of Browning, The; by Edward Howard Griggs.—D. P. Tillett 541
Brownings and America, The; by Elizabeth Porter Gould. —L. F. Abernethy 437
Following the Sun Flag; by John Fox, Jr.—R. M. Brown . 180
Lanier, Sidney; by Edwin Mims.—L. R. Wilson, Ph.D. . 266
Poetry of Robert Browning, The; by Stoppord A. Brooke. H. H. Hughes 445
Primer of Browning, A; by Edward Berdoe.—Francis Hutchison 446
Southern Writers; by W. P. Trent.—L. W. Parker . . 182
Call of the Violin, The.—W. E. Yelverton 512
Cape Hatteras, At (Poem).—L. W. Parker 317

Carew, Judge, The Romance of.—Richard Dillard . . . 295
Carolina, To (Poem).—'06 308
Character of Don Carlos, The.—L. W. Parker 185
Christmas Spirit, The.—Ed. 248
Class of 1905.—Alumni Notes 83
Class Unity and Customs, contributed articles . . . 35
College Bore, The.—Q. S. Mills 154
College Clubs.—Ed. 248
College Democracy.—Ed. 68
College Literature.—J. Kenyon Wilson 507
Commencement of 1905.—Ed. 65
Commencement, Suggestions for.—Ed. 345
"Crossing the Bar" (Poem).—'08 493
Cup, The (Poem).—Q. S. Mills 209
Cupid's Determination.—Carroll Wiggins 331
Death Was Only a Dream.—L. W. Parker 45
Delayed Destruction.—S. Rae Logan 211
Democracy in University Life.—Ed. 68
Dickson, Gen. Joseph.—Hampson Gary 48
Editorials.—Ed.-in-Chief . . . 63, 159, 246, 343, 425, 523
Elements of Romanticism in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel".
—S. Rae Logan 132
Exchanges.—Exchange Editor . . 72, 164, 257, 349, 429, 530
Excursionists and Birds (Sketch) 253
Exhortation, An 50
Expensiveness of Jimmy Barnes, The.—P. H. Royster . . 387
February (Poem).—'05 276
Flame and a Hope, A.—S. R. L. 309
Further.—W. S. 157
Gentle Art of Running an Automobile, The.—P. H. Royster . 494
Getting Acquainted with Nature (Sketch).—P. H. R. . . 419
Glove, The (Sketch).—M. L. W. 417
Good Luck Tree (Sketch) —'04 527
Hay, John: A Statesman of Greater America.—J. Kenyon
Wilson, '05 6
Hernani, The Actions in the Plot of.—J. D. Bruner . . . 269
Herring Hauler, The.—C. W. Hassell 372
His Lordship's Habits—Drury Phillips 517
History, North Carolina.—Ed. 66

Honor in Student Life in Colleges and Universities.—C. Alphonso Smith, Ph.D. 195
Honor System in Athletics, The.—Ed. 159
How It Felt to Him (Sketch).—'07 71
Hugo's Theory of the Romantic Drama.—J. D. Bruner, Ph.D. . 91
Idle Dreams (Poem).—D. Z. Newton 131
Idle Observations on a Trip to the Far West.—Marion T. Plyler, A.M., '05 28
In Memoriam (Poem).—H. H. Hughes 366
In the Land of Love and Pride.—W. E. Yelverton . . . 397
In the Land of the Shadow.—H. H. Hughes 144
Journalism, Southern.—Ed. 67
Just Boys (Sketch) 254
Juvenile Discretion (Sketch).—H. H. H. 70
Killebrew, Col. Joseph B., Resolutions of Respect . . . 448
Kiss That Counts, The (Sketch).—H. B. G. 418
Land of Love and Pride, In the.—W. E. Yelverton . . . 397
Land of the Shadow, In the.—H H. Hughes 144
Law School, The.—Ed. 160
"Lay of the Last Minstrel, The", Elements of Romanticism in.—S. Rae Logan 132
Lucetta Election, The.—M. S. C. Pelton 277
Magazine Contributions.—Ed. 343
Magazine Ideals.—Ed 63
Magazine Prizes (1905) 90
Magazine Prizes (1906) 359
Man Who Knew How, The (Sketch).—C. B. B. . . . 412
Massa Will's Breakfast (Sketch).—M. G. 409
Masterpiece, The (Poem).—'06 294
Mockingbird's Song, The (Poem).—'06 301
Monetary System, The, Needed Changes in.—Ed. . . . 250
Motherless (Sketch) —'04 526
Naming the Athletic Field.—Ed. 247
Naught Five, Class of.—Alumni Notes 83
New Role for Billy, A.—Q. S. Mills 228
New Use for an Afghan, A (Sketch).—R P. B. . . . 415
North Carolina History.—Ed. 66
Not Desirable Meat (Sketch).—H. H. H. 70
Old Nicanor's Story.—Drury Phillips 318

On a Metropolitan Morning Newspaper.—By a Reporter in New York . . . . . .
On the Approach of Winter.—H. H. Hughes 52
On the Inside.—Wm. C. Coughenour 376
Our Classmate (Poem).—E. C. Byerly 244
Out of Darkness into Light (Poem).—L. W. Parker . . . 118
Over the Way (Poem).—'06 227
Philosophy of the English Elegy, The.—C. P. Russell . . 450
Poe, Sidelights on the Character of.—M. L. Wright . . 324
Point of View, A.—S. S. Robins, '04 217
Prayer (Poem).—J. M. Grainger 189
Prizes, Magazine (1005) 90
Prizes, Magazine (1906) 359
Question, A.—'06 313
Randall, Wm. George.—Alumni Notes 262
Real Cowboy, The.—Drury Phillips 240
Relation of the University Man to Politics, The.—J. E. Alexander, '95 501
Resolutions of Respect 448
Riding (Sketch).—M. O. 416
Romance of Judge Carew, The.—Richard Dillard . . . 295
Romantic Drama, Hugo's Theory of.—Jas. D. Bruner, Ph.D. . 91
Santa Carlotta, I.—Q. S. Mills 14
Santa Carlotta, II.—Q. S. Mills 119
Sensible Advice (Sketch).—H. H. H. 162
Sherman's Movements in North Carolina.—M. T. Plyler . . 105
Sidelights on the Character of Poe.—M. L. Wright . . . 324
Sketches 70, 162, 253, 356, 409, 526
Sometime, Somewhere (Poem).—D. Z. Newton 330
Song of the Sea, The (Poem).—S. H. Lyle, Jr. 408
Song of Steam, The (Poem) —P. H. Royster 467
Sophomore Number of The Magazine, The.—Ed. . . . 425
Southern Journalism.—Ed. 67
Stray Leaves of Our History.—R. B. Creecy, '35 . . . 190
Stunted (Sketch),—'04 526
Suggestions for Commencement.—Ed. 345
Summer Girl, The (Poem).—'07 505
Tale of Three Centuries, A.—J. M. Porter 402
Time's Up (Sketch).—P. H. R. 414

Toast to Summer, A (Poem).—Mary de Berniere Graves . . 143
To Carolina (Poem).—'06 308
Tramp Song (Poem).—H. H. Hughes 13
Trip Thru Las Boquillas, A.—Drury Phillips 368
Twenty-seventh Time, The (Sketch) —M. G. 162
Two Voices, The (Poem).—A. N. Aydler 43
University Day, October 12, 1905.—Alumni Notes . . . 174
University Democracy.—Ed. 68
University Improvements.—Ed. 426
University Unity.—Ed. 160
Voices of the Wind, The (Poem).—Q. S. Mills . . . 381
Voyage, The (Poem).—H. H. Hughes 449
When Bunkum Went Dry—H. H. Hughes 469
Whistle of a Quail, The (Sketch) 255
Winter, On the Approach of.—H. H. Hughes 52
Woman of Abazai, A.—P. H. Royster 359
Y. M. C. A. Building, The —Ed. 426

CONTRIBUTORS

Abernethy, L. F., 437.
Alexander, J. E., '95, .
Aydler, A. N., 43.
Brown, C. B., 412.
Brown, R M., 180.
Bruner, James D., Ph.D., 91, 269.
Burns, R. P., 415, 422.
Byerly, R. C., 244.
Coughenour, Wm. C., 376.
Crawford, F. M., 346.
Creecy, R. B., '35, 190.
D'Alemberte, J. H., 413.
Dalton, Archie C., 440.
Dillard, Richard, 295.
Gary, Hampson, 48.
Graham, Edward K., 302.
Grainger, J. M., 189.
Graves, Mary de Berniere, 143, 162, 383, 409.
Gunter, H. B., 418.
Hand, Mrs. E. R., 444.
Hassell, C. W., 372.
Howe, George, Ph.D., 36.
Hughes, H. H., 13, 52, 70, I44, 162, 366, 445, 449, 469.
Hutchison, Francis, 446.
Lewis, Ivey F., '02, 38.
Logan, S. Rae, 132, 309, 211.
Love, W. B., 535.
Lyle, S. H., Jr., 408.
Mann, W. L., 537.
McLain, R. H., 88.
Mills, Q. S., 14, 119, 154, 209, 228, 381.
Newton, D. Z., 131, 330.
Orr, Manlius, 416.
Parker, L. W., 45, 118, 182, 185, 317.
Pelton, Mabell Shippie Clark, 277.
Phillips, Drury, 240, 318, 368, 405, 517.

Pittman, W. H. M., 357.
Plyler, M. T., A.M., '05, 28, 105.
Porter, J. M., 402.
Robins, S. S., '04, 217.
Royster, P. H., 359, 387, 414, 419, 467, 494.
Royster, W, H., 400.
Russell, C. P., 450.
Shore, Wm. T., 157.
Sloan, H. L., 540.
Smith, C. Alphonso, Ph.D., 195.
Stephenson, V. L., 40, 541, 543.
Tillett, D. P., 544.
Walker, N. W., '03, 1.
Wardlaw, C. D., 411.
Weaver, C. G., 51.
Wiggins, Carroll, 331.
Wilson, J Kenyon, '05, 6, 35.
Wilson, L. R., Ph.D., 266.
Wright, M. L., 324, 417.
Yelverton, W. E., 397.

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HON. MARMADUKE SWAIN ROBINS

University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 36. No. 1---OCTOBER, 1905. New Series, Vol. 23.

HON. MARMADUKE SWAIM ROBINS.

N. W. Walker.

THE DEATH of Hon. M. S. Robins, which occurred at his home in Asheboro, N. C., on June 27, 1905, deprived the University of one of its most loyal alumni and the state of one of its most honorable citizens. The facts of Mr. Robins's life are briefly as follows:

He was born in Randolph County August 31, 1827. As a boy he attended the common schools of his native county, and after acquiring such an education as these schools afforded he taught for some years before entering the University. He graduated from this institution with high honors in the class of 1856. Shortly after graduation he was offered a position by the publishers of "The Nautical Almanac" of Cambridge, Massachusetts which position he wished to accept, but having agreed to take charge of Middleton Academy, then a flourishing school in Randolph County near the present town of Franklinville, on the refusal of his employers to release him, he remained in North Carolina. This step he ever regarded as the turning point of his career. Before taking up the practice of law he taught also at Washington, N. C. and at Science Hill in Randolph.

He read law at the University Law School under Judge

Battle and was licensed to practice in the county courts December 30, 1856, but did not take oath and enter upon the practice until February 1, 1858. He was licensed to practice in the Superior courts December 11, 1860, and he qualified at the Spring Term of Court in 1861. After the war he built up a large practice which he held until his last illness. He formed a partnership with the late S. S. Jackson which lasted until the death of Mr. Jackson in 1875.

During the carpet-bag and reconstruction days he was the central figure in public life in his section of the state. Tho' he never sought political honors "his friends pushed his claims more than once and he came within a vote or two of being nominated for Congress, and at another time for Judge." During the war he was for a time private secretary to Governor Vance and was Treasurer of the Literary Fund, etc. He also served several terms in the General Assembly which "The Asheboro Courier" gives as follows: House, 1862; Senate, 1866; Senate, 1876; House, 1883; Senate, 1885. He was for a time Speaker in the House in the Session of 1862. In 1868 Mr. Robins was Democratic elector for the Fifth District on the Seymour-Blair ticket.

About the close of the war Mr. Robins was editor of "The Daily Conservative," a newspaper published in Raleigh. He was the first editor of "The Randolph Regulator" which was founded at Asheboro in 1876. This paper later became "The Asheboro Courier."

Mr. Robins married Miss Annie Moring, one of Asheboro's most estimable ladies, July 24, 1878. He is survived by Mrs. Robins and their three sons—Henry M. Robins, who graduated from the University in the class

of 1902, studied law here, formed a partnership with his father, and is now one of the prominent young lawyers of North Carolina; Sidney S. Robins, who graduated from the University in the class of 1904, and who is now pursuing post-graduate studies in Harvard University; and Marmaduke Robins, who is now at the University in the Sophomore class.

In closing this brief sketch I can give no better summary of the character of the man than is given in the editorial columns of "The Asheboro Courier" and "The Raleigh News and Observer."

"Mr. Robins was the soul of honor, a gentleman of the highest character and integrity, an able, learned painstaking lawyer, whose practice was not only large and lucrative in this immediate section but until his health failed him had a large practice especially in the counties of Montgomery, Moore and Stanley, where for 30 years he attended the courts as regularly as he did the courts of his own county.

* * * * * * *

"He lived through the days of reconstruction and carpet-bagism, and was merciless in his exposure of wrong and excoriation of the bad men who at times held the reins of power.

Never did he mince matters, but was plain, outspoken and fearless. He had no love for the Northern men who came here after the war to take charge, and but little confidence or respect for those who administered the affairs of government and conducted and presided over the courts.

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Robins was a man of strong personality and individuality in character. He lived through troublous

times. He was a man of strong, honest and sincere convictions, with strong likes and dislikes, loyal and true to his friends. He stood up for what he believed to be right at all times and denounced dishonesty and corruption in office or elsewhere at all times. For a quarter of a century he made political speeches in this and adjoining counties in the interest of what he conceived to be for the political party whose success he considered would be the greatest advantage to the people."—"The Asheboro Courier," June 29, 1905.

The following sketch is taken from the editorial columns of "The Raleigh News and Observer" of June 28, 1905. It is a beautiful tribute and a most accurate characterization or the man.

OF ROMAN VIRTUE.

"No honester man has lived in North Carolina than Marmaduke Robins, who died in Asheboro yesterday. He had lived a long and useful life. As a lawyer of the old school he had transacted business for many of the Randolph citizens for half a century. Their confidence in his integrity was perfect. He was an able lawyer, had mastered the learning of the great calling, and illustrated its best traditions.

"Mr Robins was old fashioned in his adherence to the simple virtues, plain living, plain speaking and direct manner. He hated shams and indirection and had no use for shiftiness or for deceit or for extravagance. He never changed his manner of life, and the new fashions in dress or in opinions had no effect upon him.

"During the administration of Governor Vance he held a position in the State Government and lived in Raleigh

several years. While in this city he was a diligent student and hard worker. Among other things he wrote much after the war for a conservative paper published in Raleigh. He wrote and spoke in epigrams and his logic was faultless. Later he edited in Asheboro a paper called the "Randolph Regulator."

"The memory of Mr. Robins will always remain a part of the best history of Randolph county. He was in ability, in simple living, in rugged integrity, in plainness of speech, in faith in work, hatred of shams and contempt of extravagance the best type of the virtues that have characterized the men of Randolph in all its history."

JOHN HAY: A STATESMAN OF GREATER AMERICA.

J. Kenyon Wilson.

IT IS said that a great man is the product of a great period. Certainly the late Secretary Hay is the creature of conditions that have appeared in the last few years; and he has prepared the way for greater ones in the future.

In the past few years a new term has appeared in history and politics. This term is "Greater America." It is the result of events, of the irresistible forces that have driven forward and upward the western republic. For more than a century of our national existence we remained somewhat apart from the other nations, developing along lines blazed out by ourselves, taking but little part in the large international affairs. But we could not longer remain thus. The American spirit of energy and push had almost finished its work on its native soil. It had annexed all available contiguous territory, and must now lay hold of other lands, that its commerce might be increased and that its national power might be felt as the strongest on the globe. America is no longer confined to the West; she is an Eastern Power, a World Power as well. The United States has become Greater America.

But this growth brings with it new problems of government and new moral and political responsibilities. By some this new condition is called Imperialism; certainly it is the holding of dependencies. History and logic both teach that as a nation takes on itself the task of governing foreign territory, its administration must be more strong than when restricted to its home area. A thousand problems of colonial control and of interna-

tional consequence, entirely unknown before, now present themselves. The nations who have properly met these problems have been the successful ones. So long as Rome afforded able administration in the provinces her eagles were spread over the known world. When she failed to do so the empire became a prey to a less favored race. In more recent times England, the other great colonizing nation, has exhibited in her history the same rule. When her administration has been poor, she has lost her colonies, or had them to rise in rebellion. When it has been able, her colonies have been her greatest strength. The logic of the situation is inexorable. For successful colonization there must be the strongest kind of government.

This is the situation in America. We are face to face with the biggest problem of a century. The only solution must be greater statesmen, who can administer the affairs of government with the proper ability. Such men we shall have; for it is a rule that a great need produces a great man. We have had no great statesmen since the thirties just for this reason. In our early history we had to put into successful operation the experiment of democracy. This called for the framing and interpreting of a constitution. Great questions arose; and great men discussed them. But the last of these terminated with the Hayne-Webster debate. After that time our politics were concerned with matters of only local or temporary importance: and no great statesmen, except Lincoln, appeared in America. But today again great vital issues, that must determine our position among the nations, call for great men. And as the colonial policy of England called into being Edmund

Burke and the two Lords Chatham, and distinguished Macaulay, Disraeli and Gladstone, so may we expect there to rise up in America men able to direct the mighty course of the great republic.

Such a statesman has already appeared in the person of the late Secretary of State. It was in this position that Mr. Hay achieved fame and showed himself worthy to be ranked among the great statesmen of the world, beside Richelieu, Pitt and Bismarck. Coming of Scotch stock, reared in the sturdy life of the West, standing at the right hand of Lincoln during his eventful administration, serving in the legations of Paris, Vienna and Madrid, and as Assistant Secretary in the State Department, holding the responsible position of ambassador to England, having been scholar, author and editor, Mr. Hay received a diplomatic training that gave him better fitness for his great work than any of his predecessors had had. Well was he fitted; and so well did he do the work demanded of him that Mr. Roosevelt called him the greatest Secretary of State we have ever had.

Of his personality, his devotion to duty, his patriotism, his scholarship or his literary talent long chapters might be written. But we are here concerned with the significance of his diplomacy and its bearing on our international relations that came as a result of our greater activity in world politics. He came into his great office just as the United States had entered on its new career; and he determined the attitude it was to take in the new activity. If the irresistible force of conditions was the motive power that drove the ship of state into world politics, John Hay was certainly the pilot who guided her safely over the shoals into deep water.

Among his first works, after succeeding Judge Day in the State Department, was the settling of a number of delicate matters arising out of the Spanish war. Arrangements had to be made for Spanish subjects in the ceded territory, a government must be provided in these islands, diplomatic relations had to be restored with Spain; new treaties had to be made with her, and with other nations as well; for new conditions brought new relations; and lastly a provisional government must be provided for the new republic of Cuba. The methods Mr. Hay followed in these difficult matters were his own. The public knew only that they were difficult and that they were properly adjusted. Mr. Hay received the credit. These were the first acts of Greater America. In them was shown the spirit and the policy of our new system. A strong man was laying its foundations.

The acquisition of eastern territory had made it more than ever important that quicker communication be had between the two oceans. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, it was thought, prevented the United States from building an isthmian canal. Mr. Hay went to work to supersede this treaty with another, by which this country was to obtain the exclusive right to construct and operate such a work. Without our ownership of the canal speedy communication could not be had with the new dependencies, a thing absolutely necessary to efficiency in the new venture. With it the new system might be made incalculably profitable. Mr. Hay saw this, and began careful and tedious negotiations with Lord Pauncefote to secure this right. After a decided diplomatic triumph, he presented the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty for the ratification of the Senate. It was rejected by reason of

certain external influences brought to bear on the Senate. But undismayed the Secretary formed another treaty, embodying the Senate's amendments, but in no point giving up an essential part of the work he had begun. The result was complete success.

Though the construction of the canal will doubtless cost millions of money and years of labor, when completed it will be the greatest line of traffic in the world. The trade of the two great oceans will pass through it. New York will be but a few days distant from Hawaii or Manila. Instead of the anxious fear we felt when the Oregon made the great run around Cape Horn in the face of a hostile fleet, we may see, when occasion requires, the speedy sending of a powerful fleet from our eastern ports and their mobilization in Asiatic waters. And our commerce will have the same advantage. These things we must place to the credit of Mr. Hay. Of course, the canal would have been built anyway—at some time and by somebody. But it is by his able diplomacy that it is to be built by this nation and at this time. Such a work alone, accomplished under very humiliating difficulties, is sufficient to place Mr. Hay among the most astute diplomatists.

But his greatest work is not here. This is to be found in his masterful management of the Chinese questions. It is for this that he is honored both at home and in Europe. It was probably his conduct in these affairs that led Dr. A. B. Hart to say:

"Just as Bismarck was in his day, John Hay is today the dean of all diplomatists."

As a result of Mr. Hay's work in settling the Chinese troubles, we have two famous phrases, "the open door"

and "territorial and administrative entity." The last, at least, was coined by Mr. Hay. Both ideas were required by the large work on which he was engaged, the work of establishing American influence and strength in the East—a thing absolutely essential to Greater America.

In the summer of 1900 the allied Powers were called upon to defend their legations at Pekin. An army in China might mean its dismemberment and division among European powers. These already held leases of sea ports and "spheres of interest." Such a thing would mean not only injustice to the Celestial Empire, but also the exclusion of American influence, the destruction of the new American policy. Such Mr. Hay determined to prevent; and did so by one telegram addressed to the powers. Its whole significance is in these words:

"The policy of the government of the United States is to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly powers by treaty and international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire."

When this doctrine was announced it at once attracted universal approval. Its justice and humanity made it the chart of future action in the East. By it the United States was secured her proper share in the commerce of the Orient, the trade which today, as always, means more wealth than any other. To secure this trade is our great purpose in holding eastern dependencies. The Philippines are worth little in themselves; but they are worth much in holding this profitable trade. Yet they

would be worth nothing if there were no "open door" in China. Moreover, commerce is had only where there is political influence. Were the integrity of China impaired we should lose this asset, and with it our trade. But that telegram has secured both.

When the war began last year it seemed that our doctrine was to be over-ridden. But Mr. Hay sent another message that restricted the area of the war. It placed his original docrine on such a footing that it is highly improbable that it will be violated. It is doubtful that the Portsmouth treaty would have provided for Chinese integrity if Mr. Hay had not declared that empire no longer a field for spoliation.

American diplomacy has been styled "shirt sleeved." But Justice Brewer says we have substituted for that "the John Hay type of diplomacy." Certainly this new type has placed the United States in a position in world politics she did not hold before; it has assured future triumphs for Greater America. This diplomacy, as we have seen, laid well the foundations of expansion in its treatment of the Spanish war questions; it provided means of easy communication with our eastern dependencies, by which our commerce may be increased and protection easily afforded them; it secured American interests in China; it launched the republic safely and well on a new course which will bring to her flag new glory. Greater America has already produced greater constructive statesmanship. And John Hay is the first statesman of the new era.

TRAMP SONG.

H. H. Hughes.

When the May breeze blows from the warm Southland,
And the May sun glitters on the crisp white sand;
Give me the pine-clad hills of Maine,
Where the spring flowers wait for the summer's rain.

When the green grass withers in the sun's fierce glare,
And the black bear steals to the shade from his lair;
Give me the cool Canadian lakes,
Where the swift-footed wild deer his summer thirst slakes.

When the year grows old and the nights are long,
And the drear hours creep to the winter's song;
Give me a crust and a foaming bowl,
And a snug warm bed by a haystack pole.

Give me these while the sad years roll,
And fools and misers may keep their gold.

SANTA CARLOTTA.

I.

THE BOAT THAT CAME IN ON THE TIDE.

Q. S. Mills.

OUT in the east the first rays of an early summer sunrise were struggling through the fog-banks. Gradually they pierced them and began to light up once more the tiny harbor of Santa Carlotta. Carlotta Key, the island, had been known before the row of dingy shanties had sprung into existence on the bluff above the beach. Rude buildings they were, knocked together out of driftwood and odd scraps of lumber, and inhabited by strange men who came and went irregularly, mixing but little with the villagers on the mainland. Unsavory tales were whispered of the doings in this little community, and its name had become in mockery, Santa Carlotta. That was in the forties, when the government was not so watchful of the Florida coast as to render such settlements impossible. It was one of the many that dotted the Florida Keys before the civil war. This morning the dilapidated lean-tos scattered among the stunted palmettoes, crowning the bluff loomed sombrely in the gray dawn, fit habitations for the renegades and fugitives who claimed them. On the half circle of beach below some figures busied themselves around the boats drawn up on the sand. The citizens of the little commune were mostly sailors, the scum and riff-raff of the Southern ports, who made their living meanwhile by fishing.

In the little harbor there was nothing unusual this morning, but out on the open sea, as the sun burst from

behind the clouds of fog, flashing a path of fire from wave to wave down to the harbor bar, its rays fell upon a black object floating inward with the tide. At first it was only a dot, dancing on the wave-crests, but as it drew steadily nearer down the glowing pathway it took the shape of a rowboat. On it came straight toward Santa Carlotta as if guided by some practiced hand, yet there were no signs of life about it. Dead Man's Key, a mere sandy reef, midway of the harbor entrance, lay right athwart its course, and on this it grounded, gliding well up on the sandy beach from the impetus of the wave on which it rode.

As the little boat grounded the first of the fishing boats came beating out of the harbor, its taut sail glistening in the sunlight. The lookout in its bow caught sight of the castaway boat, raised his hand in its direction and shouted,

"Luff! luff her!"

The fishing boat trembled, veered her course, and bore down on the reef. The man in its bow gazed ahead intently. He was a tall man, heavily set, with a powerful arm and an expanse of chest which seemed too ample for the blue shirt, open at the throat, which he wore. His heavy growth of reddish hair on head and chest had won for him the name of "Red Mac"—his only name in the colony on the island. The expression of his florid face, surrounded by this halo of fiery hair was truly ferocious, and had doubtless done as much as the strength of his arm toward establishing his prestige among his lawless associates. His companion was shorter than he, and wiry. His swarthy face and black hair bespoke Spanish blood. A bright light that played continually

in his eyes, with a peculiar cat-light stealthiness in every motion gave him an appearance of craftiness. He, too, watched the reef carefully.

As the fishing boat's keel grated on the pebbles the lookout leaned farther forward. Traced upon the bow of the stranded boat he read the single word "Nautilus." At sight of the name an expression of utter amazement flashed across his face. His own boat ceased to move but he did not stir. A muttered oath from his companion aroused him.

"Gone to wood, have ye?" snarled Louis.

The big Scotchman gave no heed to him but leaped forward, and crossed the spit with great strides. At the boat he stopped abruptly. Louis, who had followed him, drew back aghast. The light mast of the boat before them had been snapped off short. Sunk deep in the stump that remained was a sailor's sheath knife, its blade and handle encrusted with blood. In the stern lay a heap of gold pieces, their canvas sacks ripped open beside them. Nothing else was there save a broken oar and an empty water cask, but the interior of the boat, the seats, the bottom, the thwarts were smeared and splotched with blood; about the heap of gold was a dark red stain where a pool had collected, over the bottom were scattered other pieces of money, many of them stained to a crimson color.

For a space the two stood motionless, then Louis turned nervously. From the beach other boats were putting out. He plucked his companion's arm and he, too, looked back. There was no need for words. In haste they brought canvas from their boat and scraped the money into four bundles, four heavy bundles that

clinked as they fell upon the bottom of the fishing boat. It was too late to destroy the boat. It had been seen, so the two turned back toward the beach again, their prize in tow.

The occupants of the boats they passed either eyed them narrowly in silence or greeted them with gruff hails which were answered in tones equally surly. On the beach no one met them save for the boy Allan, who shared their quarters with them. He was a slender fellow of twenty whose clear cut features and high forehead set him in peculiar contrast with his associates. In obedience to Red Mac's orders he hauled the boats up on the shore while the two men hastened up the bluff, their burdens concealed in pieces of tarpaulin. Other figures were making their way downward to inspect the prize but they were too late to discover the true find—only Allan had caught a glimpse of this. Louis and Mac went straight to their shanty, which stood somewhat isolated from the rest, the last of the row at the head of the bluff. Within they fastened the door, flung their burdens on the rough table and faced each other.

"What d'ye make of it, Mac?" asked Louis.

The Scotchman started slightly but shook his head. After a moment the other continued,

"Well, let's share up."

Neither one had considered dividing equally with the rest of the community, according to the unwritten law of custom. They would share alike and conceal their find until they found it convenient to escape. In silence they opened the packages and spread the money on the table. Hardly had they commenced their task when there came a sharp knock at the door. The Scotch-

man opened it and filled it with his bulk. Before him stood a wizened little old man, his shoulders bent, his face almost covered with a matted growth of hair through which his eyes gleamed up at the man before him malevolently.

"The top o' the morning, Red," said he. "It's good luck you were having on the reef this morning."

As he spoke, his eyes shifted and strove in vain to pierce into the room behind the Scotchmen. Red closed the door.

"What is it?" he asked, "What d'ye want here?" Visitors were rare at that doorway.

"And what might her cargo've been?" queried the old man, his keen eyes fixed on Red's face.

"That's our business," was his answer.

The little man's eyes flamed.

"Your business!" shrieked he, "your business! Then what's this?"

He held before Red's eye a yellow disk, and trembled with anger as he continued,

"Aye, there's traces of more of 'em, too. So that's the game you'd play with us, would ye? We who've hid ye and fed ye while you were down. You——" and the little man burst into a torrent of profane abuse as he turned and made off down the path. Red turned back into the shanty and closed the door.

"You heard old Davy," he said. "Our game's up."

Louis swore fluently in a foreign tongue as the two set about finishing their task. Scarcely had they completed it when Allan came in and commenced preparing their noon meal of bacon and cornbread, supplemented with black coffee. The meal was eaten in silence, but

Allan watched his companions intently and departed soon after it was over. Not long afterward the two walked to the edge of the bluff. On the beach below them a crowd had collected around the new boat. Red Mac shrugged his shoulders.

"We'll not get away from here now!" he exclaimed.

Louis muttered an assent and they turned back into the shanty. From a corner the Scotchman brought forth a demijohn, half full of aquadente, a fiery liquor made from sugar cane, and the two partook of it freely. They talked little. Neither seemed to have any decided plan of action. Well up in the afternoon there came the sound of loud voices outside, followed by another knock at the door. Red Mac opened it again and stepped into the open. Louis did not move. Before the building were a dozen of the nondescript inhabitants of the village, Old Davy among them. As the Scotchman towered above them the talking ceased. Clearly they stood in awe of the giant. After a moment one, more daring than the rest, shouldered forward.

"Red Mac," he spoke up," "We've come up here to get our rights. You've tried to do us dirt, but you weren't smart enough. Now we're goin' to have what's comin' to us."

"Come get it then," auswered the Scotchman shortly.

There was a threat in his words and the spokesman, a heavily built young fellow, flushed as he caught it. With an oath he sprang forward at the man before the door, but he was not quick enough. The Scotchman's fist shot out and struck his assailant under the chin, sending him sprawling on the sand. The crowd edged forward, but Red Mac's hand fell to the sheath-knife at

his side and his enemies hung back. He had proved his readiness with that weapon more than once. For a space he eyed the men before him, then said curtly,

"Go think this over, and when you get cool, we'll settle it!"

Red turned on his heel and shut the door; the crowd lingered for a moment, then retreated slowly down the pathway, giving vent to subdued mutterings as it went. During the rest of the afternoon the men in the shanty hardly spoke. They sat smoking or drinking the fiery aquadente in morose silence. At sundown Allan came in and they ate. Then Allan went to his bunk in the tiny shed adjoining the shanty, but not to sleep. He had caught sight of his companions' unusual burdens, had seen Old Davy find the piece of money, had noticed the strange bearing of Red Mac and Louis, and had made up his mind to find out all that he could. Therefore he lay down with his eye close to a crevice that he widened with the blade of his sheath-knife.

At first all was quiet. Allan had almost fallen asleep when the Scotchman rose and took from a shelf a pack of greasy cards which he began running carelessly. Louis watched him intently, his eyes grew brighter, his hands worked nervously, and he leaned forward without knowing it. At length his eagerness got the better of him. He brought a bag of gold pieces, placed it on the table, and in a voice that trembled a little said,

"Come, let's play!"

Each seemed equally fortunate at first, then Louis began to lose. Gradually the pile of money before him melted away. Again and again he replenished it from the bag, but still it lessened. Louis leaned forward on

the table, his eyes burning with the fever of excitement, a scar ordinarily scarcely perceptible on his forehead standing out crimson against his swarthy skin. Red Mac sat motionless, his face giving no sign of his feelings as he steadily drew in the gold pieces. Finally Louis staked all—and lost. His hand dropped to the empty bag at his side. Instantly his face lit up with fury. He wrenched his knife from its sheath, gave a scream of rage and lunged across the table. The Scotchman leaped backward, avoiding the blow and drawing his knife at the same time. Then they clinched. For a moment they struggled in the dim light, then the lamp, overbalanced, fell extinguished to the floor and they fought on in darkness. Back and forward across the narrow room they swayed, smashing the rude furniture, shaking the little building in their fury. Suddenly the struggle ceased with the sound of a couple of swift blows. A gasp, and all was still.

It was some time before Red Mac was able to strike a light and summon Allan to dress his wound, from which he was bleeding profusely. Then they wrapped the body in the corner in a blanket and placed it in the shed. Allan quietly set about aiding to gather up the money which was scattered over the floor, As he fingered the gold pieces he formed a plan, and he watched the Scotchman narrowly as he put away the bags. He made no attempt to conceal them.

Day was breaking already and not long thereafter Allan left the shanty, four squares of canvas hidden underneath his blouse. On the beach he proceeded to fill these hastily with rounded pebbles and hide them in the sand beneath the bluff. Four times during the day he

visited that spot and each time left a heavy bag instead of a light one. It was strange that Red Mac seemed to place him under no suspicion, giving him opportunity when he slept or walked outside to take away the gold. It was strange, too, that none of the other inhabitants of the little village watched him and discovered his store, but he made the change unnoticed. Then came a period of torture for him. More than once during the day as the big Scotchman turned toward the hiding place of his treasure Allan's heart sank. Once when he had already removed three of the bags Red Mac drew back the piece of timber that concealed them underneath the floor and thrust in his hand. Allan's knees smote together. His first impulse was to draw the knife at his side and spring upon Red, but his courage failed him. Only one bag of gold piecs remained; what if the Scotchman missed it? Trembling, Allan watched as he drew forth a bag, opened it, ran his fingers caressingly through the yellow mass, tied it up again, and dropped it back into its resting place. For a moment Red seemed undecided whether he should examine another package. The boy waited in an agony of suspense. Then Red Mac slid the plank into place again and rose. Late in the afternoon when the bags had all been removed and replaced by those filled with pebbles the Scotchman turned toward their place of concealment again. There could be no escape now. Allan loosed his sheath knife, moistened his lips and leaned forward. Red Mac caught the plank. Allan stole forward with quick, noiseless movements, knife in hand. The board was out now, the knife rose—then came a confused noise from without, the trampling of many feet and the sound

of confused voices. Red shot the plank into place and rose; the boy was already himself again. A blow that shook the shanty fell on the door. The Scotchman strode forward, flung it open and faced the angry crowd before him, standing sidewise to conceal his wounded shoulder.

As Red Mac faced the crowd Allan crept out of the rear of the shanty and stole unnoticed down the bluff. Old Davy was spokesman of the mob.

"Red," said he, "we've put up with enough of your bullhead. We've come to divvy."

"Divvy what?" returned the giant.

"What?" screamed the little man. "An' would ye think to bluff us off with that? Give us the money!"

"Come in," said the Scotchman.

No one seemed anxious to be the first to run the gauntlet, but as Red Mac stepped back the crowd edged forward. Slowly they entered at first, but at length, the cowards following the bravest, the shanty was filled. The Scotchman stood with his back to the door of the shed, his mass towering above the rabble before him.

"Where's the money?" growled the fellow whom he had thrashed the day before.

"Since ye know so much about it, find it!" he answered.

The mob surged toward him with a roar. Red drew his knife.

"It's not in here," he said shortly.

The crowd began to ransack the shanty, throwing open chests, overturning bunks, tearing up the floor. A cry of exultation rose. A man sprang up holding a bag aloft. He jumped to the table and proceeded to open

the sack, his companions crowded close about him. In greedy silence they watched him loose the strings and lay open the contents. An instant of intense silence ensued, then with a scream of fury the man leaped forward.

"So that's what you'd pay us with, you whelp," he roared.

He held the bag of rounded pebbles open before Red's eyes, then flung it in his face.

"Pebbles! I'll pay ye!" he cried, drawing his knife.

At first the Scotchman seemed dazed, then his eyes shone, his face worked convulsively, and he started forward with a shout.

"Allan! Allan! The boy! Don't let him get away!"

"'Allan! Allan!'" sneered Old Davy, "Louis! Louis! Show us Louis!"

An angry roar followed Old Davy's demand, and Red Mac saw the semicircle of determined faces close in toward him. He shrieked, he cursed to no avail—the rabble heeded not his fury. They were not to be turned aside from searching the shed at Red's back. With an oath he sprang aside and flung the door open.

"Look, you fools!" he shouted, "Waste your time and let the kid away," and he gave vent to a torrent of blasphemy.

It did not take the seekers long to roll the body of Louis from the bunk and ransack the shed. No more surprise was evinced at finding the corpse than had been at sight of the Scotchman's wound.

Emptyhanded the crowd turned and rushed out to the edge of the bluff. Well out in the harbor a boat was moving under sail and oars. A hoarse cry of rage went

up as they recognized Allan Several men who had rifles opened fire on the boat, but it was already out of range. Down the bluff the crowd surged; the foremost runners were shoving boats into the water when Old Davy halted them.

"It's no use, boys!" he exclaimed, pointing out to sea as he spoke. "The ones that chase Allan 'll not be coming back to-night."

Low down on the horizon a dark mist hovered, a mere shadow in the distance, but even as those on the shore watched it, it rose as if by magic. With wonderful rapidity it expanded, turning from gray to black in an instant. Its edges spread out in great, rolling, inky billows that engulfed the sun and overshadowed the sea with an evening twilight. The wind fell away to a whisper, the ocean lay motionless, and still the great, black mantle unfolded silently, swiftly. The little boat lay just beyond the harbor bar; it was too late for Allan to turn back now. From over the sea came a low moaning, scattered sea-birds flew past overhead uttering discordant cries; light puffs of wind tossed the palmettoes. Suddenly a livid bolt of lightning cleft the sky from the center of the cloud to the sea, the wind swept onward with a shriek, and the storm had broken. The boat in the offing sprang forward like a living thing, and then the impenetrable curtain of the rain swept down and shut her out of sight forever.

Red Mac climbed slowly through the torrent to the shanty on the bluff. Through the next few days no one visited him. The following morning he bore forth the body of Louis and buried it in the sand far back on the bluff. His wound was slight and healed quickly, but

the Scotchman still lay like a tiger in his lair, while the supply of aquadente in the demijohn slowly dwindled. On the fifth day it was entirely exhausted, and he made his way down to the beach where lay the "Nautilus."

Morose and sullen he spoke to no one as he set about repairing the damaged boat. As he worked, his mind revolved strange things. Not many months before he had shipped in a little Massachusetts town as mate of the vessel from which this little boat was a messenger—the "Nautilus," one of that great fleet of ships that once sailed empty from our shores to return with human freight. How well Red Mac remembered it now, his effort to win away the gold at cards, the fight in the cabin in the harbor of the Southern seaport, the captain as he lay dead on the table, his, Red Mac's leap into the black water, and his swim to safety. The Scotchman's lips tightened in an evil smile as he scrubbed the blood-stains on the rowboat's bottom. At least the gold was no one's now.

The little boat refitted, Red Mac began again his fisherman's life alone. He came and went with hardly a sign from the other dwellers on the island. They shunned him as an outcast, and he, with a grim sense of pleasure at having seen them cheated, enjoyed it. But this life did not continue long. One evening the "Nautilus" did not return. The villagers thought nothing of it; perhaps Red Mac had gone as suddenly as he had come. Not so. That day the Scotchman fished farther out than usual. In the afternoon a black shadow suddenly passed beneath his boat, a triangular fin cut the water close by. Again and again the monster circled the "Nautilus." Red Mac made sail for Santa Carlotta with all

speed but the shadow circled nearer. Never had he seen such a shark. As it moved slowly through the water he estimated its length at fully twenty-five feet. Twice there came a subdued scraping on the bottom of the boat. Red Mac understood. This monster was not only a man-eater but also a man-hunter. The Scotchman stripped and stood waiting, his sheath knife in his hand. More than once he had won the admiration of his fellow sailors by throwing himself, with only his knife for protection, into the sea and slaying the shark that waited there, but never had he faced such an enemy as this. Of a sudden the boat quivered and rose into the air. The Scotchman, his naked knife between his teeth, plunged overboard. There was a momentary struggle beneath the surface, then all was still. The "Nautilus," keel in air, rocked gently on the swell. Not many days thereafter a schooner off the Cuban coast picked up the carcass of a shark of tremendous size, a sailor's sheath-knife driven deep into its belly.

Again the little row boat drifted into the harbor of Santa Carlotta and grounded on the beach, but this time the sailors shunned her as a thing accursed and left her to rot upon the strand. They felt, and they were right that gruesome as had been her history in their sight she had left behind her, on the trackless deep, a story more terrible still.

[To be concluded.]

IDLE OBSERVATIONS ON A TRIP TO THE FAR WEST.

Marion T. Plyer.

THE old University town never looked more at ease in its summer slumbers than on the afternoon of June, the twenty-ninth, 1905. The campus was deserted by all save the birds and the ambitious students of the Summer Law School, who were so busy dreaming of future briefs as to be oblivious of the heat and the lazy scene around. The rest of the citizens slumbered on and dreamed of the coming of September. Upon this quiet spot, I turned my back and rolled away on the Chapel Hill Express. At University Station, there were more than the usual diversions while awaiting a delayed train. Two youngsters, not long on the road, kept up a loud parley about the "best hotels," a lad in the teens nervously awaited the opportunity to steal a ride to Greensboro, and an old hen with a brood of biddies continued her careless rounds. By this and the student voices, the nervous boy, and the domestic fowls, the monotony of that celebrated spot was broken. Finally we were off and the twilight of the peaceful evening found us pushing on for the hills beyond the Yadkin. The next morning, I landed out across the hills of East Tennessee, where Bob Taylor first saw the light, and tried to imagine the young bare-foot Bob, in other days, when he took his first lessons in the old grape-vine swing. Two most interesting experiences during the four hours wait at Knoxville were the visit to the Sevier monument and the walk over the grounds of the University of Tennessee. There on the site of the first block-house stands the monument to John Sevier, "Natichincky Jack." He was pio-

neer, soldier, statesman and one of the founders of the Republic. To be six times, Governor of Tennessee and four times elected to Congrees, after the heroism displayed against the red man and at King's Mountain, is enough for one man. As I stood by that marble shaft, the heart beat faster with patriotic pride. The other experience at the University struck me with surprise. It was about breakfast-hour for the Summer School. The "school marms" of the South were in evidence on every hand. A few men were strolling here and there and some walking over from the city. I determined to ask every man I met something about the Summer School and the contingent from the University of North Carolina. One question was this: "Have you seen Doctors Alexander or Hume or Smith?" Of the eight plied with this interrogation only two had even heard of the gentlemen named. Evidently, I hit upon a number of "newies." After all, is it worth while to be famous?

In passing through the Blue-grass country it was not so much the fine horses, pretty women and the good liquor that interested me as the scenes cherished from boyhood days when I first read of Daniel Boone in the "Dark and Bloody Ground" True, the farms of today were in evidence, and a young man to the manner born assured me that there was plenty of the latter; but the peaceful scene of the twilight hour over pasture and field, the feeding flocks, the playful lambs, the ploughman and the reaper leaving labor behind, was so far from boyhood that I turned and looked away to the mountains and thought of John Fox, Jr., and Kingdom Come, rather glad that Kentucky has rhododendron as well as bluegrass. More than this. In that idyllic country around

Lexington nothing appeals more to the American heart than the shaft in honor of Henry Clay. Rising above the trees of the beautiful Lexington Cemetery, it wins the eye of every passer by and stirs the heart of every true patriot. That monument belongs to the whole country.

But one must go west of the Mississippi to find a land worth while. The things this side are not in the same class. So think the fortunates beyond. At St. Louis they show you the finest depot in the world and as you pass westward the superlatives increase until you grow weary of seeing the biggest and best things in the world. While running across Southern Illinois, I fell in with a citizen—truly American in this respect—his old flabby-alapaca coat and well-worn yellow trousers and vest; his dingy string-tie around a limp collar, his thin ill-kept gray hair and goatee, like Uncle Sam's, made anything but a winning presence, and his keen gray eye, however, relieved the semi-hobo appearance and lent interest to his person. After a little, he could talk with all the assurance of a David Harum. He was born in Illinois, spent his early life in Kentucky, but now lived in Missouri "north of the river,"—the only country worth a man's time, and he had been to the reunion at Louisville, and that gray eye flashed as he told of the heroic days with old John Morgan. "He was a sooner" exclaimed the old veteran, "and I stuck to him to the last." In this, he showed pride equal to his reference to the greatness of Missouri—"north of the river." Presently he falls into discounting the soil of Illinois and of Kentucky and tells of the corn and blue-grass of a superior quality and quantity "west of the river." This voice

of Missouri swells into a mighty volume on the Pacific Coast, heard from Seattle to Los Angeles. The latter city is heaven enough for mortal man:and the former is destined to include both heaven and earth. Well does Kipling caricature this western blow and bluster.

The west is sufficient unto itself. Those enterprising Americans in Colorado boast that they do not depend on the heavens above. They are too much taken up with the earth beneath. The abundance of gold in Cripple Creek and the beauty of Denver and of Colorado Springs steal away any desire for the city of gold.

Denver, with its grass and trees and pure water, situated at the foot of the Rockies and on the edge of the treeless plains to the east, is indeed a beautiful city. With an abundance of water, literally as clear as crystal, rushing out of the heart of the mountains crowned with snow, the city grows its lawn independent of rain. The use of the hose has become a passion. During a heavy rain, which had been falling for more than half an hour, I saw a man calmly sprinkling his lawn wholly oblivious of the down-pour. He was doing his part to keep the city green and seemed no more perturbed by the elements than did a guide boosting Salt Lake City, when I asked him why so many of the cottages had more than one front door. With the calmest unconcern, he replied, "Oh just to have a double entrance." Most vistors, however, show more concern. They say the number of front doors indicates how many wives a man owns —or rather how many women own the man. For they tell me, some of the women defend polygamy on the ground that there are more good women than good men in the world, and it is better to have a piece of a good

man than the whole of a bad man. Be facts as they may as regards the rain in Denver and the women in Salt Lake City, the cities are of more than ordinary interest.

As a matter of course, the Exposition at Portland, commonly called the Lewis and Clark, was "done" and the features of note remarked upon. The prominence of this great western empire! Though not in the same class with St. Louis and Chicago, it is by no means an insignificant exhibit. As I stood on the Bridge of The Nations and watched the cosmopolitan multitude go by and reflected over the days of Lewis and Clark, the wonder of it all grew upon me.

The crowd, however, was really more interesting than the exhibits. To look upon the strong, sturdy, genuine men and women who had made all that possible and to see the almost childish interest some took in these products of their own hands, as they recalled the days when Portland was simply a "boat-landing," impressed me anew with the youth of the North-West. They are wonderfully self-conscious, suffering much with "grow-pains," and proud of their splendid achievements and progress, though as a matter of fact they are not far from the camping stage. The wagon train has given place to the express-train. It is everywhere. Not soon shall I forget a scene at Huntington, Oregon. All night long we pushed on across Idaho and ran into Huntington just before sunrise. The air felt frosty to those in summer garb and the absence of sound sleep was on every face. With tousled hair and grimy faces, the crowd rushed to the lunch-counter. The number of tin cups, of pint and quart dimensions, that poured out of the two chair-cars and eagerly sought the coffee-kettle

tended to open the eyes of a "tender-foot." It looked like a North Carolina crowd at a circus making for the red lemonade stand.

Another interesting glimpse of the people was had during a day spent at the Willimette Valley Chatauqua. They were practically all Oregonians. Some three thousand meet and camp in a great grove of fir for two weeks each year and carry out a regular Chatauqua program. The freedom, spontaniety and lack of conventionality was equally manifest in the reception given Homer Davenport, one of their own folks, in his lecture on the cartoon, and in the excitement, a little later, when a local team and an Indian school nine engaged in a base-ball game ~~noticeable~~ only for the errors made. Still the crowd cheered and yelled the same as when Virginia and Carolina meet. That crowd simply would not have a dull time if noise and bluster would prevent. Withal, though, they are a most wonderful folk, mightily at work in building an empire. They make a great noise over what they have, and one, accustomed to accurate and modest modes of speech, is apt to have a feeling of disappointment on meeting with some cherished object. This was distinctly mine at Berkley, going over the grounds of the University of California. The lack of architectural design in the buildings, the crude arrangement on the campus, and the apparent neglect of the grounds seemed strange for a great University in the Golden State. The same feeling of disappointment came as I strolled over the grounds of the University of Denver. The number of buildings would not be sufficient for the work of a first-class college in the East. The name doubtless has to do with the future. Of one thing,

however, nothing save words of praise can be uttered. To this the Berkley institution can lay no claim. I refer to the beauty of situation. On an elevation overlooking the city of Denver, five miles away, with Pike's Peak looming large and full to the south, and a sky-line of the Rockies, snow-capped the year round, extending from the Peak for three hundred miles to the north, with the undulating plains to the east for a thousand miles, the University is indeed beautiful for situation. In that clear Colorado sky the eye ranges at will by day, and at night the stars beat with an emotion never seen on lower and less clear elevations.

Of impressions received from Mount Tamalpais, while strolling around the Golden Gate, and in the push of the Metropolis of the Pacific, I might write at length, but these idle observations shall close with a hint at the lovliest of them all. It was down near the surf of the Pacific. On a small stone between two huge boulders sat a bridal pair much taken the one with the other. His arm gently stole around her waist and the world was forgotten. Nearby was the cliff-house with its entrancing prospects, the seal-rocks covered with the children of the open sea, a German steamer with prow turned to the Orient and ten thousand miles of trackless water. But what cared they? They were listening to the throbbing of a nearer sea and cared not for the idle crowd. It was lonely and the most human.

CLASS UNITY AND CUSTOMS.

Editor.

Recently there has been a movement for better class organization in the University. It is desired that the class idea be strengthened—that each class be more of a unit—in other words that class spirit be stimulated. In order to do this, to make each man feel the significance of his class and his identity with his class, it seems that there must be some bond, some tangible tie, to bind classmates together. These must be class customs, such as prevail in many American universities. To be sure we have them here in some degree already; but they should be made greater. Each class, Senior, Junior and Sophomore, should have customs and privileges that belong only to it, that make it distinctive from all others. No class below it must infringe upon them. The Freshman should be taught to reverence them, that he may later, when he has understood their spirit, enjoy them.

The effects of such customs would be most salutary. They would sweeten college life with a brotherly spirit. While not throwing the classes out of harmony with each other, they would make them so distinctive, so unlike, that one would never trespass on another's rights. The verdant Freshman would no longer have to be "kept down". He would feel his inferiority, and "stay in his place." This would mean the solution also of the hazing problem. The Sophomore could hold his ancient prestige without the need of severe methods. Such customs would fill the life of the upper classes too with "sweetness and light".

Below there follow three articles treating the subject from different points of view. The first is the view of one who has seen, when a student himself, the most perfect working of the class system, and who can speak of it with full knowledge of what it means. The second article is that of an alumnus who is yet in touch with college life. The third is the student's view point. It is our hope that these may contribute something toward the inauguration of class unity and customs in our University.

WHAT CLASS UNITY DOES.

Dr. George Howe.

Probably nothing is so characteristic of American under-graduate life as the completely organized four-class system as it is found in most American universities and colleges. Its development into its present form has been a more or less gradual one whose highest point has been reached by the under-graduate student bodies of such institutions as Yale and Princeton. So wholesome has it been found to be that in most institutions it is promoted in every possible way by the authorities, and has won from the students an enthusiastic support greater than that shown in any other element of the student life.

The twofold benefits of such a system, to the student and to the institution, are incalculable. The student makes his class, not a small clique of men of narrow interests, but a large body of men of common college life and experience, the basis for friendships which are to last him through life. His contact with men is made broader by it inasmuch as he is not shut off exclusively

with a few intimate friends, but, inspired by the true class spirit, is working for and with all his classmates, devotedly and unselfishly. His individual successes belong not merely to himself and his intimates, but are the honor and glory of his entire class. The pride and loyalty afforded a man of earnest endeavors by a class closely bound together by strong ties of affection is one of the most inspiring things of college life. A man strives the harder for it and achieves the more, and is enabled by the consciousness that he works not for himself alone—that the love and support of many a brave heart are ready at all times to help him in his difficulties and to reward him in his successes. And it purifies, too, for the honor of the individual is identical with the honor of his class, and the honor of his class is the honor of his Alma Mater. It knocks in the head, more than anything else can, petty politics with its divisions and splittings, because it subordinates lesser and selfish interests to the greater and nobler cause of the whole. College rivalry in studies, in athletics, in every sort of attainment, is not between small parties, but between the natural and wholesome divisions of undergraduate students into classes.

The benefits to the institution are not less. Love of class and battles fought for class deepen the love for the Alma Mater. The man who does not know what it is to love and take pride in his class certainly does not know the full meaning of love for Alma Mater. They are very closely related, and the one is largely dependent upon the other. And true love in the heart of every son is the one thing most longed for and appreciated by the Revered Mother. Given the love all else will follow.

From the birth of class pride and class loyalty in the heart of the timid Freshman, afraid of the Sophomore, looking for support to his upper class friend, the Junior, and inspired by wonder and reverence for the far-away, grave old Senior, to its fulness in the tide of richest emotion that sweeps over the hearts of those so soon to go out into the world's battles, class love sweetens and beautifies every phase of college life. It does more—it puts fire into men, it quickens action and purifies it, it makes greater achievement possible, it builds up character. And when college life is done, the friends it has knit to one are his still and will be his forever. He who has not known and lived true class life in his undergraduate days has missed one of the greatest things in all life.

THE ALUMNI.

Ivey F. Lewis, '02.

The alumnus is more than apt to find that the pleasantest recollections of his college life are concerned in some way with his class. For four years in the lecture room and on the campus the student's associates are the members of his class. He forms associations that are valuable while they exist and delightful when they live only in memory. The very readiness with which he falls into these associations makes him careless of class organization. It is so easy to meet "the fellows" accidentally about college that one is apt to underestimate the the importance of making the class a unit in college life. If, however, to use a homely phrase, "foresight were as good as hindsight," there would be no disposition on the part of the college man to neglect to organize the class. But how to organize?

In the first place every encouragement should be given inter-class rivalry. The class football and baseball teams have already come to be a settled and popular feature of life at the University of North Carolina. Inter-class contests of other kinds can easily be arranged. Class basketball teams, tennis teams, hockey teams, chess and checker teams, whist teams, debating teams, with the resulting rivalry between the classes, will do much towards uniting the class. In no other way can the members of the class be so easily made to feel the real community of interest that always exists.

Another method of arousing class patriotism is very generally employed, and is found to be successful. That is to hold a class banquet at least once during the class's active life of four years. This should be made the leading class event of the year. A capable committee may be appointed, with power to order all the details. Let a few toasts be arranged for, and have a song or two. Invite some prominent man in the state or some member of the faculty to deliver the class address. Try to make the meeting worth while from other standpoints than that of good fellowship alone. Make of it an event of the year that will stand out by itself.

When once stimulated, class spirit is a potent factor for good in the life of the college. Questions of hazing, or cheating on examinations can usually be best settled by class action. Let the sentiment of the united class be once expressed on such a question of right and wrong, and that question will not again need to be answered. If the class takes a firm stand on any point of "college honor," the point will be settled while that class remains in college. The sentiment of the class is almost always

on the right side. The essential thing is to arouse the sentiment to expression whenever there is a crisis in college life.

A STUDENT'S VIEW.

V. L. Stephenson.

Ask any student whom you meet, "What is it about the University which inspires your affection?" He will probably answer: "I cannot tell." Give him time to think and he will answer: "There is something about the place which is different from any other I have ever known, something which makes my affection for it different from my attachment to my town or my county." When we go home we find cotton mills, furniture factories, steam laundries—everything permeated with a spirit of industrialism. When we return to the Hill the situation is in marked contrast. Here we have a little world all our own—a world in which grasping commercialism is reduced to a minimum, in which there is opportunity and inspiration to search for truth, a world which is thrilling with freedom of thought and liberty of speech, a world where the present is inseparably linked to the past, mingling the spirit of the past with the reality of the present. Do you grasp the idea I am attempting to present? Here it is: it is the very distinctiveness of the life on this campus from life elsewhere which arouses in each of the students a sincere and abiding regard.

But it is apparent to even the most casual observer that University life lacks the unity which our harmonious development demands; that, largely as a result of this, many alumni are not as loyal to the institution which nurtured them as that institution has a right to

expect. It is desired, in order to remedy both these imperfections, to establish a number of customs which shall be in strict accordance with the spirit of the place, and which shall be a welding force making of each class more of an organic unit.

The necessity for class distinctions is inherent in college life. There are no distinctions, however, which do not exist in the outside world. It is merely that these distinctions, like all other relations, are, in the college world, highly intensified. Three years in college works great changes in one's tastes, one's manner of life, one's disposition. As a matter of fact there is but little more artificiality in a system which separates the Senior from the Freshman than that which separates the man of fifty and the youth of twenty. The establishment of customs which recognize these differences and strive to strengthen the natural bonds of association which unite the members of a class would mean much to the classes in the stimulation of class loyalty and class rivalry, aside from the pleasure inherent in college friendships. As this phase of the matter has already been sufficiently treated, it is unnecessary that I should speak of it at length.

But these benefits would not be all. We have seen that the mere fact that college life is different from any other life is a potential factor in inspiring affection in the student. Whatever does this will tend to the elimination of factions and the creation of unity—not in each of several classes alone—but it will be a force binding together all classes in one common love for Alma Mater. Whatever does this (we had almost said only that which does this) will guarantee to the institution cordial, unwavering support from loyal enthusiastic alumni.

We are perfectly aware that our major premise may be denied—has been denied. There are those who contend that inasmuch as this is supposedly a preparation for a larger life, college life should differ in absolutely no respect from that for which it is a preparation. But this is the view of the extreme materialist. He would strip the campus life of all romance, of all the glamour imparted by tradition, and place it upon precisely the same basis as the life in a Chinese laundry. Place it on that basis and you have destroyed in great measure its claim upon our affections and undermined the foundation of our future loyalty.

If we would have this University the dwelling place not of disintegration but of oneness, not of discord but of harmony (and harmony is not precluded by healthy class rivalry), there must be that in our life which makes each student feel that he has much in common with every other. If we would have it a place where each man shall reap the fullest benefit from contact with his fellows, and shall go out into life strengthened by the inspiring knowledge of loyal and hearty support, there must be that in our life which strengthens the bonds of class association. If we would have it an institution which is, in the highest possible degree, loved, honored and supported by its departed sons, there must be that about it which will cause the old place to find a lasting lodgment in the hearts of all who leave it, furnishing ever to the careworn and busy man of the world fresh inspiration, bringing him back ever and anon to the scenes of his youth, confident that here, now and forever, a welcome awaits him. College customs which accomplish these results would abundantly justify their establishment.

THE TWO VOICES.

A. N. Aydler.

I.

Serene the night: a full orbed moon
With mystic dreamy beauty
So flooded nature that it seemed
To love was man's first duty.

II.

Beside the sea enrapt I sat
On nature's beauty musing:
The ocean's wild and restless swell
Seemed nature's wish abusing.

III.

On such a night, 'mid such a scene—
All else was peace and mildness—
Why should the deep its ceaseless surge
Keep up with dashing wildness?

IV.

Why not its accents modulate
And harmonize their measure
To suit the peaceful mood assumed
By nature at her pleasure?

V.

Methought a voice from out the deep
Spake from the hoary billows,
With pristine sweetness of the harp
Long hung upon the willows.

VI.

"Obeisance to the Law Divine
Keeps up this great commotion—
This roaring, surging seething-ness,
This labor of the ocean.

VII.

'Why further question? This much know:
A plan is back of nature;
Its consummation means the good
Of every living creature."

VIII.

I turned me then where Philomel
Her sweetest lay was singing:
The grove, the brook, the moon-lit dale
With melody were ringing.

IX.

"Tell me, bird, the secret of
Thy melody celestial."
"It's Love which bids eternal spring
To smile on things terrestrial."

X.

And there I learned two lessons true
From nature's soul-filled voices;
The one says Hope; the other, Love—
In both my heart rejoices.

DEATH WAS ONLY A DREAM.

L. W. Parker.

IT WAS after the theater, in Richmond, on Thanksgiving night, and there was a large crowd just in front of the main entrance. There had been, that afternoon, a game of football between Carolina and Virginia, and I had gone as a Carolina rooter.

As I was standing on the edge of the crowd, a beautiful young lady, neatly attired in evening dress, softly touched my arm and said:—"The gentleman who escorted me here has been suddenly taken sick, and has just been carried to his home. You are a college student, are you not?"

"Y-yes," I stammered out, half surprised.

Well, I thought you were, and I would like to ask you to do me the favor of securing my carriage for me."

"Certainly,"I replied, still somewhat surprised.

She gave me a description of her carriage, and I was off in a minute. I found it with no difficulty and then returned for her. After assisting her into the carriage, I asked her if she would like for me to accompany her home, as she would be very lonely on the way. She thanked me, and I seated myself beside her, still ignorant of who she was or where she lived. The carriage moved away, and soon we had made ourselves known to each other. As the wheels rolled unsteadily over the roughly paved streets, we talked about various things, now the afternoon's football game,then the night's play; and the conversation drifted to other subjects. At last the carriage stopped in front of a beautiful brown-stone house, and the driver cried out:—"All right, Miss——."

I alighted, assisted her from the carriage, accompanied her to the house, and bade her good-night.

"Won't you come in," said she, courteously.

"No, I thank you," I replied," "our excursion train leaves the city at eleven-thirty. It is now eleven, and I must hurry to the station."

"Well, come in and have a cup of tea" she said again.

I thanked her, but told her that I did not care for any tea.

"But my father would be delighted to see you just a minute. He is very old, and it is very seldom that he gets a chance to see a young college boy. Do come in and let him see you just a minute. I will have my carriage take you to the station."

Yielding to her earnest invitation, I entered. She conducted me into the drawing room, and excused herself, saying that she was going to find her father, and that he would be down in a moment.

I sat waiting for a few moments, then began to examine my surroundings. I was in an artistically decorated drawing room. The furnishings consisted of rich oriental curtains, very costly furniture, a thick brussels carpet, a grand piano, some family portraits, a few fancy pictures, and a beautiful chandelier, which was suspended from the center of the ceiling, and which gave a very brilliant light. In the center of the room, there was a handsome oak table, which especially attracted my attention, and upon it were several pieces of *bric-a-brac.* There were also upon the table a little basket filled with visiting cards, a small parlor lamp, not lighted, and a silver paper knife with a neatly carved handle.

I had just finished the examination, when I heard a peculiar scraping sound in the adjoining room, which was separated from the drawing room by large portiers. The sound was evidently approaching the drawing-room, as it grew more and more distinct. I looked at my watch. It was eleven-fifteen. I had either to leave then or be left in Richmond until the next day. Just as I put my watch into my pocket the sound stopped and something strange caught my eyes. It was the face of an old man, the only visible portion of the stranger-girl's father. He had just reached the portiers and put his head into the drawing-room. His sharp, piercing steel-gray eyes were immovably fixed upon me. Long snow-white beard was growing very thickly over his time-worn face. At first he frightened me, but I summoned my courage, spoke to him very courteously, rose and bowed. When I spoke to him, as if by magic he walked slowly toward the table, near which I was standing. He picked up the silver paper knife, examined it closely for a short while, then brandished it and made a mad rush at me, as if to stab me.

Just then I awoke. I had not been to Richmond. I had only dreamed a dream.

GEN. JOSEPH DICKSON. *

Hampson Gary.

Gen. Joseph Dickson was born in 1745. His parents were of good Scotch-Irish descent and of fine circumstances, and so the son enjoyed what were in those days excellent educational advantages, and he well improved them. He was married to Margaret McErwin, formerly spelled and pronounced McKoun, a Scotch lady, and shortly thereafter settled in Rowan county and subsequently Lincoln county. Mr. Dickson invested in a farm and became a planter.

In 1775 he was elected to represent Rowan county in the lower house of the General Assembly, and the following year he was commissioned by the Revolutionary forces a Captain in the Continental army. In June 1780 he joined Gen. Rutherford and was engaged in ridding his section of the state of Tories. He was in service under Col. McDowell in South Carolina during the summer of 1780.

At the battle of King's Mountain as Major of the Lincoln county men he rendered gallant and heroic service to his country's arms. Early in 1781 he opposed Lord Cornwallis' invasion of North Carolina and for his brave and efficient conduct he was advanced to the rank of Colonel. His commission is extant and is the treasured

*This sketch is of a man once prominent in North Carolina, but who, by his moving out of the state, failed to receive the notice he deserves from North Carolina writers. He is of especial interest to us in that he was made one of the sixty-four trustees of the University in the charter of 1789. We are enabled to publish the sketch through the kindness of Mr. Hampson Gary of Tyler, Texas, one of his descendants.—Ed.

possession of one of his descendants. Col. Dickson served with North Carolina troops throughout the war and came out with a General's commission. After the war Gen. Dickson was chosen Clerk of Lincoln county court; in 1788 he was elected State Senator and served as such from 1788 to 1795. While a Senator the General Assembly (with the concurrence of the Governor) named him as one of a commission to create and establish the University of North Carolina. He contributed tireless and valuable service in organizing this institution which has always been such a power for scholarship and good citizenship.

In 1799 General Dickson was elected to Congress where he represented his district with no little credit and distinction. In 1801 when Aaron Burr and Thomas Jefferson were candidates for the presidency, Gen. Dickson's vote helped to elect Jefferson by one majority.

After his retirement from Congress, Gen. Dickson with his entire family, removed in 1803 to the new State of Tennessee (originally a part of North Carolina) and located in what was then Caldwell county. His daughter Isabella, and her husband, Hon. Bennett Smith a wealthy lawyer of South Carolina, brought with them to their new home the first piano known in Middle Tennessee; the old instrument is in existence now in Florence Ala., in possession of a descendent of Gen. Dickson. It was exhibited in Nashville at the Tennessee Centennial in 1897 in "History Building."

Gen. Dickson died at Fayetteville, Tenn., in 1825. His funeral was imposing, many of the prominent men of the state being in attendance and his remains being interred with military and Masonic honors. His wife died several

years later and both lie buried on the old Dickson plantation four miles northeast of Murfreesboro, near the Los Carros Pike and near a large stone fifty feet or more in breadth, which has withstood the touch of ages and which is said to be the exact spot that marks the geographical center of Tennessee.

AN EXHORTATION.

This world is but a game of chance,
  Where all men have a showing
To rise, to fall, to sink, to swim,
  As the mighty world keeps going,
Then let us all do what we can
  To help a fallen brother,
To put him on his feet again
  And live for one another.

ACROSTIC TO N. C. U.

C. G. Weaver.

Never shall fade away thy glory,
O pride of the Old North State;
Rivers and hills repeat thy story,
Thy walls with pride and honor relate
How thy sons have labored and won.

Crown we thy name with eternal praises,
A tribute of love we bring;
Receive the anthems our voices raise,
O list to the songs we sing.
Long may thy influence live and grow
In the land of the noble and free;
North and south may thy knowledge flow
All over our grand country.

Under the sound of the Old South bell,
'Neath thy blessed maternal roof,
In days that are gone—we proudly tell—
Vance drank of thy knowledge and truth.
Every good feature and noble trait
Received thy kindest attention;
Son of thyself, thou madest him great
In congress, in court, and convention.
Thanks to thee for thy gifts of love,
(They fill all our country with pride),
Years may sweep us beyond the shore–
(Thy glory will ever abide.)

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

H. H. Hughes.

I remember reading somewhere a poem called "A Defense of Winter" in which the poet tried to prove that winter, instead of being a dreary and unenjoyable season, should be the most enchanting part of the year. The argument was weak and unconvincing, and there was a half apologetic air about the whole production that told me the poet's heart was not in his subject. I could not quite rid myself of the notion that he had contracted a severe cold and was frightened into writing his "Defense" as a conciliatory measure, in the hope that Old Winter would be less severe with him next time he came round. It was the only way I could account for his puniness and whining tone.

A defense of Winter indeed! And why should winter, the one season of the year throughly competent to look out for itself, need defense? No, let the puny scribbler who shivers and turns pale at the approach of the first autumn frost praise the beauty and freshness of spring, the glory of summer, and the fulness of autumn; but Winter, with its howling winds and frost and snow and storm and sleet, is its own apology for being.

There is virtue in cold weather. Have not northern civilizations been more powerful and enduring? And why for a century has the British Lion crouched hesitating before springing at the throat of the Russian Bear? Is it not because he knew that some of the rigidness of the Russian winter, some of the stiffness of the frozen Russian soil, had crept into Adam Zad's backbone and claws? And is it not an evidence of the prowess of the

bear that half the world is now bowing and scraping for the favor of the little yellow man of the East who had the boldness to take him while sick and asleep and pare his claws and pull his teeth?

Warm weather and sunshine take the starch out of a man, and he wilts down like his collar, till the frost and snow of winter come and launder him again. You can feel this laundering process beginning the first cool day in September or October. You wake in the morning with a feeling of renewed life and energy, and are at a loss to account for it. You square your shoulders, expand your chest, and assume a more erect posture; your spinal column will support more weight, your step is firmer and your sleep sounder. After breathing the keen cool air for a few days you fairly bubble over with energy. No undertaking is too colossal for your faculties. Mole hills that once looked like mountains sink out of sight, and mountains seem as mole hills. Last spring you wondered what had become of your fine ambitions. Now the mystery is solved. The first balmy, enervating breeze from the south blew them all away to the north, and now the first blustering October gale has blown them back again.

There is something in this keen air that calls for action. While the thermometer stands above seventy you are content merely to think and dream, but let it drop to forty, or better to thirty-five, and the frost strikes through the flimsy walls of your air castles, and you no longer feel safe in them. You must bestir yourself and build something more substantial,—in short, you must act.

This impulse for action takes different forms as hu-

man nature and occasion varies. With me it is not unfrequently a longing for the chase, a desire to rove through the fields and deep forests and to hunt. Perhaps it is a vestige of primitive man asserting itself in us that makes us take such insane delight in the pursuit and slaughter of birds and animals. I do not think that the normal man is naturally bloodthirsty of disposition. I myself—and I think this is the common experience of hunters—do not remember ever having slain a single living thing that the act did not, at the time, give me some slight tinge of pain; but this, of course, was not strong enough to counterbalance the keen delight of the chase itself. For to the man born with the hunting instinct nothing can be more overpowering in its fascination that the pursuit of a quarry fleeing for its life.

The season for quail hunting has just opened in the South, and the number of hunters already in the field is sufficient evidence that I am not the only one in whom the approach of cool weather has kindled the desire for action and awakened the primitive instinct of the chase. The winter of the South is especially adapted to this sport. From November to January the weather is just cold enough to make brisk walking a necessity to compel a healthy circulation. And this is the season when the fields are most resorted to, though the best hunters will tell you they prefer the latter part of February, when the food of the birds becomes scarce and they are compelled to range over more ground in search of it. But I am not choice of seasons; now is always the accepted time with me. And if there exists a single person with true hunter's blood in his veins, who has not followed a good setter over the Carolina hills for at least one day, let me

here assure him that life has yet in store for him

"One draught of heavenly pleasure—
One cordial in this melancholy vale—"

and warn him to seize it before the opportunity slips.

I always select the day for a hunt far in advance, for fully half the pleasure comes from anticipation. A week before the time arrives I take down my gun at night by my fire, and oil it and polish it and try its locks to make sure that everything shall be in readiness. My dog sees me at this and understands that a hunt is on foot, and goes into paroxysms of delight. He rolls and tumbles on the floor and capers madly about the room barking and upsetting chairs. I do not scold him for I have an almost irresistible impulse to do the same things, and am only restrained by a sense of propriety. At length he tires himself with these manoeuvers and comes and lays his head lovingly in my lap, and we talk about the approaching hunt until I have finished oiling and polishing my gun. Then, if I am not too sleepy, I take down my Thoreau or, as sometimes happens, a volume of John Burroughs, and read a chapter. Neither of these writers, so far as I know ever engaged in quail hunting or indeed to any extent in any sort of hunting; but they both had the prime qualifications for a good hunter—sharp eyes, a cool head, strong limbs, and above all a deep and unaffected love of field and forest. But I must not read long, for I have just said that a clear eye and a cool head are among the first qualifications of the hunter, and there is nothing like sound sleep for producing these; so by ten o'clock I am in bed.

The next morning I am waked by a shock on my door like a bale of cotton being thrown against it. I

listen for a moment and hear a mingled howl and whine, and know that it is my dog. He understands that this is the day for the hunt and is all impatience for me to get ready for the start. When he sees that I am making no preparations he becomes inconsolable, and goes and falls on the hearth and pouts for an hour. All day he follows closely every movement I make; when I start to leave the room he questions me with his eyes, and when I tell him "Not yet," whines and pouts like a spoiled child. He keeps this up for two or three days and then settles into a deep despair, and remains sullen and morose till the eventful day arrives.

I wake before daylight and eat a hasty breakfast. My dog feels that there is something in the air and is on the alert, but remains skeptical and chronically suspicious of my movements. When, however, I put on my hunting coat and game bag and get my gun, all his lingering doubts are dispelled. and he gives vent to his joy in five minutes of continuous capering, barking and howling.

We set out at seven o'clock, or earlier if it is some distance to the fields. The day is ideal in every respect. A thin haze of clouds hangs about the eastern horizon and gives coloring and variety to the sunrise. There is a "solemn stillness" in the keen frosty air, broken now and then by the harsh cry of a crow or occasional drumming of the golden-winged woodpecker in a neighboring wood. The dry grass and stubble is brittle with rime and crackles icily under foot. As I pass through a patch of sedge a meadow lark rises in front of me and flits leisurely to the top of a small pine, and curiously surveys my proceedings from this place of vantage.

My dog takes the fields in front of me at a gallop,

always keeping to the windward side so as to catch the breeze full in his nose. Sometimes he pauses over a scent from a distant part of the field, but a second whiff tells him that it comes from a sparrow or a lark, and he passes on as confidently as a star-course lecturer reading from his typewritten manuscript. Field after field is searched in this manner without finding the game, and I begin to grow impatient. But stop! What is that? My dog pauses, his head high in the air, his nostrils distended, every muscle tense with excitement. He moves forward cautiously as if walking on pins for a score of yards, then suddenly stops and becomes as rigid and immovable as a statue. There is no room for doubt; the game is there; and with the thought my heart leaps into my throat and pounds at my ribs by turns. I try to recall some of the vast mass of instructions that I have laboriously learned from my book on quail hunting, as to the best method of proceeding when the covey is first flushed; but it is all confusion worse confounded, and in desperation I take a position immediately behind my dog and order him to flush the game.

In the twinkling of an eye the statue converts itself into a whirlwind, and warps through the tall grass in every direction. There is a whirr and roar like the noise of an express train and the next instant the air is filled with birds. In the excitement of the moment I forget the injunction never to fire at the covey as a whole but pick out a particular bird, and blaze away, one barrel after the other, where the noise is greatest and the birds thickest. When the report of the shots dies away and the smoke lifts, I discover my dog rushing frantically about pretending to look for dead birds; but he is doing

this only to console me for my poor marksmanship, for he has kept an eye on the game and knows very well that the whole covey escaped unscathed. I understand and appreciate his delicacy in this matter, but do not feel inclined to encourage him in the practice of deception, so I hasten to call him away to the neighboring stubble field where most of the birds have flown.

With well feigned reluctance he hurries away and begins ranging the stubble field, this time at a soft trot, for the birds are wilder after having once been flushed, and it is necessary to proceed with more caution. In five minutes he comes to a point in a brier thicket at the edge of the field. I walk in and flush the birds myself this time. There are two of them, and I fire both barrels and miss. This time my dog does not pretend to look for the dead; the device would be too palpable. He watches the two birds out of sight and makes a mental note of their lighting place, then recrosses the stubble field and points again in a pine thicket on the other side I follow him and repeat the performance just described, and keep repeating it till all the birds have been flushed a second time and missed.

I begin to think something must be wrong. Perhaps I have been shooting blank cartridges through mistake. Stranger things have happened—why not now? I remove the wad from the mouth of the shell and examine the contents. The full charge of shot is there—it must be my gun, or else I am "hoodoed," as the darkies say, and the birds I have been shooting at lead a charmed life. I will try a new covey. Perhaps that will change the luck.

I call my dog off, start across the next field, and meet

a countryman of decidedly hayseedy appearance with a gun that looks surprisingly like some of the Revolutionary models and a starved flea-bitten dog of no particular breed. I hail him and ask if he has seen any birds this morning. He places his hand significantly on a fat dirty bag at his side and answers in the affirmative. I detect a slight tinge of insolence and conscious superiority in his tone, and remark in retaliation that he must have caught a covey on the roost and bagged them all at one shot. To a true sportsman the mere suggestion that he shot birds any way except on the wing would have been a direct insult to be answered by blows, or at least by abrupt discontinuance of the conversation. But the countryman only grins and asks in turn how many I have in my bag. I am on the point of answering this piece of impertinence by a cut even more direct and insulting if possible than the first; but on second consideration think better of it, for I wish to ask him where the best fields for hunting lie, and besides he is evidently no sportsman and my finely calculated insult would after all be lost on him. So I assume a more conciliatory air and answer evasively with borrowed wit that when I kill the one I am now after and three more I shall have four. He is beginning to laugh heartily at this joke when we discover that our dogs are pointing in the field a few rods in front of us and hurry forward to the spot. We give the dogs the word to flush the game, and by the merest trick of fortune the countryman bags one, but fate is against me. You need not tell me that things always happen according to a fixed and irrevocable law, and that there is no such thing as luck. I can understand now how it was that Cain came to slay his brother when the Lord, without any

apparent reason whatever, showed the latter the most provoking and unwarranted favoritism; and if Abel was half as arrogant as this present favorite of the gods, I do not blame Cain. While he is visibly swelling with pride in his performance the little flea-bitten dog gathers the dead bird in his mouth and struts conceitedly toward him with it. There is an air of arrogance and superciliousness about both dog and man that is positively unbearable. But just wait! I will be revenged. My dog, who till now has been a spectator in this affair suddenly decides to become an actor. He reasons that inasmuch as there were two shots fired when the bird was killed the title to it is debatable; and he opens the debate with a rush like a Texas tornado at the other dog, completely upsets him, takes the bird, and brings it and drops it at my feet. I mentally resolve that he shall have the choicest morsel in my lunch box at noon, and wait till he is not looking before I toss the bird over to the countryman.

We follow the birds up, and again chance plays shamelessly into his hands. He seems to have an instinctive knowledge of the way the birds are going to fly, and always gets in a position to take them at the best advantage. In a quarter of an hour he has bagged seven and I have only one. I recall the story in Aesop of the lion and the ass that allied themselves for a hunting expedition and of the consequent division of spoils. My companion is certainly getting the lion's share of the spoils now, and I—the comparison is somewhat startling and highly unflattering to myself, and I resolve to break the present alliance at the earliest possible date. Accordingly I ascertain the course my companion intends taking and shape mine so as not to come in conflict with him

again. We part with mutual wishes for good luck, and he casts a last covetous glance at my dog, who, instead of sharing in my disgrace, has aroused the countryman's admiration by pointing nine tenths of the birds.

As the day advances and the frost begins to melt the birds travel more and are easier to find, and I have better luck. But the sun soon begins to tell on the exhaustless store of energy that I started with in the morning, and by noon I am glad to stop by a brook at the foot of a tall bluff and rest and eat my lunch. My dog also has grown unpleasantly warm from his exertion and comes up panting and submerges himself in the clear icy water of the brook to cool. I throw myself flat on the grass and watch a whorl of buzzards circling lazily over a distant wood. A cricket chirps dreamily in the grass near me. I close my eyes to rest—not to sleep—and open them again in five minutes; but in that short interval the hour hand of my watch has miraculously jumped round to two o'clock. I have lost a good hour and a half.

I rise in haste and find, like Rip Van Winkle, that these rustic beds do not agree with me. My joints are stiff and sore and the law of gravitation seems to operate with undue force to hold my feet on the ground. But my dog soon finds a covey of quail and I forget these slight discomfitures in the excitement of the chase. My luck continues to improve, and after all my discouragement my bag is going to measure up to expectations. Another hour like this and the work is done.

But alas! the hope is vain. The sun is already resting on the ragged brow of yon western hill, and the long shadows are falling across the fields. The day's work

is done. I whistle my dog to me, and together we count our game. There are just sixteen. Twenty was the mark I set myself in the morning, with thirty as a possible maximum limit. I have fallen four short of my smallest limit; but I have done my best, and I console myself with a line from Browning:

"What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?"

But, though I have fallen short of my expectations, I have after all attained my object. I have obeyed a primal impulse of my nature—the impulse for the chase—and have satisfied, for a time at least, the strong desire for physical action that is born of the Frost Spirit of Winter.

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

[Entered in Post-Office, Chapel Hill, N. C., as second class matter].

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EDITORIAL

In beginning the work of another year we do not intend to waste words discussing the almost fruitless question of what a college magazine ought to be. It seems this cannot be settled. But we do wish to say something, by way of preface, about what we shall try to make of this MAGAZINE. First of all we wish to give our readers something readable and something helpful. We shall try to put into each issue things of literary value, so that one may put down the number feeling that he has been interested and that he knows more. Unlike our predecessor we do not use the term "literary" in the restricted or technical sense. By it we mean his-

tory, biography, science, political economy as well as essays and stories and criticism. We believe the University student and alumnus are men who have all these sides. Why then should not their college journal reach all of them? We think it should.

Another work which we think THE MAGAZINE has is to serve as a medium between the student and the alumnus, to let each know more of what the other is doing and thinking. To this end we hope to have at times articles from the alumni, and in every issue a fuller space devoted to the Alumni Department.

But perhaps more than all these THE MAGAZINE has a work to do in college. Student life is a complex thing, and has as many difficult problems as life anywhere. There are deep movements here that bear one on almost unconsciously. Our interest in our studies so occupies our minds that we have no eye for them. Yet they most vitally affect our community. These questions, moral, social and intellectual, deserve to be studied and worked out by every member of our society. College life should always be better, should move toward better things. Our Alma Mater asks that of us. THE MAGAZINE will try to call these matters to notice; and we hope that in this way men will be induced to think carefully of them, and do with them what is best. Sometimes it may be necessary to speak against existing facts. We shall try to do so in a spirit of fairness. If we offend anyone it will be because we are trying to do good, and not because we wished to. We do not mean that THE MAGAZINE shall be a knocker's sheet. We never approved of a knocker's column; and will not lend our journal to newspaper controversy. We hope our discussion of col-

lege topics will be on a higher plane. We hope our publication will be one of college life in every phase. Our purpose will be fulfilled if our readers find here something worth reading and something they will think about to make the college better.

* * *

It has become almost a custom for a college journal to speak, in its first issue of the year, of the preceding commencement. We wish to speak of ours of last May. In several respects it was remarkable. One felt about him a new and helpful spirit. Of course the alumni were here; and everyone felt deeper love and enthusiasm for his Alma Mater. But there was something more than this. The love for the college meant love for each other. Every alumnus and every student was made to feel that he was the brother of every other. In every event, literary and social, a man felt at home; and no one felt that he was on the outside. Everybody tried to make everybody else have a good time. With this good spirit prevailing at our commencements, we may expect to see each year larger numbers, both of students and alumni.

Another thing worthy of mention is that the central figure of the week was Hon. H. S. Boutell, who delivered the commencement address. Heretofore the speaker, if a politician, has been a member of the party dominant in the South. This year he was a westerner and of the other party. This seems significant of a wider view. But besides this the man himself impressed everybody. He was frequently called on for a speech. In all of them he showed the greatest familiarity with the history and the people of North Carolina. He had, before coming

here, traveled over the State visiting historic points and our largest towns. Two things he said created a deep impression. One was that the people of the State should always, in the newer commercial life, hold dear the good things of their past and cherish their local and State institutions. This we can do well to remember. The other noteworthy remark was that while our students pursue their graduate studies in Northern universities, Northern students should pursue theirs in the South. In this way, he says, will the sections know each other better. We hope that every year the speaker will be of Mr. Boutell's type, and the commencement as significant as the one at which he was present.

* * *

In his address at commencement Mr. Boutell spoke of the excellent field for research and story that is offered by North Carolina history. Indeed few States or countries have had a more interesting though unpretentious past than has our State. Beginning with the tragedy of the lost colony of Roanoke, continuing through the most patriotic events of the Revolution, and on through the past century, embracing the war and reconstruction, our history has been one continuous series of romances, as interesting, when fully known, as the border tales of the Scots. Yet curiously out of this there has grown no literature. No Bancroft or Prescott or Parkman has studied and written our history. No Irving or Cooper or Longfellow has preserved it in story or in poem. Southern men have looked to other fields of activity, and left their matchless history to be written by others or not to be written at all. Yet perhaps this is not altogether bad; for an old story is better than a new

one. Now that these romances of Carolina have lain for years and decades untold, they may now attract the interest they might not have received earlier. At present, while other phases of American history are serving as themes for novels and stories, we think the time is ripe when our state history too may be studied and converted into literature. That it would be as interesting as any other there can be no doubt.

And we think there is promise that in the near future this may be done. Several papers in the State have regularly on their pages short historical sketches. Many societies already exist, and others are being formed, for the purpose of publishing such sketches in pamphlet. While some of these sketches are of questionable merit, many are good. All serve a good purpose. By them the facts of our history are made known, and interest in it excited. From them will our long neglected past be studied by the scientific historian, and a valuable history be written. From them will come the inspiration of stories, of novels and of poems. They are the forerunners of a better and fuller literature to come.

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Related to the subject of State history and literature is the subject of journalism in the South. Recently the newspapers of the South have received considerable attention from other sections. Many of them are of a high type of integrity and increasing literary worth. We are glad to welcome a new paper of only a few days' existence into North Carolina journalism. We trust this and our other papers will subordinate the political side, and when they do engage in political controversy, will do so above the plane on which such discussions are

sometimes carried on. Only by such a policy can Southern papers come to have national weight.

There is another form of journalism that is in great need of cultivation in the South. This is the magazine. A few have been inaugurated in the past few years; but none have as yet won great popularity. We suggest that one cause of failure is the fact that they are too distinctly Southern, too sectional. For a long time Southern men had to turn all their attention to Southern matters, to the upbuilding of the South. They did not need to look at other things. They were concerned with the South and learned to talk only of the South. It became a habit, and we are yet at it. Our work has raised our section to a position where it demands a larger outlook, a participation in national things. Our talk then is obsolete. While we must reverence the South, we must not make it our world. We must think of national things. Conscious that we are even now violating our own proposition, we believe that if Southern journals would forget that they are of a section but realize that they are of a nation, much would be gained to insure their success. With money, business talent and literary discernment behind our papers and magazines, and a broader outlook as their policy, we may hope to contribute a new note to American journalism, the note which is sounded by the best in the South.

* * *

A university should be a place where men may learn democracy and brotherly love. Only when each man is permitted to get the most out of college is he receiving from his fellows that which is his due. There was a

time when a very large part of our student body was denied almost all social advantages. Social life was not of them; and why? Simply because another class of men, social leaders by virtue of their membership in fraternities, excluded and refused to recognize their fellows in social things, and sometimes in other things as well. But thoughtful men on both sides saw the artificiality and injustice of such a system, and went to work. Today we congratulate ourselves that such a thing is almost if not entirely unknown.

But in the place of this system we find danger of having another to mar our life, one equally artificial and unjust. It seems that non-fraternitymen are creating an aristocracy that demands all elective college honors. In a recent election, participated in by all students of the University, only two unimportant offices were filled by fraternitymen. The danger we are now in is as serious as the old one. It should be averted and the remnants of the old one eradicated by giving to each man what he deserves, politically, socially and every other way.

SKETCHES

NOT DESIRABLE MEAT.

A newly elected congressman from a western North Carolina district was accused of entertaining too high an opinion of his importance after the election. Shortly after returning from his first trip to the Capital he met a staunch supporter of somewhat hayseedy appearance, who hailed him familiarly across the street with his customary "Hello, Bill, How're you?" He received in reply only a very formal and distant inclination of the head. The countryman continued up the street till he was accosted by another constituent of the congressman of similar appearance, who had a few minutes before met with a like rebuff from him.

"They say Bill's got the big-head," he began tentatively.

"Yes," replied the other, "his old head would make thirty pounds o' souse; but," he added after a thoghtful pause, "who the dickens could eat it?"

H. H. H.

JUVENILE DISCRETION.

Johnnie had been told time and again that the Sabbath was a day of rest, and that he must positively cease all labor on that day under penalty of being buried in the pit. So that it was quite a shock to his mother to find him busily engaged one Sunday morning in excavating a hole just back of the garden.

"Johnnie," said she, "don't you know that the bad man will get you if you dig holes on Sunday?"

"Yes'm," meekly replied Johnnie; "but I'm not a-goin' to dig deep enough to dig him up, you see."

H. H. H.

HOW IT FELT TO HIM.

A young man from the rural districts was paying his first visit to the city. On the evening after his arrival one of the metropolitan political clubs gave a big torch-light procession, which he witnessed from the balcony of his hotel.

The day following at dinner he seated himself at one of the tables in the spacious dining room. Opposite him were two nobbily dressed members of the smart-set. Soup was served. On the table was a bottle of Tabasco. Our friend, being unacquainted with the merits of this sauce, seized the bottle and helped himself unsparingly. His sporty neighbors nudged each other. All unconcious of his impending peril he stirred his soup and took an ample spoonful. Before he could arrest himself he had swallowed it. The effect was electrical. Instantly he straightened up, his eyes bulged, his face purpled, and emitting a combined cough, sneeze, and yell, he reached wildly for the water bottle. The two young men opposite him exploded in undisguised laughter. When they had recovered sufficiently, one of them ventured the inquiry:

"Friend, how did it feel?"

"Feel?" replied the countryman. "Feel? It felt like that whole torch-light procession was paradin' down my throat."

'07.

EXCHANGES

In assuming the responsibility of exchange editor and not being very well acquainted with our old exchanges, we feel that there is much to be done to maintain the standard that has characterized the department during the past. We are all the more impressed with the work that falls to the lot of the editor, when we think of our able predecessor, who raised the standard of this department considerably. Although we may fail in our attempt to make the department as good as it was the past year, we at least intend to do the best we can under existing circumstances. We shall try to criticise in a constructive manner; and everything we shall say will be said with the hope that it may be of some help to our contemporaries. Our criticisms will be sincere.

The Southern Collegian for May is up to its usual standard—if not better. "The Old and the New Fatalism is good. The article points out the difference between the elemental fatalism, that of the Saxon and the Roman, and the modern fatalism. "The elemental fatalism was comprehensive; it took in its view the whole range of the natural manifestation of power; the newer attitude considers the accidents of life and environment. It is a decadent fatalism." The article also points out the belief of both Roman and Saxon in some great law. There is very little poetry in this number, but "The Shepherd's Call" is right amusing. The daughter of an old shepherd, becoming tired of the farm, went to the city to take up her abode. As the years roll by the old shepherd becomes more and more anxious to see his daugh-

ter. After many years have elapsed the old man wanders away to the city to find his daughter. He arrives there, takes his stand in front of a large hotel and begins to call,

"Coo sheepy, coo sheepy, bah, bah, bah!
Come home, little girl to your place."

This elicited the laughter and jeers of the crowd, and attracted the attention of a policeman, who thought the man was drunk, but who, as soon as he discovered the sane intention of the old man helped him to find his "wandering lamb." "The Revolutionist" is a commendable piece of fiction. The plot is very simple and is not so conventional as is usually the case of the short story. The other articles are short and snappy. This, as some of our exchanges put it, shows a lack of knowledge. The clippings are good and the editorial department is well attended.

The *Minnesota Magazine* is one of our best exchanges. Some one has said that man is more intellectual than woman; but, to be sure, the "Woman's Number" of this magazine does not go to prove this declaration. The magazine is up to its usual standard in every detail. The reader feels a familiarity on the part of the authors with the subjects discussed that is wanting in many magazines. The articles are well written and in every instance the subject matter is cleverly handled by the respective authors. There is between the covers of the magazine a wholesome note which pleases the reader, and which we heartily recommend to many of our contemporaries. The issue opens with an instructive article on "Young Japan". The article points out to us with

what great care the education of the young of Japan is attended to. There are many other articles worthy of favorable comment, but lack of space denies us the pleasure. The criticism we have to make of the issue is that it has no exchange department. A good exchange department adds much to a magazine, and if given in the proper spirit and so received, it will mean much to other college journals.

The commencement issue of the *Davidson College Magazine* is better than usual. The newly elected board need not make any apologies for its maiden effort. But there are a number of typographical errors, such as misspelled words and quotation marks at the beginning of a quotation and none at the end,—that could be easily avoided. The several departments are well edited. "Spring Fever" is a humorous little poem that strikes the nail on the head. The Battle of Fort Fisher is a very appropriate contribution to the college magazine. We can not too often remind the college youth of the great deeds and noble achievements of our Southern ancestors. The Interrupted Story is decidedly the best contribution of the issue. The story has a ring of originality in its plot. It is a very good, short piece of fiction. A little more poetry would greatly enhance the literary value of the magazine; but on the whole the issue is a creditable one.

The fiction number of the *Vassar Miscellany* is one of the best magazines on our desk. The girls are to be complimented on their progress. Jan Anderson's Decision is an admirably well written story, and is easily among the best stories of any of our exchanges. The

poetry is of an exceptionally high grade. "Come Back to Me, Beloved," is especially worthy of mention. Keep it up girls, and you're soon at the head of them all.

The commendable feature of the *Harvard Monthly* which first strikes the reader on opening it is the general neatness of its typographical make up. This, it is true, is not a literary quality, but it is almost an essential to the proper appreciation of any literary production. The amount of space devoted to fiction and poetry is well proportioned, but there are not enough editorials and not a single article in the field of literary criticism. The fiction, as college fiction goes, is of a high order. The Exorbitant Corpse is an amusing story of how a life insurance policy holder attempted to get rich quick by pretending to have departed this life. The insurance agent, however, refused to be duped. removed the false mustache from the supposed "corpse" and quietly pocketed the already endorsed check for the amount of the policy. The Laying-Out of Mr. Bowlsby is original, to say the least, and very readable. The Chastening of Pa Hiram tells of the heroic tactics resorted to by his sister Jane to rid his mind of the delusion that he is "a pore lost sinner". The Joy of Service is a story of a composer and how he received his inspiration. Of the poetry the best is The Worshippers.

CLIPPINGS.

THE PRINCESS.

You sit at the palace window,
With your regal, your princess air
And I am afloat in my tiny boat
At the will of the wandering air.

I gaze with a look of wonder,
For a cat may look at a king,
And a Princess fair doesn't mind a stare
From one of the common ring.

I know you are cold, I know you are proud,
But your face is fair—Oh me!
So I toss a song as I glide along
On the breast of the sparkling air.

The desire of a moth for a star—nay!
The cry of a child for the moon!
A fleeting glance o'er the water's dance,
And the Prince will be coming soon.

A fleeting glance, and a careless song—
But tho' you are a princess high,
I would rather float in my tiny boat,
Between the wave and the sky.

—L. B. in the Vassar Miscellany

AN EVENING SONG.

The ruby sun sinks in the glowing west,
Good-night, beloved.
A weary world again seeks peaceful rest,
Good-night, beloved.
O'er all the landscape evening sounds are heard—
The gentle twitter of some drowsy bird,
And far away the lowing of a herd.
Good-night!

Across the meadows comes the evening breeze,
Good-night, beloved.
A vesper hymn bespeaks the day is done,
The last ray trembles, flickers, and is gone,
Then little stars come shyly, one by one.
Good-night.

My evening thoughts are all of thee and thine,
Goodnight, beloved.

Ah would that yours were all of me and mine!
Good-night, beloved.
May peaceful be thy slumbers through the night.
The peaceful stars will bathe thee in their light,
That thou may'st wake more fair, more bright.
Good-night!
Good.night!
—John Marston in The Red and Blue.

A PROOF OF DARWINISM.

Monkey and a Freshman
Sitting on a rail,
Couldn't tell the difference
'Cept the monkey had a tail. —Ex.

Kicker,—"I went into a restaurant the other day, and ordered lobster salad, and what do you think I got?"

Snicker.—"Indigestion."
—Penn. Punch Bowl.

Lumber Yard Lem.—"I hain't seen Weary Willie around lately."

Seven League Saunders—"No; he's disguised himself as a college professor an livin' as one o' dem. He's goin' to write a magazine article on deir lives and habits."—Puck.

ALUMNI NOTES

I. F. Lewis, A.B., '02, is at Johns Hopkins University Baltimore, Md., studying Botany.

R. A. Lichtenthæler, B.S., '02, Professor of Chemistry, University of Florida.

J. H. McIver, Ph.B., '02, teaching at Fannville, N. C.

C. E. Maddry, Ph.B., '03, student at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

R. A. Merritt, A.B., '02, Principal Graded School, Smithfield, N. C.

Mrs. R. O. E. Davis, nee Miss Birdie Pritchard, Ph.B., '02, at home, Chapel Hill, N. C.

H. M. Robins, Ph.B., '02, practicing law, Asheboro, N. C.

M. H. Stacy, Ph.B., '02; A.M., '04, Instructor in Mathematics, University of N. C. On leave of absence studying mathematics, Cornell University.

C. E. Thompson, Ph.B., '00, enjoying a lucrative practice of law in Elizabeth City, N. C.

B. A. Brooks, Law class '02, practicting law at Nashville, N. C.

J. H. Fogler, Summer class '01, practicing law in Dobson, N. C.

A. D. Ivey, Law class '02, practicing law at Leaksville, N. C.

S. B. McLean, Law class, '02, practicing law at Maxton, N. C.

Jude Palmer, Law class, '02, practicing law in Greensboro, N. C.

A. P. Spell, Law class, '02, practicing law at Red Springs, N. C.

W.F.Smathers, LL.B.,'03,practicing law in Paterson, N. J.

L. R. Wilson, A.B., '99; Ph.D., '05, Librarian and Assistant in German, University of N. C.

C. O. Abernethy, B.S., '02, studying medicine at University Medical College at Raleigh. Candidate for M. D. this year.

T. A. Adams, Ph.B., '02, practicing law in Charlotte, N. C.

R. B. Chastain, A.B., '02, practicing law at Brasstown, N. C.

J. F. Duncan, A.B., A.M., '02, practicing law in Norfolk, Va.

S. J. Everett, Ph.B., '02, practicing law at Williamston, N. C.

R. L. Godwin, B.S., '02, practicing law at Dunn, N. C.

D. P. Stern, Ph.B., '02, practicing law in Greensboro, N. C.

John Wilcox, Ex., '02, in the cotton mill business in South Carolina.

R. R. Williams, A.B., '02, practicing law in Newton, N. C.

J. F. Glenn, Law class, '02, practicing law in Asheville, N. C.

Whitehead Kluttz, Law class, '02, practicing law in Salisbury, N. C.

W. C. Rodman, Summer Law class, '01, practicing law in Washington, N. C.

W. D. Smith, Summer Law class, '01, commercial traveler, Mississippi.

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N. C. Curtis, Ph.B.,'00; B.S. Columbia, '04, Instructor in Drawing, University of N. C.

R. O. E. Davis, Ph.B., '01; Ph.D., '03, Instructor in Chemistry, University of N. C.

J. C. B. Ehringhaus, A.B., '01, A.M., LL.B., '03 practicing law in Elizabeth City, N. C.

J. E. Latta, Ph.B., '99; A.M., '01, Associate Professor of Physics, University of N. C.

C. A. Shore, B.S., '01;S.M., '02,third year man in the Johns Hopkins Medical School at Baltimore, Md.

J. B. Turrentine, Ph.B., '01, formerly Instructor at Lafayette. Now on leave of absence at Cornell University doing research work in Chemistry.

M. R. Glenn, B.S., '03, third year man, University Medical College, Raleigh, N. C.

T. J. Gold, Ph.B., '03, Summer Law class, '04, practicing at High Point, N. C.

B. H. Bridges, Ph.B., '03, Law class, '05, practicing in Wilmington, N. C.

C. A. Bynum, A.B., '03, studying law at Chicago University.

W. F. Carr, Ph.B; '03, in cotton mill business in Durham, N. C.

D. J. Cauble, Ex., '03, chemist in Birmingham, Ala.

R. O. Everett, B.S., '03, practicing law in Durham, N. C.

F. L. Foust, Ex., '03, U. S.Geological Survey,Gainesville, Ga.

G. G. Galloway, Ph.B., '03, merchant, Mt. Airy, N. C.

J. H. Stanley, Jr., M.D., '04, practicing at Four Oaks, N. C.

R. S. Stevens, M.D., '05, Assistant Demonstrator of Clinical Pathology, University Medical College, Raleigh, N. C.

N. D. Bitting, second year man., '05, studying medicine at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Alois Patterson,Ph.G. '05,practicing at Wilson, N. C.

W. C. Rice, third year man.,and Demonstrator in Anatomy, University of N. C.

J. B. Tugwell, second year Pharmacy, '03, practicing in Raleigh, N. C.

Louis Graves, A.B., '02, reporter on the New York Herald.

G. H. Andrews, A. B., '03, Banker, Raleigh, N. C.

L. W. Hovis, second year man., '03; M.D. North Carolina Medical College, '04, practicing in Charlotte, N. C.

L. F. Johnson, second year med., '03; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, '05, with the Highsmith Sanitarium, Fayetteville, N. C.

Wm. DeB. MacNider, M.D., '04, Professor of Pharmacology and college physician, University of N. C.

C. E. Moore, second year Med.,'05, at Jefferson Medical College; Philadelphia.

L. B. Newell, M.D., '05, Demonstrator in Anatomy University of N. C.

A. T. Pritchard, second year Med.,'03; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, '05.

J. K. Ross, A. B., A.M., '03; second year Med., '03, Senior in medicine at Jefferson Medical College.

D. S. Thompson, Ph.B., '01, practicing law at Statesville, N. C.

Rev. N. M. Watson, Law class, '02, pastor Grace Street M. E. Church, Wilmington, N. C.

F. M. Wooten, Law class, '02, Druggist at Greenville, N. C.

L. T. Wright, B.S., '97, practicing law in South McAllister, Ind. Ter.

Eben Alexander, Jr,, A.B., '01; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, practicing in New York.

K. P. B. Bonner, second year Med., '03, M.D., Richmond Medical College, '05, practicing at Morehead City, N. C.

B. U. Brooks, B.S., '01; M.D.,'05, practicing at Nashville, N. C.

J. B. Cranmer, M.D., '05, practicing in Wilmington, N. C.

J. A. Dimmette, second year Med., '03; M.D., Louis-

ville Medical College, '05, practicing at North Wilkesboro, N. C.

M. R. Farrar, M.D., '05, practicing at Greensboro, N. C.

John Donnelly, A.B., '99; M.D., '05, practicing in Charlotte, N. C.

A. W. Graham, A.B.,'01; second year med., '03, playing ball on Boston American League.

M. C. Guthrie, Jr., M.D., '04, member of the U. S. Hospital Corps, now on duty in the yellow fever districts of New Orleans.

R. A. Herring, second year Med., '03; M.D., Tulane, '05, surgeon in the U. S. Quarantine service, Mobile, Ala.

Charles Skinner Alston '99 was married on October 18 to Miss Ellen Douglas Robertson at Charlotte.

CLASS OF '05.

H. A. Allard, teaching in Massachusetts.

W. G. Amick, Principal Griffin High School, Griffin, N. C.

C. C. Barnhardt, teaching in Oak Ridge Institute, Oak Ridge, N. C.

S. B. Boone, at home farming, Jackson, N. C.

Lindo Brigman, in business at home, Rockingham, N. C.

J. F. Brower, teaching in the Salem Boy School, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Worth Cole, traveling for the Cole Manufacturing Co., Charlotte, N. C.

W. F. Cole, studying Medicine at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

F. A. Cox, studying medicine at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

J, R. Cox, studying shorthand at Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

H. W. Davis, studying book-keeping at Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

J. S. Duncan, teaching at Aberdeen, Miss.

H. B. Gudger, studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Julia H. Harris, teaching English in Oxford Seminary, Oxford, N. C.

H. B. Haywood, studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

C. J. Hendley, teaching at High Point, N. C.

T. B. Higden, instructor in French and studying law at the University of North Carolina.

J. C. Hines, Jr., assistant in Physics in the University of North Carolina.

J. V. Howard, studying medicine at the University of North Carolina.

H. McR. Jones, working for the Westinghouse Electric Company, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Stourd Jordan, teaching at Barnesville, S. C.

L. McL. Kelly, chemist for Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, Ensley, Ala.

A. H. King, teaching in Sharpe's Institute, Intelligence, N. C.

B. K. Lassiter, working in the First National Bank, Oxford, N. C.

R. G. Lassiter, in the copper mining business, Virgilina, N. C.

P. B. Ledbetter, studying medicine at the University of the North Carolina.

H. S. Lewis, studying law at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

R. G. Lewis, at home, Littleton, N. C,

Frank McLean, instructor in English in the University of North Carolina.

L. W. Matthews, doing mission work in Indian Territory.

C. W. Miller, working in a real estate office, Greensboro, N. C.

A. J. Moore, at home, Greenville, N. C.

J. B. Murphy, studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

K. B. Nixon, assistant in English and studying law at Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

A. M. Noble, Jr., teaching at Pantego, N. C.

R. P. Noble, studying medicine at the University Medical College, Raleigh, N. C.

W. H. Oldham, chemist, South Pittsburg, Tenn.

G. L. Paddison, Assistant in Chemistry at Kentucky State College.

W. K. Perrett, studying law at the University of North Carolina.

R. W. Perry, chemist in Louisville, Ky.,

H. H. Philips, studying law at the University of North Carolina.

J. B. Robertson, superintendent of the graded school at Graham, N. C.

P. H. Rogers, in paper manufacturing business at Hartsville, N. C.

O. B. Ross, studying medicine at the University of North Carolina.

L. G. Rountree, on the cotton exchange in New York City.

W. T. Shore, studying law at the University of North Carolina.

G. C. Singletary, principal of the Star High School, Star, N. C.

C. V. Sitton, studying medicine at the University of North Carolina.

C. H. Sloan, teaching school at Raynham. N. C.

G. L. Tabor teaching school, at Aurora, N. C.

N. A. Townsend, studying law at the University of North Carolina.

J. J. Tyson, chemist for the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, Ensley, Ala.

C. M. Walters, studying medicine at the University of North Carolina.

G. T. Whitaker, at home farming, Letha, N. C. He will return to the University after Christmas and begin the study of law.

J. K. Wilson, studying law at the University of North Carolina.

H. V. Worth, in the cotton mill business at Asheboro, N. C.

C. Wrenn, traveling for the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company of Winston, N. C.

I. C. Wright, studying law at the University of North Carolina.

J. L. Wade, member of the Wade Hardware Company, Dunn, N. C.

BOOK REVIEW

A Brief Course in the Calculus. By William Cain. D. Van Nostrand Co., New York. Price $1.50. Half Leather. 287 pages. 63 figures.

As the name implies this book is a short treatise on the Calculus. It fills the needs of those students who desire to study anything more than the merest elements of Physics and Electrical Theory. Such students need to understand thoroughly some of the fundamental principles of the Calculus, but they do not need a full knowledge of all the Calculus. This book has singularly succeeded in filling just such needs and, at the same time, in exhibiting to the general student in mathematics this wonderful branch of mathematics.

The book contains in the beginning a very short review of analytic geometry—just enough to open up the way for a student who has never studied this subject; and it contains all through it many practical problems in applied mathemetics which serve to illustrate the usefulness of the Calculus to the student as well as to help to explain the theory. The above facts widen the usefulness of this book to a great extent.

Some of the features of the book are: the method of marking the figures by which the student is enabled to save much time in studying out the more complex figures, the simplicity of the examples which tend to encourage rather than to discourage the student, and the "rigor" of the demonstrations.

Prof. Cain has made it a rule in his book to feed the beginner with rigid and exact proofs rather than with

dogmaticism. While it is easier, at the time, to memorize dogmatic rules than to understand the reasons yet when the master of these rules tries to apply them to problems in engineering he can never do so quite so quickly or anything like so confidently as he who understands the reasons. Hence, some of the fundamental principles of the Calculus which have been so often "dodged" by other writers of treatises on the Calculus for beginners, as being too hard for the beginner to understand, are in this book rigidly and convincingly demonstrated.

It might be said here that by the use of this book in this University a student can, in four years, advance fully one year further in Electrical Engineering than heretofore.

R. H. McLAIN.

MAGAZINE PRIZES.

The prizes given during the session 1904-5 for contributions to THE MAGAZINE were awarded as follows:

1. The Hunter Lee Harris Medal and ten dollars for the best short story, "The Crisis," by Q. S. Mills.
2. Five dollars for the best essay, "Modern Phases of the Rubaiyat," by T. B. Higdon.
3. Five dollars for the best poem, "A Vision of the East," by "'05."
4. Five dollars for the best sketch, "The Center of Gravity," by "'05."

All these prizes will be offered again this year.

University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 36. No. 2---NOVEMBER, 1905. New Series, Vol. 23.

VICTOR HUGO'S THEORY OF THE ROMANTIC DRAMA.

Dr. James D. Bruner.

THE SUCCESS of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* (1830) was, in the opinion of the author's followers, a vindication of his dramatic theory as set forth in the preface to his *Cromwell* (1827), the manifesto of the Romantic school, the "*Defense et Illustration*" of the Romantic drama.

The Romantics conceived the drama as a broad picture of real life, represented in the multiplicity and complexity of its aspects. It was to be a large painting of life, an accurate imitation of nature, a vivid representation of historical as well as poetical truth; in a word, it was to be a mirror reflecting nature and human life.

In order that dramatic art may resemble life, that it may be the real image of life, it had to break with the narrow rules of classic art, and inaugurate a revolution in dramatic literature. The times were ripe for such a revolution. Classic tragedy had become artificial, abstract, narrow in subject and form, general, impersonal, psychological, colorless, unreal, idealized, monarchical. It had been treated for an aristocratic, monarchical society of courtiers, noblemen, men of culture. But after the French Revolution, it had become totally unfitted for

the new political and social conditions. For some years before the appearance of the *Preface* to *Cromwell*, it was evident that a revolution was impending. Thus political and literary absolutism was followed by political and literary freedom, political war was followed by literary war, and both were fought to a finish. In this literary war of independence individual liberty was introduced into art and literature; hence Romanticism has sometimes been called "liberalism in art" or "protestantism in letters and arts." As a result of this literary revolution a popular has been substituted for a court literature, and literature has become democratic.

The characteristics of the new Romantic school are important in their scope and far-reaching in their consequences. The young, modern and plebian public, in their new enthusiasm, are loud in their demands, and they do not hesitate to resort to revolutionary methods in order to carry their points. In their "explosion of youth" they insist that Romanticism should "restore to honor all that Classicism, if not dogmatically, at least effectually, rejected." In substance, the Romantic dramatists were allowed to make their dramas more real and life-like.

In order, then, that the drama may be a more real imitation of life, the number of characters were no longer to be limited to the nobility, but were to include all classes of men from the lowest to the highest. A whole concourse of people could be introduced into a single drama. The characters, moreover, were not restricted to exhibiting only a part of their lives, but they could live complete lives. The complete development of character, the exhibition of character in growth, the complete man with his vices and virtues, his passions and qualiities,

could be represented before the spectators. A character, too, could be a man of many passions instead of one; individuals rather than types were preferred. One could see an ambitious, or a jealous or a melancholy man on the stage, or he could see a man that was at once ambitious, jealous, revengeful, and love-like. Such a character might not only display his passions, but he might also indulge in introspection, might be lyrical. In short, the poet was allowed to give a faithful representation of the complex character of an individual man.

Not only was the number of characters multiplied, but the sphere of action was enlarged. National and foreign literatures were studied, imitated and utilized; foreign ideas were adopted; dramatic subjects and materials were taken from the Middle Ages, especially from the doctrines and practices of mediaeval Christianity, and contemporary men and nations and ideas were freely turned to profitable account; a sort of literary cosmopolitanism reigned. For the sake of a greater reality attention was given to the various little details and circumstances of life. Great respect was paid to local color and historical accuracy, to costumes and scenery, to the concrete in preference to the abstract; the eyes were appealed to. This led to the study of nature, with its various colors, which had been largely eliminated by the classical dramatists. The Romanticists therefore preached the gospel of nature, and advocated the return to primitive and simple nature, for which they showed real love and genuine enthusiasm. In addition to all this, they showed a tendency to exhibit the whole of a story, and to trace the origin, development, and consequences of a deed, rather than limit themselves to one great crisis or catas-

trophe. To do this they discarded the classical rules of the unities of time and place, and introduced more action as well as spectacle on the stage. For narratives and descriptions were substituted scenes and pictures. Instead of the action occurring behind the curtain, it was presented before the very eyes of the spectators, and even deeds of blood and violence were enacted in full view of the audience.

The sphere of action was further enlarged by the increasing of the number of actions and stories; by the introduction of sub-plots and sub-actions; by the mingling of the comic and tragic in the same production; by admitting the grotesque by the side of the sublime, and the ugly by the side of the beautiful; by substituting the particular for the universal, the accidental for the essential; by the extension of the vocabulary to include the *mot propre*; by admitting melodramatic elements such as surprise, the extraordinary, the improbable, and the impossible; by the use of prose and verse; by greater flexibility in the versification, particularly in the use of *enjambement*, or overflow, and of the free cesura; by the employment of a style adaptable to all tones (as comic and tragic), situations, and characters; and finally, by making the end of fine art instruction as well as pleasure.

The first of these characteristics of the Romantic drama, which, it seems to me, requires further discussion is the mingling of the grotesque and the sublime in the same composition. The subject was discussed at length in Hugo's famous *Preface*, and has since evoked much vehement discussion and adverse criticism. Hugo laid great stress on the introduction of the grotesque and

the ugly into the field of fine art. He attempted to demonstrate the aesthetic value of the ugly, and acknowledged that the realm of the grotesque was one of the most difficult problems of aesthetics. If dramatic truth, according to the Romantics, consists in painting the complete man and in representing the whole of life, then it must express the ugly and the grotesque as well as the beautiful and the sublime, which are found mingled in life. Since the beautiful has only one type and the ugly has a thousand, the grotesque is an essential element of art and cannot rightfully be excluded from the aesthetics of the drama. If the grotesque is properly an art form, the artist has the right to admit the ugly and even the repulsive into his dramatic productions. The grotesque can be of especial use to him as contrast and relief. As a means of contrast, so dear to the heart of Hugo, who has naturally the taste for the abnormal and the deformed, the grotesque is the richest mine that nature can open up to art. The sublime upon the sublime tends to monotony and hardly contrast. The mind must have repose, even from the sublime and the beautiful. Since true poetry lies in the harmony of opposites, the sublime and the grotesque should be mingled in dramatic art.

The harmony of the grotesque and the sublime was not original with Hugo. Among the sublimest compositions of the ancients may be found grotesque elements. Even Aeschylus retained the grotesque features of the old legends. He made the physical aspect of the Furies so horrible that the boys and the women could not endure their sight. He caused Prometheus to be chained to the rock, his hands and feet to be rivited with iron, and a

wedge to be driven through his breast,—all in the presence of the audience. The ancients had also many grotesque beings, such as satyrs, furies, harpies, syrens, and cyclops.

The main source, however, of the Romantic theory of the grotesque is to be found in the Christianity of the Middle Ages, which glorified the grotesque. Mediaeval Christianity taught the nothingness of this world, and placed evil by the side of the good and the deformed by the side of the graceful. The popular traditions were grotesque; fantastical beings such as giants, dwarfs and demons were created by the imagination. Among such creations were the grotesque beings that lived in the air, water, earth and fire; Satan with his horns, ox-feet and bat-wings; and such beings as the grotesque played the part of the beast in man, the demon rather than the angel, the flesh rather than the soul, matter rather than mind.

The grotesque is seen everywhere and in every thing. It is found not only in religion, but also in literature, architecture, and in the manners, customs and laws of the Middle Ages. It abounds in the later Latin literature, and in the Teutonic and Romantic literatures, with their chronicles, epics, fables, stories, and romances. It's character is impressed conspicuously upon that marvelous Gothic architecture, which combines all the plastic arts just as the Romantic drama harmonizes all the dramatic tones. In the houses, palaces, castles and cathedrals are sculptured or carved purgatory, hell, demons, and the devil himself; on the windows of the same are painted the same grotesque monsters. From the arts the grotesque passes into manners and customs, giv-

ing us comedy, the court fools, and the "symbolical hieroglyphs of feudalism." Next it is extended to the laws and institutions of the Middle Ages; and finally it enters into the strange ceremonies and peculiar superstitions of the Mediaeval Christians.

The dramatic circle is further extended by the mingling of the comic and the tragic in the same production, a characteristic of the Romantic drama which has many points in common with the mingling of the sublime and the grotesque of the preceding paragraphs. In point of fact, the mixture of the comic and tragic is only an important, perhaps the most important, part of the theory of the grotesque as conceived by Hugo. Such a process is a real imitation of nature, an essential representation of life, and therefore cannot be false.

In the seventeenth century the classes of society were rigorously separated. The noble kings and great lords were grave and dignified, and their thoughts and language were required to be in harmony with their elevated position. They were not allowed to say anything common, nor could anything vulgar or base be said in their presence. No violation of decorum was ever permitted. In the same manner the classes or kinds of literature, such as comedy and tragedy, were rigorously and conscientiously separated. The Classicists demanded unity of impression and harmony of time. Tragedy was to be all tragedy and comedy was to be all comedy. They definitely determined the bounds of each and would not suffer them to be transgressed. The grotesque, the ugly the ridiculous were to be banished from tragedy, which was required to be serious, stately, and sublime. No such impropriety as the mixture of the humorous and the

grave could ever be tolerated, and the introduction into tragedy of low and trivial persons, which might impair the dignity of tragedy, was strictly forbidden. Boileau, the great French Classical critic of the seventeenth century, says,

"Le comique, ennemie des soupirs et des pleurs,
N'admet point en ses vers de tragiques douleurs;"

and Milton, in his preface to *Samson Agonistes* speaks of "The poet's error or intermingling comic stuff and tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons; which by all judicious hath been counted absurd and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people." As in the court so in the theater rank was to be maintained; the high and the low, the noble and ignoble were not allowed to mingle together. No mongrel production was recognized. The monotony of tragedy was never to be disturbed. No barbarous atrocities were to be countenanced.

Against this conventional separation of the comic and the tragic in the same composition Hugo uttered a vigorous protest. He claimed that such a rigid exclusion of the comic from tragedy was unnatural and untrue to life. By such exclusion the mirror is held up only to a limited aspect of nature, a sincere emotion can hardly be expressed, the powerful effects of contrast can hardly be produced, the refreshing element of relief can hardly be secured, and the pleasing effects of the harmony of tones and the emphasis of variety, can hardly be attained. As all work makes Jack a dull boy and all sunshine makes the desert, so all tragedy or all comedy conduces to monotony and lifelessness. Hugo does not mean, however, that the comic and the tragic are to be con-

founded. In his dramas there is a juxtaposition but no combination of the two elements. When tragedy appears comedy disappears, as, for example, in *Hernani*, each act of which (except the fourth) begins with comedy and ends with tragedy.

The drama should be a mirror of human life, not simply of a single fragment or a single aspect of it. In real life sadness and mirth, pathos and humor, gloom and brightness, light and darkness, joys and sorrows, smiles and tears, the serious and the ludicrous, the comic and the tragic exist side by side, are inextricably woven together. As the purpose of the drama, as a fine art, is to imitate or represent human life in action, with all its passions and emotions and activities, it must therefore embrace the fusion of the comic and the tragic in the same composition, just as they are found mixed in life. Nature teaches us that the springs of joy and grief lie side by side, that scenes of tragedy are closely followed by scenes of comedy, that the smile on the lip is as natural as the tear in the eye, and that the spondee exists by the side of the dactyl.

We know, too, that the comic springs up often in the most pathetic situation or at the most tragic moment. Romeo, when he lays Paris in the tomb, says,

> "How oft when men are at the point of death
> Have they been merry! which their keepers call
> A lightning before death."

This dramatic method of weaving together brightness and gloom, laughter and tears, is employed by the orator and the preacher. They know, and the dramatic artist should know, that the separation of the two is neither real nor artistic, but that the commingling of the comic

and the tragic brings the world of art nearer to the world of reality and "the world of fiction nearer the world of nature, thereby getting hold of every tone in the spectator's emotional nature."—Moulton.

Hugo follows nature in the use of contrasts, even of sudden contrasts. There is no doubt that even his grotesque characters afford, however melodramatic the effect may seem, a salutary contrast. Like Plato, he recognizes that opposites cannot be understood without opposites, that the serious implies the ludicrous, the humorous adding by contrast to the effect of the serious. The contrast of the fool and the king conversing together heightens and intensifies the interest of the most painful and tragic situations. Aesthetically, then, a light scene may afford a refreshing contrast to a scene of horror, and a similar effect may be produced by introducing a humorous scene immediately after a murder, as, for example, the porter's speech after the murder of Duncan in *Macbeth*. Such a spell of a contrary passion agreeably breaks the continuity of a uniform tone, whether that tone be comic or tragic. By contrast, then, the tragic becomes more pathetic, more intense, and more impressive, when preceeded by a comic scene, as, for example. the graveyard scene in *Hamlet* or the second balcony scene in *Hernani*.

The main principle underlying the mixture of the comic and the tragic in the same piece is unquestionably that of relief. The strain of a continuous tone, of an intense passion, of a prolonged suspense must be relieved. There must be a reaction, a period of repose and refreshment, of relaxation. "The relaxing levities of a tragedy," as Lamb puts it, naturally afford relief to

a dark and gloomy picture or to the intense feelings of the mind engrossed by the severity of tragic pity and fear. Often the introduction of a comic touch or scene will make the tragic only the more pathetic; often the relief of a comic scene conduces to emphasis and intensity. The artful prattle of the fool in *Lear* or of the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, the clever repartees of Don Carlos in *Hernani*, or the comic utterances and situations of Don César in *Ruy Blas* intensify the pathos, afford variety, or relax the tension of the feelings. Thus after the thoughts and emotions of the spectator have been strained to an intense degree, a change of tone brings rest, relaxation, and exhileration.

In the ancient classical drama the comic and the tragic were, as a rule, not allowed to mingle in the same play. The unity of tone was particularly observed by Aeschylus and Sophocles, though occasionally these dramatists were led to relax the intensity of their tragedies by the introduction of a lighter tone. While the prevailing tone of the more Romantic Euripides is tragic, yet there are to be found now and then in his dramas, notably in the *Alcestis* comic touches and humorous scenes. More striking still is the satyric play with which the performance of the Greek tetralogies was brought to a close. After the representation of three successive tragedies on the same day there was felt a need of a relaxation of the mind, and the relief from the tragic strain was supplied by the comic parody performed by the chorus of satyrs with their grotesque appearance and boisterous conduct.

More emphatically than the ancient has the modern drama employed the principle of mixing the comic and the tragic in the same play. The propriety of combin-

ing the serious and the gay was never doubted by Shakespeare, who practiced such a fusion in all his plays. While Milton scorned such a fusion and the eighteenth century English dramatists conceded the impropriety of mingling the comic and the tragic, the custom of Shakespear was eventually established in England. While Racine, in France, did not tolerate the mingling of the tones, Corneille, more true to life, skilfully blended the two elements, and Voltaire admitted the alternation of laughable and pathetic scenes. In Germany Lessing reluctantly admitted the desirability and propriety of the mixture of light and serious elements in the same composition, a practice eagerly and constantly employed by the Romantic Schiller, and occasionally by Goethe. The Spanish Lope de Vega, who seemed inclined, at first, to sympathize with the Classic rule of rigidly separating comedy and tragedy, was constrained to admit that such an "abnormity of mingling Seneca with Terence" pleased the people and was in conformity with nature herself. Certainly wisdom is justified of her ways.

A great battle was also waged by the Romantics and Classics around the unities, especially around the minor or Italian unities of time and place. The narrowest of the classic critics understood the greatest of these unities, the Aristotelian unity of action, to mean that the play should have a single event and a single hero. The action should be simple and single, the unity of impression should be observed, and the hero should be subjected to one peril only.

Hugo accepted the unity of action, admitting that it is a requirement inherent in the nature of the drama, as of any fine art, but at the same time putting his own

construction upon what constitutes unity of action. In his *Preface* to *Cromwell* he says that the unity of the *ensemble* by no means rejects the secondary action upon which the principal action is to be supported. The doctrine of the Romanticists is that subordinate plots may be introduced, so long as they are made subservient to the main plot and contribute to its dénouement. The various incidents must be made to cluster about one central idea and must be pervaded by one dominating purpose. The situations may be complicated so that the complex man, with his many passions and emotions, may be presented to us as he is in life. The unity of action has then become the broader unity of interest, the unity of the whole, or the unity of variety as in nature and life. It has become rather the unity of actions or a harmony of actions, in which the multiform actions and even episode may be fused into one harmonious, æsthetic, organic whole.

The classical unity of time requires that the events occurring in a play should not extend over twenty-four hours, the period of a natural day. According to some authorities the time of action should be confined within the limit of the artificial day of twelve hours, and others still would allow only the three hours necessary for the actual presentation of the drama.

The first important, though mild, protest against the rigidity of the rule of the unity of time came from Corneille, who pleaded for the extension of time to thirty hours, if required by the subject. It remained for Hugo, however, to proclaim openly the absurdity of the unity of time. Following in the footsteps of Lope de Vega, Shakespeare, and Schiller, he advocated the theory that

the unity of time led to ridiculous improbabilities and impossibilities, and that every action has its own duration.

According to the rule of the unity of place the different events of the drama should be limited to one place, usually to one room. The unity of place is a consequent of the unity of time. In the early French drama the scene could be changed at will, but the Classical French dramatists rigidly enforced the law concerning the unity of place, though both the minor unities were largely idealized, no definite place or time being assigned to the action.

As in the unity of time, Corneille would allow some latitude in the application of the law of the unity of place. He would extend the place from one room to the whole palace, and, if necessary, to the whole town and even to the suburbs. The Romanticists, with Hugo as their leader, demonstrated the absurdities and improbabilities arising from the observance of such a narrow rule. As a consequence of such a limitation of space, which requires that the greater part of the action should take place behind the scenes, Hugo declared that "we have upon the stage only the elbows of the action, while the hands are elsewhere. Instead of scenes we have narratives, instead of pictures, descriptions,"

SHERMAN'S MOVEMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Marion T. Plyler.

ON JANUARY the 28th, 1862, Major-General W. T. Sherman moved his army from Savannah, and began the weary stages of his march through the Carolinas. Major-General O. O. Howard commanded the right wing, and Major-General Henry W. Slocum the left. The cavalry was under the command of Brigadier-General Judson Kilpatrick. They moved via Columbia, S. C., towards Fayetteville, N. C. On March 7th, the army was crossing the North Carolina line south of Rockingham. By March the 11th various commands had reached Fayetteville, and were in full sway on North Carolina soil up to April the 29th, when the march for Washington, D. C., began.

Before examining in detail Sherman's career in North Carolina, it may be well to note the military situation in the State at the time of Sherman's entrance from the South. The mention of several events will indicate the gravity of the situation. Fort Fisher fell January 15th, 1862. This put Terry in full possession of the Wilmington section, while Schofield controlled New Bern and all the country round, having taken possession of Kinston about the time Sherman was entering the State. From this time forth all the coast section was fully dominated by the Federal armies. The central portion of the State, however, was still under Confederate control, but without well organized defense. So, General Joseph E. Johnston, now residing at his home in Lincolnton, received orders on February the 23rd, 1865, to report to Lee and to assume command of the Army of Tennessee and of all the troops in the Department of South Carolina, Georgia

and Florida. His orders said: "Concentrate all available forces and drive back Sherman." A hard task was this, and no one appreciated the difficulties more than he. The Army of Tennessee was scattered; the commissary stores in North Caroloina were held for Lee's army in Virginia, and nothing remained to supply the troops in North Carolina, save what Johnston could collect with his wagons. So, leaving Beauregard to guard the railroad from Charlotte to Danville, he moved his headquarters to Fayetteville on March the 4th, and began concentrating his forces. Lieutenant-General Hardee was moving in from South Carolina via Fayetteville.

General Bragg was near Goldsboro with Cooke's Division, numbering nearly five thousand men; and the remnant of the Army of Tennessee, nearly four thousand strong, under Lieutenant-General Stewart, was moving that way. The cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton, was busy harassing the enemy and informing of his movements. Thus it appears that all the forces under Johnston were gathering in the section between Goldsboro and Fayetteville, facing an enemy outnumbering them four-fold. Furthermore, they were poorly organized and ill provided for, but in a last desperate stuggle; while the enemy was in a hostile country, but exulting over a conquering march. The last stand was now to be made; and, in brief, this was Johnston's position on March the 15th, when Sherman left Fayetteville.

As already seen, Sherman's army reached Fayetteville the 11th of March. The next three days were spent in "utterly destoying" all property valuable for the enemy, and in crossing the Cape Fear, that the march on Golds-

boro might continue. Orders were sent Terry at Wilmington and Schofield at New Bern to join Sherman at Goldsboro about the 20th. The real object of Sherman was to put his army in a position of easy supply for the campaign of '65, by this juncture at Goldsboro. For this movement made the whole coast as far south as Savannah his, and gave him easy control of the entire country. Every move looked to this, all plans were to this end. At Fayetteville, the horde of negroes and others following in the wake of the army were marched on to Wilmington, with supplies furnished for the journey. Howard sent from his command alone four thousand and five hundred, mostly negroes. The effort was to clear the army of all encumbrances possible. This is desirable at all times. It was especially so now, since more active opposition was expected.

But, before beginning the march through North Carolina, let us inquire what was the spirit animating the army, and what the dominating purpose of the chief in command? The official records make this clear. There is no better way than to judge one out of his own mouth. By his own words let him stand or fall. Sherman is clear in his official reports. His purpose was to destroy the enemy's country and starve Lee at Richmond. Of South Carolina, he wrote Terry: "We have swept the country well," and "instead of feeding Lee's army they will now call on Lee to feed them." This course was adopted to crush the enemy at home and thus hasten the end. In calm, if not cruel, assurance Sherman writes of his work: "The simple fact that a man's home has been visited by an enemy makes a soldier in Lee's or Johnston's army very anxious to get home and look after his family

and property." On March the 22nd he writes Kilpatrick to continue to gather all food and forage of the country that he could, adding: "I care not how close you pinch the inhabitants." He did except "mere household goods and apparel of women" in the order; but little attention was paid the exception made. A reign of terror was the result. The horror of it all even finds reflection in the official reports. "Every house along the way was pillaged, trunks broken open, jewelry, silver, etc., taken." Some of the officers declared with emphasis that no way remained to stop this but to stop foraging. "The system is vicious and the results utterly deplorable." Morgan affirms that men in his command, encouraged by some officers, had become highwaymen, robbing, maltreating without mercy, burning houses, etc., with all cruelty and ferocity. General Howard declared that the conduct of the campaign "operated to loosen the restraints of discipline, and many acts were committed that every officer deprecates." As a matter of fact the march through South Carolina was as cruelly destructive as could well be, even by an army bent on plunder with special enmity for a people branded as the first of rebels. Along the whole line of march, marked by ruin, there was slight if any restraint from the superiors in command. This is the army that came into North Carolina, whose chief officer wrote on March the 22nd: "If Sheridan reaches me I will make all North Carolina howl." "I will make him a deed of gift of every horse in the State to be settled at the day of judgment." Thus, with officers whose "mission was not to fight, but to consume and destroy," with an army demoralized by relaxed discipline and habits of plunder, the march through the Old North State began.

Sherman ordered his army from Fayetteville and the Cape Fear on March the 15th, 1865, for Goldsboro, feigning on Raleigh. By following the shortest route, he expected, in keeping with previously expressed plans, to reach Goldsboro about the 20th. Kilpatrick was sent up the river or plank road beyond Averysboro, followed by four divisions of the left wing (Slocum's) with as few wagons as possible. The rest of the train was to take a more direct road to Goldsboro. The right wing (Howard's) was ordered to send the trains, under good escort, towards Faison's Depot. Howard was to hold four divisions light to aid the left if attacked.

On the 15th the Confederate cavalry was driven back by Slocum's advancing column, the Twentieth Corps being in the lead. This attacked Hardee the next morning at seven o'clock, four miles south of Averysboro. Ward's Division encountered Brett's Brigade and drove it back, by the aid of a flank movement, to a second and stronger position. Here repeated attacks were made and as often repelled, Later two divisions of the Twentieth Corps were reinforced by two divisions from the Fourteenth Corps. Then, with the aid of Kilpatrick, late in the evening they drove Hardee well within his intrenched lines. Being informed by Hampton that the Federals had crossed Black River below, and were endangering his left, Hardee retreated during the night towards Smithfield, to Elevation. Ward's division kept up a show of pursuit, and Slocum's column turned to the right across South River along the Goldsboro road. Kilpatrick moved on north towards Elevation. Slocum's loss in killed, wounded and missing were 682. Hardee's total loss was about 500. They left 108 dead on the field.

In the meantime the wagon train was moving on Howard's column, being on the new Goldsboro road via Falling Creek Church. Sherman had left Slocum to join Howard, and also to meet with Terry who was moving from Wilmington on Goldsboro. So now both wings of Sherman's army were headed directly for Goldsboro. The front of the right wing was ahead of the left, as Johnston thought, more than a day's march. They being well separated on different roads, his purpose was to surprise the left by a rapid march on their front. So he ordered Bragg and Stewart from Smithfield and Hardee from Elevation to Bentonville, where they were to bivouac and attack the next morning, the 19th of March. But, owing to a false estimate of distance, and to the actual position of the forces, Hardee did not arrive on the field, selected by Hampton, until the next day; and, thereby, lost the opportunity of surprising Slocum's advance column. So a line of battle was formed. The centre of Hoke's Division of North Carolinians rested on the road, the line forming at right angles to the road. Stewart was placed to the right of Hoke's Division. Later Hardee arrived and was placed at the extreme right, except McLaw's division which was held to reinforce Hoke. Slocum attacked, and two brigades of Carlin's Division were driven back on the main body with loss. He then deployed two divisions of the Fourteenth Corps, and on their left two divisions of the Twentieth. Thus he assumed the defensive and arranged a line of barricades. In this position Slocum received six distinct assaults by the forces of Hoke, Hardee, and Cheatham. These he repulsed without any great reverses, but the day ended with Johnston pleased over the success of his arms. On

the twentieth Howard arrived in the afternoon with reinforcements, so that now the Confederates were confronted by a complete and strong line of battle, with Mill Creek to their rear and only one bridge across that as a way of retreat. Johnston's left was so overlapped that McLaw's Division was placed to Hoke's left and the cavalry was deployed as skirmishers on McLaw's left. During the second day Hoke sustained the severest attacks along Johnston's line.

But Sherman had no specific object to gain by a battle, so his general instructions were to press with skirmishers alone, using artillery pretty freely, and to feel right strongly the enemy's flanks. This plan was followed the 21st. The most crucial event of the day, however, was when Mower worked well around Johnston's left, and had nearly reached the bridge across Mill Creek. The massing of troops against Mower made his condition critical. He was in danger of being cut off. To save him from this fate Sherman ordered a general attack of his skirmish lines and quite a noisy battle ensued, until Mower was able to gain connection with his own corps, the Seventeenth. After this, some desultory skirmishing ended the day. During the night, Johnston retreated on Smithfield and bivouaced the night of the 22nd south of the Neuse.

In three days Johnston lost in dead, wounded and missing 2,343. Sherman's aggregate loss was 1,595. Thus ended on North Carolina soil the last battle of the great Civil War.

Howard was left at Bentonville the 22nd, to bury the dead; and Sherman joined Schofield in Goldsboro the 23rd. Slocum came in that evening and the next morn-

ing. Howard arrived the 24th. This union of Sherman, Schofield and Terry gave the Federal arms entire control of the coast down to Savannah, and railroad connections from Sherman's army to the government base of supplies. Nothing more could be desired for the campaign of '65. With Johnston in retreat, with Lee being closed in on from two sides, with the South's resources exhausted, and with an open way to Washington, Sherman at Goldsboro could but feel that his triumph was about complete.

Here Sherman halted to rest and refurnish his army. They were in great need of shoes and clothing after the five hundred mile march from Savannah in the dead of winter. This was of great advantage to the army; but not less to Jonnston. It allowed him time to gain some reenforcements to the Army of Tennessee, to collect supplies and to confer with Lee. The army had a rest, and the officers opportunity to canvass the situation.

What course would Sherman pursue? Would he march direct on Richmond or would he move towards Danville, with a feint on Raleigh? What route would he take to Virginia? Sherman was not clear as to this, until word came that Lee had evacuated Richmond. Then all hesitation was at an end. So on the morning of the 10th of April, Sherman moved on Raleigh. Slocum, followed by Schofield, took the direct road to Smithfield. Howard was to the right and followed the Weldon road, while Terry and Kilpatrick moved up the west side of the Neuse. Johnston was retreating towards Greensboro, giving but little trouble to the advancing army, now in full swing once more. The news of Lee's surrender reached Sherman on the 11th, rendering the army jubi-

lant, as, with quickened step, they moved upon the capital city. After marching through Raleigh, they pitched their tents round about the place. By the 15th, the advance guards had occupied Durham and Chapel Hill. A line drawn in a northerly and southerly direction through the points named, will mark about the western boundary of Sherman's army, from the 15th to the 25th, while peace proposals were being considered. Johnston's army was west of such a line drawn through Hillsboro. Here hey rested until terms of surrender were agreed upon.

But, before reciting the incidents of the last days, may i not be well to glance at Sherman's conduct during the cmpaign in the state? Here was an army with a record i South Carolina that reminds one of the Duke of Alva i the Low Country. It left a land despoiled by robbery, pnder, and violence in field, barn, and household. Did tis continue in North Carolina? Yes, much the same. Sme restraints, however, were placed upon the men. Insmuch as North Carolina was the last to secede, and sti had a strong union party, some were disposed to prvent wanton destruction of property and unkind tretment of the inhabitants. Accordingly, orders were issed throwing restraints around the foraging parties, anc the many bent on plunder. This was done for ancher reason also; the presence of Johnston necessitated mor caution. But, notwithstanding these orders the arm continued its march much as heretofore.

Serman gave specific orders at Fayetteville to destroy all roperty, private and public, that "would be of use to te enemy," save one water mill to grind corn for the peole of the town. The country around Fayetteville andBentonville was swept bare. It was after the Ben-

tonville fight that he ordered Kilpatrick to gather all the food and forage possible without regard for the inhabitants.

On leaving Goldsboro the same orders held as to foraging, destruction of factories, mills, etc., save only more caution should be exercised owing to Johnston's presence. The fate of Raleigh was to be determined by the reception accorded him. Good evidence of the fidelity shown in observing the orders appears in Schofield's complaint, while on the march between Goldsboro and Raleigh: "Slocum's bummers have been all over the country, and my men have not been able to get a pound of anything." Cox says: "Since we left Goldsboro there has been a constant succession of house-burning in the rear of our command." Specific mention is made of the burning of the pretentious Atkinson home. He deprecates the fact that the stragglers were worse than in the Atlanta campaign. While around Raleigh "Field Order No. 55," issued April the 14th, added this restriction: "Troops will be permitted to gather forage and provisions as heretofore, only more care should be taken not to strip the poorer classes too closely." This same day seven men of a foraging party were captured near Raleigh. Thus, the elaborate system of foraging continued with all its attendant evils of wanton destruction, cruelty, ferocity, robbery and every day villainy practiced by highwaymen. For this, necessity—the necessity which Sherman said developed the searching qualities of soldiers—could not be urged as a justification after reaching Goldsboro. For the abundant supplies of the government were then to be had. But it went on under official sanction up to the day of surrender.

The one specific order from Sherman that showed a

positive desire to stay the hand of destruction was his order to Kilpatrick: "If you reach the University do not disturb its library, buildings, or specific property." Through the friendly solicitation of President David L. Swain, this favor was shown.

So far as the official records reveal General Sherman's conduct throughout the campaign, he was acting upon the principle expressed to Schofield: "Time to build up after the war." He turned his engines of destruction loose, and saw enough. A few days after the surrender he writes: "Any one who is not satisfied with war should go and see Charleston, and he will pray louder and deeper than ever that the country in the future may be spared any more war."

In brief this much can be said in favor of Sherman's record in North Carolina: He made a show of restraint and was not careless with fire, as when in South Carolina.

The events following the 15th of April will be told in a few words: The armies remained practically in the position held on the 18th.

In reply to a letter from Johnston regarding the terms of peace, Sherman agreed to meet Johnston in person on the 17th, midway between their lines. At noon they met in a frank, soldier-like way, Johnston admitting the folly of prosecuting further the war, but asking some general concessions. They separated to meet the next day, when the celebrated "Memorandum" was signed by both. The terms were practically these: Johnston's army was to separate, the troops going to their several states. At the state capitals they were to surrender their arms and all public property. Part of the arms were to be left to the state governments and the rest turned over to the United

States. The officers and soldiers were not to be punished by the United States, but all were left liable to private prosecution in the courts. This was forwarded to Washington for the approval of the President. It was rejected. Instead, General Grant was ordered to assume command and reached Raleigh the 24th. Sherman notified Johnston of the suspension of the truce, demanding the surrender of his army; or else he would move upon Johnston at noon, April 26th. On the evening of the 26th another letter came from Johnston asking an interview with Sherman as to negotiations for surrender. They met at noon the 26th, at the Bennett house, a few miles west of Durham, the place of the former meeting. Sherman and Johnston consulted and concluded and signed the final terms of capitulation. These were practically those offered and accepted by Lee. Grant was nominally in command, but Johnston did not even know that Grant was in Raleigh. Grant left Raleigh at 9 a. m. the 27th, having been there three days, but without assuming control of the army. On the evening of the 28th Sherman went to Savannah to look after affairs there, and, on the 28th of April, his army began its march for Washington, under commands of Howard and Slocum—Howard moved with the right via Louisburg and Slocum with the left via Oxford towards Virginia.

This brief statement regarding the movements of Sherman these last days would hardly be complete without mention of Johnston's and President Davis's attitude towards them.

Johnston appreciated the gravity of the situation. His men were demoralized, dispirited and deserting in great numbers, especially after the rumors as to capitulating.

He was living largely off the country, and additional destruction came from the men of Lee's army on their return. Davis approved of Johnston's action with Sherman the first time; but, he was not willing when the demand came for surrender on the terms granted Lee. Through the Secretary of War, Davis asked Johnston to bring the cavalry and all the men he could mount, with small arms and move to the southwest. Johnston's reply was: "We have to save the people, spare the blood of the army and save the high civil functionaries," with the reminder: "Your plan can only do the last." When Johnston would not comply to this demand the request came that Hampton be allowed men, arms and animals, for those who wished to join the cavalry. This request was made direct to Hampton April 26th. The plan with Hampton was that Davis might leave the country. For this Hampton was ready to make almost any sacrifice.

No one can accuse Davis of personal cowardice, but he is open to the charge of a want of statesmanship. One can hardly imagine the reign of terror that would have ensued, had Davis's, rather than Johnston's, plan prevailed. To have scattered Johnston's army in guerilla bands over the South, pursued by Sherman's army, now specially incensed over the death of Lincoln, would have meant ruin to the people and the destruction of the army, with possibly the saving of "the high civil functionaries."

Instead of added horrors, impending during the negotiations of terms, Johnston surrendered his remnant of an army to be paroled and allowed to return home; and Sherman's men marched away to their Northern firesides, giving place to the darker days of Reconstruction.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

L. W. Parker.

I

Long ago the shadowing darkness
Settled 'pon fond Wisdom's shore.
Now, a prayer to Him whose power
Keeps ignorance from us evermore,

II

Now the shining, sprightly brilliance,
Shifting o'er the face of Time,
Leads us onward, ever upward,
To the King of Kings sublime.

SANTA CARLOTTA.

II.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

Q. S. Mills.

ON THE morning of May 15th, 184—, a stroller along the harbor front of Boston, Massachusetts, would have noticed near Ditson's pier a long black "four-master" that was being warped out of dock preparatory to sailing. This vessel was the "'Nautilus,' Captain Mayhew, cotton goods and small wares, Liverpool"—or so her papers read. In reality she was one of a great fleet of ships, built for speed, with low hulls and towering masts, that once sailed from our shores laden with calico prints, firearms and trinkets of every description, to return crowded with human freight. Clear of the shipping the "Nautilus" hoisted sail and catching the breeze swept out into Massachusetts Bay.

The day promised to be clear and the "Nautilus" was soon running smoothly under full sail; but all was not well on board. Captain Mayhew was in a nasty humor. In the first place his first mate had fallen suddenly ill a few days before the date set for sailing, and the only man who could be found to take his place was not entirely to the captain's liking; besides this, his crew was short, and friction was imminent. The first mate's successor was a big Scotchman, McLeary by name, usually known as "Red Mac" on account of the redness of his hair and face. The captain had known him before, but he had no liking for the stubborn and surly Scotchman, and did not relish the idea of a voyage with him for first officer. The men were a bad lot, given to quarreling

among each other, and altogether things were not promising for a pleasant voyage.

To make matters worse, on the fourth day out the vessel was struck by a storm, which lasted several hours —an unusual thing at that season—and when the rough weather abated she had been driven far south of her course. During the storm three of the crew were swept from the deck by a wave, and Captain Mayhew found himself so short of men that he decided to put in at the nearest port, which chanced to be Charleston, and recruit. When McLeary learned this, as he did at once, he set his wits to working. In the captain's cabin he knew that there was a sum of money—several bags of gold that were to be used as a means of protection in case of meeting a cruiser on the return voyage. "Hush money" was not always effective, but more than once did it suffice to stop a searching party in the face of the most damaging evidence. All slavers carried it. Red Mac argued to himself that could he get this money into his possession and make his escape at Charleston he would be ahead much more than his pay for the voyage and would still not have to run the risk of capture and imprisonment with which the slave trade was fraught. He knew Mayhew well, and recognized that it would be useless to try to take the money by force. Instead he planned to profit by the captain's weakness for gambling. Red Mac was a lucky player himself and felt that could he once get Mayhew started to playing and inflamed by drink he could count on winning this sum as well as whatever the captain had of his own. Consequently on the night after the "Nautilus" made Charleston he set to work on his plan. At first the captain was

wary. He knew his weakness, but Red Mac was too careful to arouse his suspicions, and at last the game began. As several of the remaining members of the crew had deserted immediately on reaching Charleston, and as others were not to be had at once, the "Nautilus" was compelled to remain over the time intended. Therefore the game went on irregularly for several days, the captain becoming more reckless all of the time, and Red Mac more crafty; but the Scotchman did not win. On the eve of their intended departure Red Mac became desperate. The captain, though pretty deep in his cups, still played in blind luck and, as time passed, grew quarrelsome. Late in the night matters came to such a head that Red Mac had to fight in self defense. The struggle was short and when he freed himself the captain lay dead across the table. However, the watch was aroused by the scuffle and Red Mac had barely time to save himself by leaping into the black water and swimming for his life, much less to take the gold.

As a result of this tragedy the newly-shipped crew deserted in a body. The second mate, who chanced to be too honest to make away with the money, alone remained with the "Nautilus." Weeks passed, her owners were communicated with, but the "Nautilus" did not sail. The sailors on the shipping in the harbor eyed her askance. A rumor had got abroad that she had an unsavory past, and this, with the murder but lately committed on board, had put her under the ban. Late in the summer a crew came in on another vessel and took the "Nautilus" out, but instead of heading across the Atlantic she turned northward. The season was too far spent for a voyage that year.

Early in the following spring she again left Boston Harbor, this time to disappear across the broad Atlantic. Some five weeks later she reappeared, but now on the African coast, not many days' sail north of the Congo river. With a lookout constantly on the watch for a British or American cruiser she coasted southward to this point. Fortune favored her, for she reached the river-mouth without sighting another vessel. Stopping there to secure a fresh water supply, the captain heard of a slave gang but recently arrived at a point some fifty miles up the river, and made all haste to reach it. This he did not do, however, until the morning of the second day afterward, as he had to work against a strong current with only a light wind to aid him. The slave colony was situated in a clearing in the jungle some distance from the river-bank and consisted of a number of rude thatched buildings surrounded by a stockade. Upon the bank a group stood waiting, and the captain set out in a boat to parley with these as soon as the Nautilus came to an anchor. The slave dealers were Arabs, armed with spears and antiquated flint-locks, and were almost as savage in appearance as the men on whom they preyed. The conference was brief and was held entirely in sign language. As a result of it the other boats laden with fruits, firearms and trinkets, put off from the ship, and a file of negro slaves, with loud wailings and lamentations, began slowly to make its way from the corral toward the river-bank. These slaves were in a most pitiable condition. Men and women alike all stark naked and half starved, were manacled by one wrist, at short intervals, to a chain which gave forth an ominous clanking as they moved. There were a few

children among them, but no adults past the prime of life. At the place of barter they were loosed and placed in the boats as they were bargained for, and then transferred quickly to the ship. There they were divided, the men being placed in one part of the ship, the women in another. The barter went on rapidly; soon the last slave had been brought aboard and the "Nautilus" was ready to weigh anchor.

Twice again she stopped to add to her cargo and to renew her water supply, then with a total of from two to three hundred slaves on board, she again put to sea. She ran out of the mouth of the Congo during the night to avoid detection by a cruiser that might chance to be in the vicinity, and it was well for her that she did. As day broke she sighted two vessels on the horizon. They sighted her at the same time and made sail in her direction, but the "Nautilus," with all sails set and a stiff breeze behind her easily gave them the slip. By evening only one remained in sight, hull down, and by the next morning the "Nautilus" was running alone into the west.

For nearly three weeks she continued thus, with no incident to relieve the monotony of the voyage. Once the lookout sighted the spars of a vessel on the horizon, but the "Nautilus" veered her course and they soon passed from view. The slave-ship was not eager for company. During this period of fair sailing the negroes gave very little trouble. They were divided into squads which took turns on deck, the men having the freedom of the fore part of the vessel, the women staying aft. The sleeping quarters of the crew were in the hold, at the centre of the vessel. This left two large compart-

ments, one fore and one aft, which served as sleeping quarters for the men and the women respectively. It was during the nights in these crowded rooms, each ventilated only by two hatches, that the negroes suffered most. They slept in tiers, one upon the other. Every evening the mate accompanied by a seaman would descend into the hold. Then the negroes were passed down, one by one, the strongest first, On receiving the first man they placed him on his side in one corner, the second they placed next to him in the same position, but with his feet at the first man's head. This process was continued until the floor was covered. Then they started another tier, laying those in the second tier crosswise on those in the lower one. They built three tiers thus, the weakest of the negroes forming the last. The women were stowed away in the same manner. The suffering of the negroes, packed away in these foul and ill ventilated holes during the hot summer nights, was terrible. Many were sufficated each night and every morning in their mad rush to be the first to reach the pure air others were injured and even trampled to death. The first duty of the morning was to have the strongest of the negroes pass up the dead and cast them into the sea, where they were quickly torn to pieces by the sharks which followed the ship in great numbers. This done the negroes filed past the galley hatch to receive their rations, and on past the water barrel where each received a portion of water. Rations and water were served to them in this manner three times a day.

Near the end of the third week, when only a comparatively small part of the voyage remained, the "Nautilus" ran into a calm. In order to avoid meeting other vessels

the ships engaged in the slave-trade shunned the more northerly route, where the currents are favorable and winds almost continuous, and took instead the almost deserted path along the equator. This route, while the most direct, is subject to sudden and violent storms and to periods of indefinite calm. The "Nautilus" had been fortunate in escaping the storms but it was one of the calms, almost equally dreaded, into which she had run. For days she stood motionless, her sails hanging limp in the hot, still air, while all over her and around her the heat of the tropical sun beat down without mercy, The sea threw back the glare like a burnished mirror, the rosin stood in beads upon the deck, the "Nautilus" seemed to float in the midst of a sea of liquid fire. The sufferings of the negroes were redoubled; the stench arising from their crowded state and the wretched sanitary conditions became almost unbearable. In spite of the fact that the negroes were kept at work incessantly, by squads, in drawing water from the sea to flush the decks, cleanse the holds, and bathe the vessel's mass of human freight, disease broke out among them. One giant African went raving mad and leaped over the rail to be seized and devoured by the ravenous shark. Others went crazy and had to be placed in irons. The number of dead found in the mornings increased daily.

But that was not the worst of the situation—the water supply was dwindling rapidly. The precious fluid was doled out drop by drop, like so much gold. Still the sea lay calm and unruffled; the sun beat down with increasing fury. At last the captain and the mate held a consultation. There was only water enough remaining to last the crew a week—death was before them.

That evening when the negroes were stowed away they were inclined, for the first time, to give trouble. A feeling of uneasiness seemed to pervade them and many resisted when it came their turn to be lowered through the hatches. Who can say whether or not they knew, as they gazed upward through those narrow hatches, that they looked for the last time upon the sky? Who knows through what power they were warned that the hours of their lives were numbered? No sooner had the last negro been stowed away than the sailors set to work in mad haste to batten down the hatches.

There was no sleep among the crew of the "Nautilus" that night. They waited, with a dread that none expressed to his fellow, for the morrow. They moved like those who walk in a house of death and spoke only in hushed whispers. Morning came, and with it a day of torment. As the rays of the sun beat upon the deck there arose from below a noise that chilled their blood and blanched their faces, a sound fearful, maddening, terrible. The poor wretches entombed below, choking in the foul air, clawing at the sides of their prison, leaping upward toward the battened hatches, surged backward and forward in a frenzy of despair until the "Nautilus" lurched from side to side on the glassy surface of the ocean. And as they struggled. fighting the death that was inevitable, wailing, shrieking, screaming, raving, they poured forth their agony in a cry so dreadful that it siezed upon the hearts of those that heard it and with horror turned them into stone. The captain listened for an instant, then plunged below and locked himself in his cabin. There, with the mate, he sought to deaden his senses with drink. The crew,

breaking into the store-room, followed his example. And still the wail arose. It rose upon the heavy air and echoed among the lifeless sails, then fell to pierce the walls of the fast-locked cabin and rouse the drunken captain from his sleep. By noon it was only a moaning, at sundown a stifled sob. When day dawned again the "Nautilus" was as silent as a sepulchre. Then the crew should have acted, and quickly, for there could be but one result with the corpses left in the hold, They realized this, but there was not a man among them who would dare to touch the hatches. The thought of the dreadful scene below froze the blood in their bodies, and they shuddered as they heard again, in imagination, the shrill wail of death ring among the shrouds. In vain they strove to drive it from their ears as they moved in silence about the ship with heads averted, for they feared even to meet each other's eyes. The captain and mate were still locked in the cabin, and the men began to drink with none to curb them. For two days and nights the orgy reigned, while the sun poured down with pitiless ardor upon the ship of death. On the morning of the third day an odor, faint, hardly perceptible, indescribable, hung over the ship. A few of the crew, less intoxicated than the rest, took note of it, moved themselves farther from the hatches, and applied themselves more wildly than ever to the liquor. With the sweltering heat of the afternoon the odor increased. It became definite, tangible, all pervading. It filled the sluggish air as with a weight, brought the breath of the sailors in choking gasps, crept into the cabin below and made the captain rave in his drunken sleep. It finally roused him and he reeled from the cabin up to the deck,

There the fetid odor and the blazing ocean crazed his mind, already weakened by debauchery. He drew a few breaths of the poisoned air, went stark mad, and, like the crazed African, cast himself into the sea. Several of the sailors were seized in their drunken stupor with violent nausea, awoke screaming and raving, and, after a few short moments of agony, died. The plague was rapid and deadly in operation. Through the night others died. In the morning the survivors of the crew aroused themselves to view with horror the deck strewn with their dead and dying companions and to feel the grip of the pestilence at their throats. During the forenoon they seemed to be rendered incapable of action, and their number gradually lessened; but in the afternoon the last survivors, six in number, shaking off the lethargy of their orgy and gasping in the death-laden atmosphere, set about saving themselves. They provisioned a boat, placed in it the last remaining cask of water and then procured the sacks of gold from the captain's cabin, where the mate lay dead. Two of the six were seized by the plague as these preparations were being made and two more fell, writhing in agony, as the boat was being lowered from the davits. Two only remained to fall into the boat and pull, with a frenzy of fear, away from the ill-fated ship. Nor did they pause when they reached the zone of purer air, but rowed without cessation, their boat headed into the west, until they dropped their oars and sank back from exhaustion. Then they lay panting, their eyes fixed upon the "Nautilus." As she lay far behind them, motionless upon the glassy ocean, her lifeless sails and spars lit up by the last rays of the sunset, she seemed to be enveloped by a mist that

hung over her like a shroud and shut off the outline of her hull from view. So the two watched her until darkness fell and she melted into the night. Then, as their strength returned, they rowed again, guided by the stars, and when morning dawned the "Nautilus" was only a speck on the horizon, the sole object, save themselves, upon that silent sea.

So for three days the little boat pushed on, her occupants toiling at their oars throughout the night and lying beneath the shelter of the sail by day, thinking of the terror that lay behind them out in the east, suffering the tortures of the merciless sunlight, praying for the breeze that never came. Always they were accompanied by a great black monster which had followed them from the ship, and whose triangular fin cut the still water in tireless circles around them when they lay at rest They were weakened from the debauch on shipboard, wearied by their toiling at the oars, and, worse yet, they could not sleep. If either of them dared to close his eyes for a moment he awoke screaming, the terrible wail of the negroes ringing in his ears, the death throes of comrades before his eyes, that choking odor at his throat. On the fourth day the limit of their endurance came. As the sun climbed once more into the heavens the mind of one of the sailors gave way. Drawing his sheath-knife, with all the strength of a maniac in his weakened limbs he sprang upon his comrade and struck him in the shoulder. As the blood came the wounded man's reason also failed, and with a roar of pain he hastened to return the blow. The little boat reeled as the two swayed backward and forward; the black shadow in the water hovered nearer. The sail was flung overboard, the light cordage of the mast was snapped, the sacks of money

were trampled underfoot and burst open, the water cask was overturned and its contents flowed along the bottom of the boat to mingle with the blood that was spattered there from the wounds of the madmen. Finally one of the combatants threw all of his strength into a decisive blow. His antagonist staggered backward against the mast, the boat stood almost on end under the shock, but the knife missed the heart at which it was aimed and was buried instead in the mast. At the same instant the light spar snapped under the weight of the two men and they lurched overboard, still locked together in the embrace of death, to disappear under the surface of the sea. The black shadow met them there, there was a short disturbance beneath the eddy where they sank and only a dark stain on the greenish water remained to tell of their fate. The little boat unguided, now, still journeyed on into the west to appear again upon that sunny morning in the harbor of Santa Carlotta.

What became of the slave-ship? No one knows. Perhaps, riding with her sails in shreds upon the wings of some mighty hurricane, she drove upon some ocean reef and gave at last a burial to her awful freight; perhaps, with the lightning flashing through her spars and the thunder rolling over her, she plunged entire into the troubled bosom of the deep, herself a coffin for her martyred throng; perhaps, drifting slowly with the winds and tides into the Sargasso Sea, that graveyard of the the ocean, she joined its countless fleet that holds throughout the flight of centuries innumerable secrets of the ocean. Be that as it may, she was never seen again; her owners have long ago struck her from their books and her name has been almost forgotten.

IDLE DREAMS.

D. Z. Newton.

O ceaseless Time, is life so long,
  To lull in idle dreams?
Is all the world a busy throng,
  And not the thing it seems?

O why should I to work apply
  My energy and zeal?
Will not my work be work to die,
  Without an aid to weal?

Why should I for knowledge seek—
  To know and then forget?
Doth it true happiness bespeak,
  Without the means to get?

If so, O give me idle dreams,
  Wherein my love appears,
With sweetness sweeter than she seems,
  And younger than her years.

When her light hair is finglets brown;
  Where eyes of gray are blue;
Where frowning glances do not frown;
  And old time love is new.

ELEMENTS OF ROMANTICISM IN "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

S. Rae Logan.

IN CONSIDERING Scott s relation to the Romantic Movement, it were just as well to make the discussion that of the part the Revival of the Past played in it, and apply all, or nearly all, of your deductions in this to the case of Sir Walter Scott. For Scott is an exponent of that particular phase. His old castles, his dark forests and swollen torrents, his armored knight and fleet steed, his Ladyes fair and maidens sweet, his wizards, wise in grammarye, and the general atmosphere of superstition, witch-craft, and supernaturalism tend to set aside the changes of time and re-establish the fields of *dering-do* and chivalric usages of olden times upon the exciting pages of his poetry. Therefore it would devolve upon the investigator to determine exactly the relation of this universally revived interest in the Past to the general movement; but that is beyond the possibilities and limitations of this paper. We can limit the subject a little more closely by assuming that he struck deep into only certain features of the Revival of the Past, mainly the most barbarous and physical, and left almost entirely untouched the psychology of Romanticism. Nothing of subjective, inner speculation can be found. He wrote in an objective state of mind of outward manifestations of mental activity.

Although he seems to occupy this specific branch of Romanticism, I do not feel that in any way he departs from its spirit, any more than Byron or Coleridge or Wordsworth. To get at the subject-matter from our view-point, it is necessary to discriminate between the

two branches of Romanticism commonly referred to as the subjective and the objective. With this distinction in mind, we can see in Scott a great deal of feeling, although it is not noticeable from having lain souring and brooding in a discontented mind. It is the more genuine, deep and true because of its unconsciousness and its having the power to arouse and excite as real life does, but it is thereby less conspicuous. The fundamental quality of anti-rationalism, or Romanticism, was enthusiasm, which sought expression in many different ways: in the eager collection of old ballads, that were sacred to the hearty enthusiasm of the sixteenth century and earlier, now being rescued from their plebeanism or finding their way through the restraints of strange language across the sea to anxious children, but lately aroused to an appreciation of their ancestral exploits; in the subdued melancholy which had crept into the *graveyard poetry*; it was finding and had found resonance in Spenser's voluptous style; and was now beginning to speak with its own voice in the warlike blast of Scottish heraldry through the strenuous heart of a Scottish knight.

It is Scott's balladry that places him so high in the movement. Ballad collecting, as before suggested, was unmistakably one of the channels along which the Romantic impulse projected itself, and therefore closely identifies Scott with Percy, its great benefactor. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is a connected series of ballads about feuds, brawls, and border troubles on the frontier. Perhaps it lacks in some respects the poetic princple, but it satisfies every requirement of genuine Romanticism.

This is not intimating that it embodies all the qualities. A wide difference is to be marked between Scott's

ballad and Coleridge's poetry. For one thing there is none of that yearning dissatisfaction in Scott. No wistful plaintiveness, not the kind of melancholy that says, "This is melancholy; you may prepare to become sad and pensive." It is rather the feeling of the child of nature, who wanders in his savagery about the bleak desolateness and naked solitude of the hills and valleys of his nativity and hears in his own soul the echo of winter's melancholy blast. As Ruskin says, he does not seek to set up an answering echo of his own sense of loneliness in nature. There are sounds which are really in themselves melancholy, and Scott is at no loss to recognize them. In the lament of Harold he says:

"The sea holds lovely Rosabelle:
* * * *
"But the sea-caves rung, and the wild wind sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

There is little of the soft or sentimental, only a pathos in the lines describing the minstrel:

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day.
The last of all the bards was he."
* * * *
Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more.
* * * *
Low as that tide has ebbed with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy,
Fell by the side of great Dundee."

The form of the verse is new, but not revolutionary. He hit upon it from a suggestion of Coleridge, to whom he was always grateful for having made it possible for him to write with greater ease and freedom. It was not a result of a desire to institute a rebellion against the prescribed rules of his predecessors. Consequently, he can hardly be ranked with the school of Shelley and Keats for such a reason.

In the first place, Scott is a true Romanticist because of his closeness to nature and his passion for the picturesque. The picturesque is still the boasted charm of responsive sensibilities; it is what the painter seeks and transcribes with his brush and what artist and art critic rave about; it is what the poet seeks and describes, and what both writer and reader delight in. There is sufficient to satiate the imagination of a child in his dark, wooded paths, and massive towers, and roaring strands, in the "moat hill's mound, where druid shades still flitted." To the utmost, Scott enjoyed Nature's suggestiveness from,

> "the sound of Teviot's tide,
> Chafing with the mountain's side,
> From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
> From the sullen echo of the rock,
> From the voice of the coming storm"

to the "spreading herbs and flowerets,
That glistened with the dew of night."

To get a full realization of the ease and creativeness of his fancy, just contrast the lines,

> "By every rill, in every glen,
> Merry elves their morris pacing,
> To aerial minstrelsy,

Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily,
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!"

With Pope's fairies in "Rape of the Lock" where

"Unnumbered spirits around thee fly,
The light militia of the sky."

There was never more poetic nor romantic concept than this, where nature mourns the minstrel through disembodied spirits that have gone before:

"Who say, fall, cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil.

* * * *

The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorne shades the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier:
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead;
Mounts the wild blast and sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle plain."

One of the most artistic touches in the "Lay", pertinent to our subject, is the conversation between the river spirit and the mountain spirit. This design, bringing out the text of the story in the form of the oracle, which can promise no peace to the contending parties "till pride be quelled and love be free," is a forewarning of such possibilities as Shelley discovered. This personi-

fication of the river and the mountain is as near classicism as anything in the poem, but your mind is quickly disabused of all thought of comparison with a classical figure by its original and wildly romantic spirit. The personification is relevant to the Romanticism of Wordsworth, because it imbues Nature with spirit, though it differs considerably from Wordsworth's attitude. While there are no classical allusions, on the one hand, there are on the other repeated references to the Danish and Germanic mythology. In the introduction of Harold's lay, Scott speaks of "many a Saga's rhyme uncouth" and of the mythical snake of the ocean known only to northern mythology, and of the Scandinavian Fates. This ballad contains the usual seer, a water sprite, and the average amount of supernaturalism.

If the weird and supernatural were taken out of these ballads there would not be much left. To have been so adept, so effective in handling the extraordinary superstitions of the borders, with their awful fear of necromancy, Scott must have had a pronounced strain of it in his own make-up. The Augustans had not recognized superstition as a legitimate element of their literature, but here we find it, one of the chief characteristics of the reactionists, developed to a wonderful degree. Superstition may be the result of a people's habit of practicing a sort of hero worship in the form of a continual Revival of the Past, in which they marvel and look for supernatural explanation of things that time and legend have clouded. There is much reason to suppose that Scott's mind was tinged with a good share of the superstition that entered so prominently into the life of the Highlanders and Borderers; and since this is distinctly a Roman-

tic element, it might be well to give some short illustrations as well as the longer one of the dwarf's part in the story.

Note the old belief that running water has the power to counteract magic:

"Until they came to a woodland brook;
The running stream dissolved the spell."

The Ladye is protected in "her secret bower . . . . . that was guarded by word and by spell, Deadly to hear and deadly to tell." The dread Michael Scott was more alive to his countrymen dead than he was living; stout Deloraine shrank from Michael's frown:

"For those thou mayst not look upon,
Are gathering fast around the stone."

Yet one is bound to feel that all this superstition is somewhat overdone, a little too obvious. However, we can find some excuse for its obviousness in the pure untrammeled spirits of the characters upon whom it is brought to bear. They would not entertain the heavy superstition of the fanatic monk for a minute. Their's is the unquestioning and unkindly attitude of "If it is so, what of it?, we believe all we are told, but we remain bold and brave nevertheless." Therefore by necessity it had to be of an obvious nature, opposed to the murky fear and awe that tames the spirit; for such superstition as bows the negro down and causes the fearful monk's footsteps to fall noiseless adown the shadowy corridor filled with boding silence would be absolutely rediculous and discordant with the atmosphere of the "Minstrels' Lay." Then again the superstitious element

becomes too obvious because of its being so prevailingly predominant. In consequence of this the poem is inferior in at least one respect to the "Lady of the Lake."

We have to deal with the dwarf as a very prominent figure around whom all the uncanny gathers, also as one upon whom the unity of the story is largely dependent. He is an embodiment of barbarous superstition, and is possessed of devils. It is interesting to know that it was for no artistic or other purpose especially that Scott introduced the dwarf into the story of the minstrel. He had contemplated writing a ballad to be called the "Goblin Page," and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was begun as such, but he changed his mind later with the rather digressive "Lay" as a result. The fact that the dwarf narrowly escaped being the hero explains in a measure his prominence, where a little less of him would strengthen the story. However he contributes to a striking cumulative effect which makes the final scenes and hymn so impressive. After the natural climax, when the Ladye Margaret becomes betrothed to Lord Cranstoun, interest would neccessarily lag were it not for its being sustained by the lapping over of this impish creature into a kind of minor story, which is like the accompaniment of a musical instrument after the song is finished. Although the last pages may seem in the nature of an anti-climax, in reality its direct irrelevancy is more than made up for by nature of its powerful contrast to the bridal feast on the one side but most especially in its connexion with the emotions of religion and superstition; it is for Romanticism the culminating triumph of the Minstrel's Lay.

It is such contrasts as we have just mentioned that

shows feeling off to advantage, and it is with feeling, or sentiment, or enthusiasm that we are now dealing; therefore the shadows of contrast here are important. When we study Literature for its Romantic elements we have to read with our feelings in order to recognize the sentiment, which is always the charm of such writing; not with our intellects alone, for emotion would thus be lost upon us. Sentiment is ever supreme with us now, however; and in spite of the lapse of so many years, Scott remains a favorite. He is not even by the farthest removed a poet of sentiment in the ordinary acceptation of the word, for he has none of the finer, effeminate qualities of a poet, instead, a powerful, masculine sentiment which borders on passion. Pure, hearty, and inspiring, it quickens the blood. It contains the noblest of all sentiments, patriotism, the shadowless light of devotion, loyalty, and unfathomable tenderness for the native land. What better illustration of a romantic element than the patriotism of Scott?

I hold that patriotism is a joint product of the soil and the past. Where Nature is wild and rugged and both luxuries and necessities are few, there is the stout, intrepid heart of the patriot. The conditions of Scott's nativity were most favorable to the highest development of patriotism. The inspiration of city life is anything but patriotic. The town writers of the age just preceeding Scott were not only incapable of inculcating a love of country in their readers but themselves were strangers to the ennobling, self-sacrificing devotion to country that is so prominent a property of Romanticism. Where a man reads history with his mind rather than with his prejudices, finding more pleasure in the far off,

well-worn mythology of the Greeks than in the rich, pulsating life of his near relatives and countrymen, there is little patriotism and little strength for the defense of his country. This is fairly the explanation of the adversities with which the Georges had to contend, for sentiment was then at its lowest ebb. Romantic Literature had been slowly recuperating from its slump of Pope's time, and with new movements and impulses in the air, it was predestined to find a bold Romanticist in its fold in the person of Scott, who was to present the result of a more ideal study of history in which he absorbs the very characteristics of the wild past, thus becoming an exponent of what is known as "The Revival of the Past" in Literature. He is *the figure* in the age of balladry, when Literature again comes to find its source in love and war, and to know the raptures of the patriot.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is the creature of this revival. In it is illimitable passion for heath and home. No other poem in the language contains a "Breathes there a man"; it will always be a chord that awakens every noble instinct of citizenship. The most significant passage in the litrature of awakening Romanticism is:

> "O Caledonia! Stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child!
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of my sires! What mortal hand
> Cam e'er untie the band,
> That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

The words which, in relation to their meaning to Romanticism, are deserving of italics are: *stern* and *wild*,

brown heath and *shaggy wood*, *mountain* and *flood*, *Land of my sires*. These words detached, mean separate phases of the Romantic movement; joined together, they make such a summary of the elements of the movement found in the "Lay of the Minstrel" as no one need attempt without their aid. There is not much to add to this list. It covers all the large principles in a large way. All the characters in the poem are actuated in what they do or say by impulse or emotion; restless pride, ambition, hate, revenge, generosity, love are the speakers and doers. No rationalism, no cold-blooded reasoning, it is all enthusiasm, impulse, all superstitious, engrossing, and Romantic.

A TOAST TO SUMMER.

Mary deBerniere Graves.

Here's to good old summer,
When the sky is bright and clear,
The lazy time,
The daisy time,
The happiest of the year!

Here's to the mountain seeker
And the dippers in the sea;
The merry folk,
The cherry folk,
The summer's company!

To the people and the season,
To the mountains and the sea,
To singing time,
In ringing time—
Oh! summer we drink to thee!

IN THE LAND OF THE SHADOW.

H. H. Hughes.

IN COLLEGE we were known as The Inseparables. There were five of us, and we roomed on the same floor and had our things in common. Holt and Allan were New Yorkers; Severn was a New Englander; while Hayne hailed from Charleston, and I from Baltimore. We left Harvard with promises to meet again at the earliest possible date, but five years had elapsed, and I had seen nothing of my four friends. At first we kept up a regular correspondence, but as new ties and associations were formed the letters came at longer intervals, and at the end of two or three years they ceased altogether.

I was working for a Philadelphia firm and had charge of a branch house in Havana, when, having unexpectedly obtained a month's leave of absence, I determined to look up my old friends. Accordingly, I at once dispatched a letter to Hayne notifying him of an intended visit, and a few days later took passage for Charleston. Hayne met me at the boat landing and, greeting me enthusiastically, said:

"Come, I have arranged a little surprise for you. We are going to have a sort of reunion." And he led me to a neighboring hotel and showed me Holt and Allan, who had just arrived by the New York boat. While we were shaking hands he added:

"We are all here now, so let's throw dull care to the winds and have a jolly time of it."

"No, not all," I said.

"Yes,—all," he answered, looking at me with a puzzled expression.

"But Severn? Where is he?"

At this question all three looked at me in surprise, and Allan asked:

"Is it possible that you have not heard of the fate of Severn?"

"I have heard nothing—not even his name pronounced—in three years," I replied.

"Would to God we could all say as much!" said Holt in a voice that was husky with emotion.

Then Hayne rose and said to me, "Come out here away from these people and Allan will tell you about it; he was there when it happened."

We walked down to the tranquil bay where, far out toward the Atlantic, the sun was sinking behind the bastions of Fort Sumter, and there in the soft Southern twilight Allan told his story:

Two years ago I made a trip by rail from New York to Charleston. Fifty miles north of here my train was delayed for a few hours by a slight accident. There was a station near and as night was approaching I went out in search of a place at which to dine. Up near the center of the little town my attention was attracted by a man approaching me from the opposite side of the street. His face was almost hid by the broad-brimmed planter's hat that he wore, but there was something about his gait and person that seemed familiar. Five steps before we should have passed each other he stopped, looked at me for a moment, then rushed forward and cried, "Allan!" It was Severn.

"What earthly business can have brought you to this place?" I asked as we were shaking hands.

"None *earthly*," he said, laughing. "I came as a missionary."

I thought he was jesting, and nodding in the direction of a group of negroes near us, I answered lightly:

"You had better see to it that the objects of your charity are well fed or they may dine on you some day, —some of them look as if they were capable of it.'

"No; they are pretty hopeless, I admit—some of them—but not quite so bad as that," he replied gravely. And then perceiving that I had not taken his first remark seriously he added:

"But don't ask any more questions now,—come home with me and I promise to explain everything to your entire satisfaction."

"Home!" I said in amazement.

"Yes, I live twelve miles south of here," he answered, quietly smiling at my bewilderment.

I was utterly dumfounded by the statement, and he, taking advantage of my silence hurried me down a back street to a stable where his horse was hitched. With slight difficulty we secured another horse for my use, and set out from the little town just as the last crimson tinge was fading from the part of the sky where the sun had gone down.

On the road Severn told me the story of his life since our correspondence had ceased. Two years after leaving Harvard he had begun to prepare himself for the ministry. He had a simple and childlike faith and, as you know, had always been devoted to theological studies. His parents, knowing his inclinations, gave him every encouragement in his determination to give himself to this work; and Severn never dreamed of any other career.

But during the summer of the following year he made a visit to an uncle who lived in South Carolina. While here through mere curiosity he rode out into the country one night, in company with a party of young people, to witness a revival of the negroes in the neighborhood. The experience was a revelation to him. Under the leadership of the native preacher what was intended for a religious service became an orgy, and the excited negroes leaped and danced about the church in a frenzy of madness, just as their ancestors had done hundreds of years before in the jungles of Africa. The other members of the party laughed at the affair, which was of common occurrence to them, and treated it as a good jest. But with Severn it was different. To him, with his rigid Puritan ideas of decency and orthodoxy, the scene was revolting in the extreme. For a week he pondered over the matter; at the end of that time his mind was made up:—he would become a missionary to the savages of America.

The next morning he told his uncle of his determination and dispatched a letter to his father. His uncle ridiculed the idea and tried every means to dissuade him from his intention, and his father stormed and threatened; but Severn remained inflexible. To every argument and every entreaty he had one reply: "It is my duty, as I see it, and I will stand by it, though the heavens fall." His father and uncle ended by giving in, and he took up his work of reclaiming these "heathen of America," as he called them.

In the course of his work he became acquainted with a wealthy planter whose daughter had just graduated from a New York college. He met the girl at dinner and

was deeply impressed by her. She had been a gay belle and was unaccustomed to the society of persons with a real purpose in life. The deep earnestness of the young missionary piqued her curiosity. At first she was tempted to ridicule his purpose of preaching to the negroes, but in an hour's conversation on the subject he won her to his view completely. After that he saw her frequently, and a few months later proposed and was accepted. But it was necessary to have her parents' consent to the marriage. Severn went to her father who listened very courteously till he had finished speaking, and then in a rage showed him the door and forbade him the house. He sought the girl in the garden and told her of his failure. She said simply:

"I will go to him myself, come," and together they returned to the angry parent.

"Father, I have come to ask your consent to marry this young man," said she without a trace of emotion.

"You shall never have it," he replied almost beside himself with rage.

"Then I shall marry him without it." And she turned to leave the room.

Her father stood pale and agitated hesitating between two impulses. She saw his emotion, and throwing herself into his arms burst into tears. A half year later the wedding took place with his full consent, and Severn and his wife moved into a cottage near his plantation. It was to this cottage that we were now going.

In speaking of his marriage Severn said to me: "It is one of the few acts of my life that I know I shall never regret,—her price is beyond rubies." And I turned and pressed his hand, and we rode on awhile in silence.

We had completed perhaps ten miles of our journey, and were descending a slight declivity, seemingly toward some water course, when Severn called my attention to a small structure standing back from the road in the forest.

"There," said he, "that is one of my churches."

I turned and examined it more closely. It was an unpretentious log building without point or ornament of any kind.

"I should think you would have no need to exhort your congregation to humility in such a structure," I said; and we passed on.

At the foot of the slope on which this rude building was situated we entered a swamp, and the way soon grew so dark that we could not see to guide our horses and were compelled to give them rein and allow them to pick their own way over the moist and slippery earth. We proceeded in this way for perhaps a quarter of a mile when the swamp terminated on a dark and sluggish stream of considerable size, crossed by a wooden bridge. As we were entering this bridge Severn stopped and called my attention to a gleam of light coming through a rift in the foliage of the forest in front of us.

"I don't understand that," he said, peering through the trees at the light.

He had scarce uttered the words when a cry, hoarse and deep, as of some tortured beast, smote the air and caused a little shudder of fear to pass over our horses. We paused to listen. For thirty seconds all was silent, and we could hear the low murmur of the river. Then again, like the rage of an infuriated beast, came that awful cry. Severn paused till it was repeated again

and then, without a word, dashed away toward the light, the direction from which it had proceeded. I followed as fast as I could and in five minutes came upon the most revolting scene of my life.

A mob of about fifty persons were gathered in a circle about an open space in the forest. In the center of this circle was a fire made of dry twigs and limbs, and removed by a few inches from the fire was a stake to which was chained a most brutal and savage-looking negro whose naked skin was slowly crisping from the action of the fire. Every few minutes one of the mob dipped oil from a vessel which sat near and poured it on the burning body, and as the flames leaped and curled upward over the black hide the miserable wretch uttered the hideous cries that had startled us at the bridge.

Before I had time to grasp the full meaning of the horrible scene before me, Severn forced his way through the circle and began pleading for the negro's life. A low murmur passed through the mob at first. Then they heard him in deep silence; but the grim, determined faces bore no evidence of mercy or of pity. Severn saw this and became almost frantic in his appeal. Again the murmur passed from lip to lip, and a muscular man stepped out from the circle and laid a hand on Severn's arm.

"Have you been home tonight?" he enquired.

"No; why do you ask?" said Severn quickly.

"You had better go,—this is your business," he said, indicating the burning negro with a gesture, "but we will finish it."

"My God—Eva! it can't be!" Severn looked at the man imploringly.

For reply he led him to his horse, and said once more: "Go; we will finish it for you."

The words went to Severn's heart like a knife. He sat like marble in his saddle for a moment as if dazed by the shock, then dashed away up the road. I followed him, and we rode furiously till we came to a vine-covered cottage. Then Severn dismounted and passed inside. I remained behind to secure the horses, and then followed him.

A lamp burned dimly in the center of the room; in one corner a group of women conversed in hushed whispers; in another lay Severn's wife. The doctor rose from beside the bed and came forward, and Severn looked his question without speaking it.

"No hope—the shock has killed her. May God help you!" The doctor wrung his hand and passed out of the room.

I went forward to offer some word of sympathy, but Severn waved me back, and went and bent over his wife. For a moment he gazed into the unconscious face, then pressed his lips to hers and quickly passed out at the door. In the yard he again mounted his horse and set out in the direction of the river. I hurried to overtake him and tried to inquire the object of his journey and to offer some words of sympathy and condolence; but the thought of that awful tragedy so overpowered me that I could not utter a syllable, and we rode on without speaking till we came once more to the scene of the lynching.

The negro was writhing in the last agonies of death. The mob stood over him to the last breath, and then dispersed quietly and were swallowed up in the darkness. Only Severn and I remained. I looked at my watch; it was midnight.

"Severn, we must leave this place," I said.

He turned to me with perfect calmness and answered: "It was a fine lynching—I would go miles to see such another."

I thought his mind was becoming unsettled and I urged: "See, it is past midnight: we must go home."

"Home!" he said bitterly, and repeated the word. Then turning his horse toward the river he set off at a full gallop.

"You are taking the wrong end of the road," I urged.

But he answered firmly: "I have business this way."

I followed and tried to engage him in conversation; but he remained dumb to all my advances, and without a word from him we passed through the swamp, crossed the river, and began the ascent of the slope on the other side. At the little church near the top we dismounted, and he went in and began to ring the bell.

Soon the negroes who lived near began to assemble. They came breathless and half dressed, their eyes bulging from their sockets with wonder and excitement. Severn greeted each one by name; his voice was calm and he betrayed not the slightest emotion. In half an hour there were twenty or thirty of them there, conversing in excited whispers. Severn mounted the rough board pulpit on which a lamp and a Bible were placed. He lighted the lamp and laid his hand on the Bible.

"I have called you here," he began, "to tell you that I have deceived you. I have taught you that in this book you have the word of eternal life, that there is a God in heaven who judges your actions, who will reward the good and punish the wicked. But I have deceived you. There is no God, no heaven, and no hell except of this earth."

He left the church amid a chorus of exclamations from the horrified negroes, and mounting his horse rode once more toward the river. I rode by his side, but neither of us spoke till we came to the bridge. Here he turned to me abruptly, and extending his arm said:

"Feel my pulse,—am I feverish?"

I counted his heart action; it was perfectly normal.

"You seem to be in the best of health," I replied.

"Do I look like a madman?" he asked quietly.

"Certainly not," I answered wondering, and he continued:

"I am glad that you can bear witness to my health and sanity, for I have determined on a course that might well cause you to doubt both. You were perhaps surprised and shocked by my statement just now, but I made it with the utmost deliberation, and I repeat it here: There is no God, no heaven, no hell except of this earth, and the chief end of man is this:———"

Before I could stop him he had cast his feet loose from the stirrups and was standing on the rail of the bridge.

"Severn, in God's name, *don't!*" I cried.

But he only laughed a little bitter laugh, and dropped into the foul water below.

Allan was silent. A black form shuffled by, jostling me with his elbow, and passed on with a muttered apology. It was only one of the thousands such that nightly walk the streets of Charleston; but my three companions stood looking at him till he was swallowed up in the darkness—and the look on their faces was not good to see.

THE COLLEGE BORE.

Q. S. Mills.

TO DRAFT A LIST of all the separate and distinct species of bores now extant would be an impossible task, even if the scribe were granted a lifetime in which to accomplish it. The reason for this is very plain—as many inhabitants as the earth has to-day, so many different types of bores there are. Each individual is, beyond doubt, an unequivocal bore to some other member, or members, of the human race. You, friend, are no exception to the rule. The bore is not to be classed among the innovations of modern society either; he boasts an ancestry as hoary as the best of us. Horace lamented his existence, Plautus and Terence gave him honorable mention, and, to go farther back still, Ahasuerus no doubt considered Mordecai as quite a bore. Out of the infinitely differentiated species of this ancient and honorable genus a few are known to all of us. There is the Sentimental Bore—we have all fled from him. What one of us has not fallen within the clutches of the Law Class Bore? There too is the Political Bore, the Opinionated Bore, the Harmless Bore, and, most heinous of all, the College Bore.

What words can do him justice! He is an innate nonentity, an inexpressible reality, an agonizing fact, a sword of Damocles, an Ergasilus at your feast, a burr in your pillow, the bane of your existence, an ever present menace to your peace.

You go warily about the campus, keeping a watchful eye lest he descend on you unawares, yet he falls upon you unobserved as from the midst of space. You have a sore shoulder—it is upon it that he slaps you to assure

you of his affection; you are late for a lecture—he must needs detain you to discuss some weighty question; you have some business in mind—he promptly knocks it out of your head to save you the trouble of attending to it; you must study—ah! he will study with you; you have just received a letter—you must read his last one from his girl, or, if you will not, he will read it to you; you are going for a walk—he will accompany you; you must go to your room—he will stick closer to you than a brother. He is omnipresent—on the athletic field, at the fountain, in the gymnasium, everywhere save where he is wanted.

Nor may you escape the bore even in your own sanctum. Have you just stretched yourself out, book in hand, blissfully anticipating an evening with your favorite author? —in comes the bore. He seats himself nonchalently upon your pet sofa-pillow—that handsome one your girl made for you last Christmas—and proceeds to decorate it further with quite a catchy design burnt with cigarette ashes. Are you having a quiet chat with some of your friends? —in he butts and hastens to inflict upon the company his views on all subjects that come up—and your friends depart. Are you opening with your chums your last cherished bottle, sole relic of the holiday festivities? —he floats serenely in and deprives you of your portion. Have the cards been running against you all evening?—just as your luck begins to change the bore chances in to give your hand away by his congratulations. Have you received a box from home?—he happens around aimlessly at the appointed hour, apologizes profusely for intruding, and edges toward the door, but is careful to be prevailed upon to remain. He prefers a cigarette—nevertheless he allows himself to be persuaded to accept

your last cigar. By these and a thousand other thoughtful little acts the bore renders himself a part of your life. Make no mistake—you cannot escape him when you close your eyes in slumber. In your dreams he haunts you, as he shadows you by day. In frenzy you cast yourself from the brink of some towering precipice to escape him, only to be caught in mid-air and saved—by the arms of the smiling and indefatigable bore.

But the bore's province does not end here. His dormitory is his especial prey. To him it is a commune. Have you a chair of which you are especially fond?—he appropriates it. He borrows your books unbeknown to you—and neglects to return them. Does he wish to play a game of tennis?—your racket is the very weight he fancies, and he sees no use in going through the formality of asking you for the loan of it. Have you a tie of a pattern that pleases his eye particularly?—he makes no bones about wearing it. It becomes second nature to you to seek first in his room for any of your property that you desire.

Thus does the College Bore win his way to the hearts of his fellows. He is shunned alike by his classmates and the rest of the student body, is made game of by all, and is consigned by all to the utter extremity of perdition. But by none of these things is he discomfited; with a calmness and an unconcern that are all his own he keeps on his course, conquering and subduing all that fall within his reach. Blessed indeed is the man—if such a one there be—that knoweth not the College Bore!

FURTHER.

W. S.

EVERY sincere fellow must like that picture which some artist has painted of the young man as he sits in his room at his study-table and seems to look out of the window. By him are the familiar things: the student-lamp, the eye-shade, the text books, the theory. And out the window are the signs of the world's productivity: the sky-scapers, the towers, the factories, · · · as he looks and worries, dreams and wonders.

A student in Chapel Hill—I know little of any other place—but here, a fellow gets restless sometimes. And if he is much of a pedestrian, it does not take him long, walking out one of the ways, to see against the horizon the black smoke curling up from the factories of one of America's largest trusts, a corporation whose short history and promising future is marvellous. There it is, a change from the study, an actual fact in this world of affairs.

Leaving this our friend may go thro' the woods tinted by the master painter, and over plowland and pasture on down into the valley where runs the creek. As he crosses the bridge he will likely stop, for there in the vale by a dam is one of the old time grist mills with its moss-covered roof and large water-wheel. · · · All is abandoned and still now, save the monotonous water-fall echoing back those days of long ago when many a bag of grain was brought from over the hills. There is the view, a change from the smoke-stacks as well as the study—a somehow sweet reminder "of the days that are no more."

But ah! the whistles shriek in the distance. And away yonder, the college bell calls the young man back to the campus again. The Student Life, the Strenuous Life, the Simple Life,—which? He knows his way to the campus, but afterwards and further . . . . He looks and worries, dreams and wonders.

Few of us, by Fortune trusted
Feel how dear this student life—
Always careless, always "busted,"
Always still with pleasure rife.

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

[Entered in Post-Office, Chapel Hill, N. C., as second class matter].

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EDITORIAL

In our southern colleges we often boast of what we call our Honor System. And indeed we may be proud of it, for it means a great deal. But food for thought is furnished by the fact that at the recent meeting in Washington of the presidents of State Universities, the representative of a leading southern institution, after having explained the Honor System, was obliged to answer "No," to the question, "Does it obtain in athletics?" College honor should be, and is, something more than that sense of decency which deters a man from cribbing on examinations. Our southern Honor system is more than this. But is it as much as it should be?

College honor is like college spirit, and indeed about the same thing. Both should pervade every phase and aspect of student life, working for that subordination of self to the welfare of the college, for the consecration of the individual to the promotion of college integrity. Whenever this is not the case there is need for action. And it is not the case in athletics, for it is undeniably true that southern college sports are not as pure as they should be.

As college life is student life, all things pertaining to it must be administered by the students. It is they alone that can shape the course of college affairs. So in athletics it must be student sentiment and student action that will govern, and that will bring purity. The faculty or the athletic committees are quite powerless to secure this result, unless there is such a strong sentiment among the students as to render any tendency toward violation impossible. Often in one's zeal for a winning team he forgets that it is better to lose with honor than to win without it, he compromises and contributes in some way to an improper end. The way to clean athletics must be through a clean student spirit. The need of our southern institutions, and of others too, is expressed in Mr. Caspar Whitney's phrase "The Honor System in college sports."

* * *

For some time the University trustees have had under consideration a proposal to move the Law School to Raleigh. We believe the matter is not yet disposed of. An editorial in a recent issue of *The Tar Heel* ably opposes the move, considering it from the viewpoint of the Law School. But we think there is an even larger interest

involved, the interest of the University. An institution of over a century's existence is something more than buildings and books, than teachers and class rolls. When a wealthy philanthropist wished to establish a great university he visited the old ones about him to learn something of how to proceed. On learning of someone the cost of certain buildings and equipment he exclaimed: "I can build a much greater university than this." He was met by the reply: "But you have not the traditions." That answer is the keynote of the present situation. A university, to be great, must be a unit, must have a spirit of love among her students. Each must feel that he is a part of a great institution, that her welfare depends largely on his action. The deepest fact in student life must be the fact that there is something unseen, but felt, that makes the student thrill when he breathes the name of Alma Mater. This is what we mean by the often used words, "college spirit." It is of the spirit of the place that we think when we speak of any institution. It is this that makes the university.

But how will this spirit fare when our University is split up into various pieces, a department here, another yonder? How can there be unity of feeling, and that deep love for Alma Mater that comes from such unity, when the very principle of administration is disunion? Division means weakness of spirit. There can be no University Feeling when shoulders do not touch in the same song and yell, when faces do not greet each other on the same campus paths. If we wish to strengthen that which counts most in the building of a university, that which is the essence of a university, there must be no disunion.

SKETCHES

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Brother Johnson was up in conference for being drunk. When asked if he had anything to say, he made his defense as follows:

"Yassir, I's been drunk, an' I's mighty sorry kaze uv it. I des went to get some truck to make mah wife some bitters, an' mah bottle wouldn't hold it all, an' I drunk de remainder what wuz left over, kaze it wuz gwine to be wasted—yassir, I's mighty sorry."

After deliberating awhile the conference advised Brother Johnson to take a larger bottle the next time he went after "truck" to make bitters for his wife; and the case was dismissed. H. H. H.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH TIME.

The red danger lantern swung slowly, throwing a dim light on the little circle of news-boys who squatted on the pavement, watching with dilated eyes the last penny as it spun around. Their eager claw-like hands trembled impatiently. "It's mine!, it's mine!" shrieked an excited little Italian, reaching forward, his face beaming with joy. But just then Fate intervened in the form of a burly policeman who grabbed him by the shoulder. "You young scoundrels! it's the third time I've caught ye today. This time ye'll taste the law!" Most of the small law-breakers were, however, too swift for him, and after a short chase, he found himself alone with his first capture, who struggled wildly as he was

dragged along. The boy soon found this useless, and changed his tactics. His large, soft eyes filled with tears and he turned a pleading, white face toward the man. "Say, boss, don't take a fellow up on Christmas!" The boy was almost startled by the effect his remarks produced. "Boy!" he thundered, "that's the *twenty-seventh* time I've heard that today! Git!" and planting his boot at the proper angle, he emphasized his words by assisting his young prisoner into the middle of the road. The boy was so stunned that it was at least a minute before he recovered himself. Then he got up stiffly. "Gee!" he said, as he looked gratefully after the broad blue back and rubbed himself, "I b'lieve cops has got souls, after all." M. G.

EXCHANGES

There are so many good magazines on our table, that we hardly know which to review or which not to review. We have, nevertheless, selected a number of good magazines and have given them a place among our reviews for this month. Of course this leaves a lot of good ones to go unnoticed. However, this is all that the exchange editor can hope to do. To consider for every issue of our magazine all the magazines on our table would be a task colossal indeed. By criticising one magazine one time and another the next, the exchange editor may soon reach most of the magazines we receive.

In almost all of our October exchanges our fellow exchange editors have given their ideas of what an exchange department should be. In most instances their ideas were good. Since many have written so profusely on the subject and for fear of saying about what the rest have said we will hold our tongue. We want, of course, good sincere and contructive—not destructive—criticism. What every one needs to do is to get to work and make the exchange department of his own magazine a success. This, we are convinced, is the only way to make an exchange department a success.

For some reason we were led first to review the *Georgian*. Pleasant anticipations were aroused by the opening poem, "To Georgia." The magazine was not a disappointment; the best berries, as often is the case, are not placed on top. The amount of prose and poetry is well proportioned. Too often it is the case with college magazines to have the amount of poetry more than counter-

balanced by that of prose. Of the prose contributions the two biographical sketches, "Sidney Lanier, Poet and Man" and "Toombs, Hills, Stephens" are the best. Such sketches should make Georgians more loyal to their University. In fact, we feel, after reading the *Georgian*, that the University of Georgia is a place where college spirit is in the air, and a place which her sons love to revisit after graduation.

The sane editorials of the October *Georgian* are truly well written. The first editorial is given as an advice to new men, many a one of whom is inclined to become an Epicurean and smoke "the opium pipe of today's pleasure until he is translated to Elysium, where all the common, ordinary things about him are changed to glorified objects of joy and pleasure." The freshman should learn early in his college career that college life is real life; and above all things he should learn to work. In another editorial the editor puts up a plea for cleanliness in athletics. This is a question that cannot be agitated too often or too much. Cleanliness in athletics, based on amateur standards, must soon come, if athletics are to reach their highest degree of usefulness to college life. The exchange department is left to the reader's imagination. We hope to see it well attended next month.

It is needless to say that *The Nassau Literary Magazine*, (Princeton University) is well gotten up. The October issue of this magazine contains a number of excellent short poems. The meter is smooth and easy and bears very well the test of scansion. The issue is inclined to fiction; but the fiction is of a high grade. "Ranch Life in the Northwest" is admirably well

written. The author holds well to his subject and shows a close familiarity with ranch life in general. "The Queen's Tragedy" is a continued story by two authors. It is easily one of the best stories of the month and we look forward with interest to its conclusion.

Variety is wanting somewhat in the October *Brunonian*. All the contributions are fictitious. But not often is it the pleasure of the exchange editor to read a college magazine made up of such a high grade of fiction and poetry as is this issue of the *Brunonian*. The cover is attractive and the typographical make-up is good enough. "Retaliation" gives the reader a send off that will not allow him to stop until he has perused the contents of the whole magazine. The stories are of the popular kind, but all are characterized by a new dress. "The Automatic Legislature" is very interesting. The piece takes off boss legislation to perfection. The boss gets every legislator going his way and for the next year decides to have automata elected instead of men. This he succeeds in doing by his political organ, a certain newspaper. The automata are set up in the Senate chamber; and everything is so arranged that the boss can make the automata vote his way, whenever the "yeas" and "nays" are called for on any question. This he can do by pulling a string in his office not far from the Senate chamber. The boss carries things his way until one day the strings calling for "yeas" and "nays" get crossed and he pulls the wrong string, and, before the boss at the office can be informed of the mistake, he has made everyone vote the wrong way. Thus the automatic legislature ends in failure. Unrestrainedly, the boss walks into the Senate chamber and destroys the automata. "Next

year," he said with an oath, "we'll have men in this Senate. They're damned expensive, but if you only pay them enough they never go wrong." The *Brunonian* does not fall far short of a classification with *The Harvard Monthly*, *The Nassau Lit.*, and the other very best college magazines.

The University of *Virginia Magazine* came to us rather late. But we are glad that it came in time for us to include it among our November exchanges. The "Editorials" of the October issue of this magazine are on local topics; but the other features of the magazine are especially interesting. It is a pleasure to us that we can classify it with our best magazines. The magazine has an atmosphere of its own that regales the intellectual relishes of its reader. The abilities of Mr. James C. Bardin and Mr. W. McC. James as writers are broadly known in the college world. The "Masquerade of Death" of this issue by Mr. Bardin is pleasant reading. The story has a peculiar, dignified atmosphere. In some respects the story almost equals some of Poe's short stories in its creation of atmosphere. Mr. James also has contributed a very valuable story to the October issue of the magazine. The piece is entitled "The Aid of the Goddess." The story is complete and lacks all the conventionalities of so many short stories. The exchange department of the magazine is the best of any of our exchanges. This department is full and interesting. We do not think the exchange department of *The University of Virginia Magazine* will go unnoticed by its readers as do the exchanges of many other magazines.

The University of *Texas Magazine* for October is

rather thin. There is a dearth of poetry and very little fiction. "The Clay God" and "Sash Ends" are the only pieces of fiction worthy of mention. This issue of the magazine is one long tribute of praise to the honor of the late William Lambdin Prather, a man who has no doubt accomplished great things for the University of which he was president for a number of years. He indeed must be a great loss to that University. One thing that surprised us is that the co-eds should get such a strong hold on the life of the college that the editor-in-chief of the magazine should be one of them and that four of the eight editors should be co-eds. A number of contributions are by women also. But this is no reason that the magazine should not prove a success for this year. Women have more than one time, and in more one way, shown that they are capable of editing a good magazine. We too are of the opinion that, if the University of Texas were not a co-educational institution, their magazine would suffer. The men seem to be letting the women do the work.

We were well pleased with the *Tennessee University Magazine*. The October issue of this magazine contains a number of interesting, well written contributions. "White Lily" is the best contribution of the issue. It is a story of a girl, White Lily, who accompanies her father on a commission to Chota, the Capital of the Cherokee nation. She goes with her father to America, and it is not long before father and daughter are captured by the Chicasaws, a hostile tribe, and rescued by Oconostota at the head of his band of warriors, the Cherokees. Soon after the rescue Lily White and Oconostota marry. The author shows considerable

knowledge of the character and peculiarities of Indians and handles his subject well. But it is hard to think of making a beautiful, noble English girl marry an Indian, even though he is a noble chief. It is though, of course, a matter of the author's choice.

The Wake Forest Student is composed almost altogether of biographical sketches and these are all written by one man. The departments are full. There are a good number of exchanges; but we do not see why the exchanges should be written up in such small print. The exchange department is as important as any other one and why not let it appear so by its prominence in print and the space it occupies.

The October number of *The Southern Collegian* is hardly up to its usual standard. The poetry is of an ordinary grade. "Some Political Aspects of the South," and "James Lane Allen.—An Appreciation," are good, though we can hardly see why, in the former, S. C. should say that "the much-beridden negro problem is inevitable in discussion of Southern politics." The latter is an excellent review of the Kentuckian. "John Ingleton," and "Great be the Turf Above Them" are not so good. The cover design of the magazine is not very attractive. We were sorry that there were no exchanges in this issue. The exchange department of *The Southern Collegian* is usually a good one.

While it is the custom of the Exchange Department to review only the college journals that come to our table, we think it not amiss to notice the articles in other magazines that pertain to things the college man is

interested in. *Outing* frequently speaks of such things with force. We are always glad to read it.

It is with pleasure that we read that *Outing* is enjoying such a wide circulation and that many new names are being added daily to its subscription list. *Outing* is a magazine that breathes the very breath of out-of-doorness and wholesomeness that is so pleasing to the clean life. It stands for cleanliness of life and for all sorts of clean and healthful out-door sports. Mr. Caspar Whitney in the November issue asks why not have in athletics the honor system, which has proved such a success in the class room. He wishes to require that a candidate for any team must be (1) an amateur; (2) must be a *bona fide* student taking the average number of hours; (3) must be in good class-room standing; (4) must have been in residence one academic year." Anyone that wishes athletic teams to mean most to college life can but look upon the first three rules as *the thing* to have; but we do not see why have the fourth. This would exclude many a good man that comes to college from various preparatory schools over America, well recommended, from a year's usefulness on his college team. We have in college this year an excellent young man and good student who entered college this year for the first time and who has been playing good football on the 'varsity eleven. Why debar this man from the game just because he has not been "in residence one academic year?" We do not see the good in it.

"The Beginnings of Football," by Dennis P. Myers, is an especially interesting article on the origin of football. The article traces the development of the game from the time it was first played by the Romans and

Greeks to the Rugby style of football in English colleges, whence it came to America. In America the Rugby style was not suitable to the American colleges and the English rules were changed, and we have the game as it exists today. The game is very old, and its development has been naturally slow. But football as played now-a-days is a development of an old game which originated among the Greeks and Romans, (much in the same way as the drama of Shakespeare is a development of the Miracle and Morality plays, which were so popular in England about 1564.) There are numbers of interesting and instructive articles in this issue, too many to mention. One has only to glance through *Outing* to be convinced of its excellent qualities. To read it is indeed exhilarating. It is a magazine of practical usefulness to the farmer or man of the country, and one that would prove a source of interest and culture to the man of the city, if he would peruse its pages.

All of our old exchanges have not yet reached us. We will gladly welcome them and any others that wish to exchange with us.

EVENING SONG.

Over the water a gleam,
  The breathless light of a star,
Guiding me over the waste of sea,
  Back to the harbor bar.

Over the water a breath,
  The wind's faint, tremulous sigh,
Drifting across the silent waves,—
  And none can hear but I.

Over the water a voice,
Tender and soft and true,
Borne on the shafts of the dying sun,
Calling me back to you.
—*H. A. Bellows in The Harvard Monthly*

FLOS AMORIS.

A rose from the garden of Life I send,
Plucked yestere'en by the pale moonlight.
Long time as I paced the garden at night
Have I sought the famed rose that the gods themselves tend.

And this is the guerdon the Gardener hath given—
The flower of love, which, blooming eternal
By the river of Time where its roots intermingle
With the roots of the Life-tree, is fed by th' elixir of Heaven.

It is scented with memories of halcyon days,
When we crossed together the banks of the river
Of Time, and together gave thanks to the Giver
For the song of the birds and the garden with blossoms ablaze.
—*Ralph C. Whitnack in the October Brunonian.*

MELANCHOLY.

A heavy burden weighs me down,
And I am lonely as a bird,
Without its mate.

Some joy from out my life hath flown,
And I must sit, and sadly wait,
To catch a sound full long unheard.

I am a lute with music gone,
I am the melody unsung,
And Master deaf;

I am the victory unwon;
I am the ship, with slackened reef
Upon a friendless ocean flung,

There is a wish within me deep,
To strive, and struggle, reach at last—
O'er all to stand!

Yet—ah me! I could almost weep,
Out of my glass hath run the sand.
Helpless, in chains, I am bound fast.

—*C. N. F. in the October Georgian.*

ALUMNI NOTES

University Day, October 12th, was celebrated by the alumni associations in the places where they exist. Among those keeping the natal day of their Alma Mater were the following:

The Wake county association had its annual banquet in Raleigh, attended by more than fifty members. Mr. C. M. Busbee presided, in the absence, through sickness, of the president, Mr. Thomas Johns, of Auburn. Toasts were responded to by Dr. Hubert Royster, Messrs Herbert W. Jackson, Z. V. Judd, Josephus Daniels, Thomas S. Kenan, J. Bryan Grimes, W. J. Peele, W. J. Andrews, W. H. Pace, T. J. McLean, Martin Fleming, Walter Grimes, G. L. Jones and Claude Denson.

Dr. James McKee, of '61, was elected President, and Mr. W. J. Peele, of '79, Secretary. The association established a scholarship, to be awarded to a student from Wake county.

The members of the Wilmington Association went in a special car to Lumina, where an oyster roast added to the enjoyment of the meeting. Dr. G. G. Thomas was elected president, Mr. Marsden Bellamy, Jr., vice-president, Mr. Benjamin Bell, Jr., secretary, Mr. E. P. Willard, treasurer.

The Guilford County Association had a banquet in Greensboro, with a large number of members present. Mr. A. W. McAlister acted as toastmaster. The toasts were as follows: "The University of Former Days," Col. James T. Morehead; "The University Since the War,"

E. D. Broadhurst; "University Training," Rev. Dr. S.B. Turrentine; "A New University Type," D. P. Stern; "The University Trustee," Dr. W. T. Whitsett; "The University Man at the Bar," A. B. Kimball; "The Man on the Hill;" T. J. Gold, High Point; "The Alumni Association," Charles L. Van Noppen; "The Alumni as Teachers," W. H. Swift.

Dr. Charles McIver was elected president; Mr. A. W. McAlister, vice-president; and Mr. V. C. McAdoo, secretary and treasurer. This association also established an academic scholarship.

At the dinner of the Alumni of the University of North Carolina resident in and around New York City, thirty-six members of the Association were present. Judge Van Wyck, of '64, presided as toastmaster, and informal speeches were made by him and by Messrs Charles Baskerville, Ralph H. Holland, Lindsay Russell, Ralph H. Graves, H. M. Thompson, Henry Staton, Gaston B. Means, A. M. Carr and Rev. St. Clair Hester.

These words of Judge Van Wyck have the ring of the true alumnus: "I am glad that I went to the University of North Carolina. While it is not as large an institution as some of the northern universities, it does as much for its students as any of them."

On the night of November 10th a banquet was given by the Alumni Association of Durham, at Hotel Carrolina. General Julian S. Carr was toastmaster. Major William A. Guthrie spoke on "The Ante-Bellum University," Judge R. W. Winston on "The University and the Public Rchool," Mr. J. Crawford Biggs on "Legislative Aid." Other speakers were: Dr. Eben Alexander, repre-

senting President Venable, Mr. J. S. Manning, Dr. F. K. Cooke, Mr. W. G. Bramham and W. B. Guthrie. The following officers were elected for the succeeding year: President, Mr. J. S. Manning, Vice-President, Judge R. W. Winston, Secretary, Mr. W. D. Carmichael.

Hon. Chas. R. Thomas, 1881, member of Congress from the Newbern district has a bill before Congress appropriating ten thousand dollars for the purpose of purchasing Moore's Creek Battle-ground and turning it into a National Park. Prospects for the bill's passing are good.

W. M. Brown, '02, Superintendent of Graded Schools, Lexington, N. C.

Edgar D. Broadhurst, '99, Law class '05, practicing law in partnership with D. P. Stern, '02, in Greensboro, N. C.

Plato Collins, '92, is Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

R. E. Coker, '96, has been appointed to a fellowship in Zoology at Johns Hopkins University.

C. H. Johnston, '98, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard last commencement and is now Professor of Psychology in Pennsylvania State Normal School.

Walter Thompson, '98, Superintendent of Concord Graded Schools; also President of Association of Superintendents of City Schools.

J. G. McCormick, Esq., A. B., '98, Chairman County Democratic Executive Committee, Lumberton, N. C.

Chas. H. White, '64, formerly assistant in Geology in

University of N. C., now assistant Professor of Mining Geology in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Chas. M. Byrnes, B. S., '02, teaching in Medical School Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Edwin Ferebee, '89, now physician in State Hospital, Raleigh, N. C.

P. C. Graham, Ph. B., '91, Law, '02, Mayor of Durham, N. C.

R. D. W. Connor, Ph. B.,'99, Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction for North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C. Also Secretary N. C. Teachers' Assembly.

W. C. Rankin, A. B., '04, teaching in Greensboro, N. C.

W. P. Stacy, ex-'06, teaching at Ingold, N. C.

M. B. Self, ex-'06, principal of White Cross Academy, White Cross, N. C.

F. E. Edmundson, ex-'06, principal of Kenly High School, Kenly, N. C.

D. P. Council, ex-'06, candidate for Bachelor's degree at Leland Stanford, Jr. University, Cal.

J. Kemp Daughton, ex-'06, formerly Prof. of English at Oak Ridge Institute, now teller in office of State Treasurer, Raleigh, N. C.

C. E. Betts, teaching school, Salisbury, N. C.

F. L. Sharpe, M. D., '04, practicing, Statesville, N. C.

P. S. Godbey, ex-'05, traveling in interest of *Collier's Weekly*.

R. O. Miller, '04, is in banking business, Statesville, N. C.

J. H. Vaughan, Ph. B., '04, A. M., '05, traveling for R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, with headquarters at South McAlister, Ind. Ter.

L. L. Parker,'03, teaching in Graded School, Fayetteville, N. C.

Thos. Hume, Jr., A. B. and A. M., '00, Principal of West End High School, Winston, N. C.

W. S. Snipes, Ph. B., '90, Superintendent of Graded Schools, Winston, N. C.

Chas. F. Tomlinson, Ph. B., '95, formerly Superintendent of Graded Schools, Winston; now superintendent of furniture factory, High Point, N. C.

G. H. Crowell, Ph. B., '92, A. M., '05, Superintendent of Graded Schools, High Point, N. C.

B. I. Tart, A. B.,'00, Principal of Harry North School, Morehead City, N. C.

J. L. Harris, Ph. B., '01, Superintendent of Graded Schools, Randleman, N. C.

W. J. Horner, ex-'03, cashier Chapel Hill Bank, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Dr. Chas. D. McIver, '81, at the last meeting of the Southern Educational Association, held at Jacksonville, Fla., was elected President of the Association.

Dr. William B. Phillips, '77, is engaged in the mining business in west Texas. Dr. Phillips visited the Univesity this fall and gave a very interesting lecture on mining in Gerrard Hall.

Dr. W. T. Whitsett, '88, is now President of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly.

Dr. Chas. Baskerville spent the summer vacation visiting European Laboratories. Dr. Baskerville's book on radium and radio-active substances has been recently published by a Philadelphia publishing company.

William McEntyre Walton, class of 1900, Lieutenant in the U. S. Army, died on October 26th. While in college Lieut. Walton showed marked promise. He won a prize then offered for the best essay on James Madison's influence on the United States Constitution. While in the army his rise was rapid until he was forced to retire by failing health.

Dr. K. P. Battle has nearly completed his History of the University from its beginning to the death of President Swain in July, 1868. The volume will contain about seven hundred octavo pages. A prospectus will soon be issued. Dr. Battle has just finished annotating the diary by Dr. Elisha Mitchell of his geological tour, principally in the western part of the state in 1827 and 1828. The diary and notes will soon be published as the James Sprunt Historical Monograph, No. 6.

A biographical sketch of Gov. John Motley Morehead by Dr. C. A. Smith, will appear in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* for January 1906.

Charles P, Russell '04 now fills a position on *McClure's Magaziue.*

BOOK REVIEWS

Following the Sun-Flag; *A Vain Pursuit Through Manchuria.* By John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1905. 189 pages. 12 mo.

If you think of Mr. Fox as a war correspondent, the subtitle of the book under notice would be an excellent name for the volume. From that point of view his trip was certainly not a grand success. From early in the spring until the middle of July, he stayed in Japan waiting for the opportunity to go to Port Arthur. When at length he was within hearing of the boom of the guns of the army beseiging that Gibraltar of the East, he found the soldiers whom he was with, were going not to Port Arthur, but into the interior of Manchuria. Finally disheartened by delay, he started for home just before the great battle of Liao Yang. Such is Mr. Fox's record, as he tells it, as a war correspondent.

The primary interest of the book, however, is not in the author's efforts, or his failure, to reach the "front;" but in his description of Japanese life and Japanese character. He introduces us to a land where host and servants "bend at right angles with courtesy;" where beautiful girls come to one's room early in the morning to welcome him with elaborate courtesies; where "gentle manners are universal;" where everyone is a patriot.

Perhaps it is this patriotism of the Japanese which is the most interesting trait of their character. Mr. Fox records the following conversation:

"The little maid who unpacked my bag brought breakfast to me, and I could see that I was invested

with some interest which was not at all apparent the night before. Presently it came out:"

"'You are going to Korea?'"

"'Yes, I am going to Korea!'"

"'I want to go to Korea, but they won't let girls go.'"

"'Why do you want to go to Korea?'"

"For the first time I saw Japanese eyes flash, and her answer came like the crack of a whip:

"'To fight!'"

That is the spirit of the common people of Japan. What are her soldiers like? Mr. Fox says:—

"As far as I can make out the Japanese army and its individual Japanese soldier seem the best in the world; the soldier for the reason that he cares no more for death than the average Occidental for an afternoon nap—the army for the reason that the Buschido spirit—feudal fealty—having been transferred from Daimio and Samurai to Colonel and General—gives it a discipline that seems perfect. Imagine an army without stragglers or camp followers, in which one man is as good as another and all boast of but one thing—a willingness to die."

There are two notes in this entertaining liitle volume which will grate upon the ear of the ardent admirer of the Japanese. The first grows out of the author's rabid hatred. On the trip north toward the retreating Russian army, he saw a Russian prisoner—the only one he saw—guarded by Japanese soldiers. He says he felt "a shock and a thrill."

"The thrill was that the man was the first Russian prisoner we had seen—the shock that among those yellow faces was a captive with a skin like ours."

In the second place, Mr. Fox's strong preference for

the blunt frankness of the Kentucky mountaineer leads him to condemn too strongly what to the Eastern mind is mere politeness. No one who has studied intelligently the progress of the Japanese can believe that they are without the essential elements of strong character. Yet Mr. Fox says in the closing paragraph of his book:

"Somehow, as Japan sank closer to the horizon, I found myself wondering whether the Goddess of Truth couldn't travel the breadth of that land incog.—even if she played the leading part in a melodrama with a star in her forehead and her own name emblazoned in Japanese ideagraphs around her breast. I think so. I wondered, too, if in shedding the wrinkled skin of Orientalism, Japan might not have found it even better than winning a battle—to shed with it polite duplicity and bring in the blunt telling of the truth."

The volume is neatly bound in cloth; the pages have an attractive appearance. The style is clear in spite of dashes, and the book is well worth reading.

R. M. BROWN.

Southern Writers. Selections in Prose and Verse. By W. P. Trent. The MacMillan Co., New York. Cloth, 524 pages.

Mr. Trent hit the nail on the head, so to speak, in this new book, *Southern Writers*, which fills a niche for a long time vacant: He has collected in chronological form some extracts from many of our writers who are well nigh forgotten, as well as the many distinguished wielders of the pen.

The book is intended for use in school and college classes, and the author requests that it be not "regarded as a sectional product in the unpleasant sense of that term". It may well be used for historical reference in the purest sense of the term as well as a history of Southern literature. But these are not the main desires of the author, for he wishes that it may serve to teach the boys and girls more about the writers of their sections.

Mr. Trent has very cleverly divided the literature of the South into three chronological periods, in each of which he gives the chief writers and a few extracts from their writings, with a short sketch of their lives. In the first period, that of the literature of the colonies and the Revolution, Captain John Smith, George Washington, Patric Henry, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and St. George Tucker, are some of the writers mentioned. In the second, or period of literature of the Old South, a few are: Wirt, Calhoun, Hayne, Maury, Lee, Poe, Stephens, Timrod, and Father Ryan. The third period, embracing the literature of the New South has in its list: Lanier, Cable, Harris, Allen, Grady, Page, Peck, and Stockard.

We are in the habit of saying that our Southern writers are not on a level with those in other sections, but this book shows it differently, and the words of the author in the introduction to the third period are worthy of being remembered. He says: . . . "The selections given at the end of this volume will suffice to show that the living poets of the South hold their own with those of the other sections in that careful technique which is the chief merit of latter-day verse throughout the English speaking world".

By systematic study of this book, one may not only learn more about the writers of his and other sections, but may obtain a stimulus to deeper and greater activity in the literary world at large. As has already been said, it fills a much felt need, and if the teachers of the South will give it its dues, the desire of the author will be fully realized and accomplished. L. W. PARKER.

University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 36. No. 3--JANUARY, 1906. New Series, Vol. 23.

THE CHARACTER OF DON CARLOS.

L. W. Parker.

PERHAPS no other character in the domain of drama affords a subject for more careful study than that of Don Carlos, the king in Victor Hugo's *Hernani.*

No writer, possibly Shakespeare excepted, can compare in the clearness of characters with Hugo, and he was at his best when he wrote the character Don Carlos into the first great French romantic drama *Hernani.* The other characters, Hernani himself, Dona Sol, and Don Ruy Gomez, show the remarkable sincerity of the author. He has drawn the lines so sharply that each character seems to come upon the stage in plain view as the reader peruses the pages of the play. However clearly drawn the others may be, Don Carlos is the *summum bonum.*

So successfully drawn, and so minutely characterized is Don Carlos, "Roi de Castille," one of the antagonistic forces of the play that, like Hernani, the bandit hero, he might well say, "Je suis une force qui va;" and we see his every move though he moves in a different direction.

We find him at first a profligate, a spendthrift, licentious, ambitious, young king, ready to do anything or go no matter how far in order to gain a little more power.

Furthermore, he is unmerciful, without any sense of forgiveness, and unrelenting. We find him offering the old housekeeper either his purse or his dagger to hide him in some secret place whence he may eavesdrop the tete-a-tete of the lovers, Hernani and Dona Sol, the latter of whom he himself loves. All the while he, a king, is in disguise.

But amid all this, he has at times a tender heart; for when Hernani and himself were found in the room with Dona Sol by the old duke soon after that fatal conversation, says Don Carlos, when asked by the old duke Ruy Gomez de Silva, who is engaged to Dona Sol, "He will go back. He is one of my suite." This was the occasion of those beautiful lines uttered by Hernani of whom he was speaking, beginning,—

> "Oui, de ta suite, o roi! de ta suite! j'en suis!
> Nuit et jour, en effet, pas a pas, je te suis
> Un poignard a la main, l'œil fixé sur ta trace
> Je vais.

How ungrateful after the king had allowed him to escape! However, he was "of the suite" although Don Carlos did not know how truthfully he had spoken when he was helping his enemy to freedom; for enemy he was, because the father of the king had caused the father of Hernani to die on the scaffold, and that enmity was still in the bosom of the latter. Perhaps the bandit himself has brought that out more strongly. "Ma race en moi poursuit en toi, ta race," says he.

We see the weaker side of Don Carlos again when he anticipates the bandit and attempts to abduct Dona Sol; but he is caught and here the bandit has a chance to

show his heart and instead of wreaking his vengeance on the king, whom he then apprises of the hatred existing between them, he throws his own cloak around Don Carlos and bids him flee to the palace. He does flee, but not without uttering these words, "Do not expect mercy from me." Will he execute Hernani if he entraps him?

Through all this, Don Carlos has been a candidate for the Holy Roman Empire, scheming, longing, intriguing, in order to gain more power. There were several other candidates, one of whom having been elected, resigned and subsequently Don Carlos was elected. During the campaign, his cry was "only three votes" and "what if I should have to remain simply king." He needed three votes more to effect his election, for he was sure of the others. After his election the wail was changed to "Emperor at the refusal of another."

Intrigues, schemes, plots, tricks, were practiced by Carlos until his own subjects, even nobles, had become envious of him and formed a band of conspirators to seek his life. These he anticipated to the place of meeting, and hid himself in the tomb of Charlemagne that he might hear their consultations. Here again we see his inclination to hide in secret places—and thus work his schemes. He had not been there long before the sound of three cannon shots came to his ear, the signal of his selection as German Emperor, whereupon the King stepped out from the mausoleum and said, in a way that is strikingly characteristic of him.

"Messieurs, allez plus loin! l'empereur vous entend.
Silence et nuit! l'essaim en sort et s'y replonge.
Croyez-vous que ceci va passer comme un songe,

Et que je vous prendrai n'ayant plus vos flambeaux.
Pour des hommes de pierre assis sur leur tombeaux?

These lines show his humorous turn, which is a very important characteristic as he furnished almost all the comic element of the drama.

Oh! how changed. We were just now considering a vicious, profligate, spendthrift, humorously jesting king but now we have a magnanimous,merciful, kind-hearted sober,, serious, grave, forgiving emperor, who has been changed by his worthy ambitions and his new responsibilities, and who forgives not only Hernani who was one of the conspirators,but a whole band of them. Then he restores to Hernani his castle and sweetheart, Dona Sol. "Do not expect mercy from me", he has once said, but now changed, completely transformed, and subsequently how great an emperor who was once an unprincipled king!

PRAYER.

J. M. Grainger.

MORNING.

Glad Morn comes gleaming out of the East
And brings this gift, a day for me;
Oh God, that I may try my best
To use Morn's gift, this day, for Thee!

EVENING.

Sad Eve goes glooming into the West
And takes Morn's gift, this day, from me;
Oh God, that I may trustful rest
All through the shadowy night in Thee!

STRAY LEAVES OF OUR HISTORY.

R. B. Creecy, '35.

DEAR EDITOR:—On the east wall of the Memorial Building at the University, you will find a Memorial Tablet to a good man—Rev. Joseph H. Saunders.

He was my old school master, a graduate and tutor of the University, my dear friend; and his wise counsels have been to me a strong staff in life.

His chief rule, oft repeated and instilled into our youthful memory was—rely upon yourself. That which is acquired with difficulty is most valued and most enduring.

That was a wise and salutary lesson which should be cultivated by every man who aspires to the occupancy of the upper stories of the architecture of life and is indispensable to him who aspires to a place on the rugged steep where "fame's proud temple shines afar."

When I would ask my revered friend the meaning of a word he would say, "There's your dictionary, look in it and see what it means and then you will remember it." When he saw me wrestling with a passage in Caesar or Virgil, or grappling "Demosthenes on the Crown" like "a strong man struggling in a morass," he would pat me on my head and with kindly word say "my boy," and sometimes, would give me a lift with a word or two of kindly help, but it was always a simple suggestion to help me out of the mire.

This lesson, I would commend to you, my dear Editor-in-Chief of the venerable old UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

In our recent communings about the historical treasures of North Carolina, I did not mean to pull the bow oar or dig into new pockets in deep mines and by the

sweat of my face find nuggets of historic gold, but to point the way to you and then hand over the bow oar or the pick axe and simply pat you on the head and say—"my boy."

History is said to be "philosophy teaching by examples," and biography is the drama of history.

The history of North-Carolina has many stray leaves that illustrate both these propositions.

In our recent conversation we called your attention to some of these stray leaves and suggested that you would sweep them up carefully, such as you thought worthy of remembrance, and offer them to the public with comment and criticism.

We then suggested that the history of Albemarle's first taste of secession, when the members of the General Assembly from the Albemarle District refused for several years to take their seats in the Assembly in order to defeat, by want of a quorum, the removal of the seat of government from Edenton in the Albemarle to Fayetteville in the Cape Fear District.

We would like to know who was foremost in that secession movement and what was the result of it? The removal of the capital from Edenton was afterwards accomplished, but ambitious Fayetteville did not succeed to the inheritance. It fell into the hands of New Bern, which afterwards became the storm center of the Revolution and later the seat of refinement and culture which entitled it to the name of the Athens of North Carolina.

Search Saunder's "Colonial Records," and you will find the whole subject of this infant secession. We have furnished the skeleton from memory.

The particulars are given in that rich mine of our history, whose full value is unknown for want of index of its treasures. Saunders smote the rock with the wand of genius and the fountain gushed forth and gave up rich nuggets of our history, but they are invisible and inacessible to the common eye, but yield golden fruit to the scholar and the student.

Let him who loves to look into the homes of our ancestors do so through this valuable treasure house of our colonial history. You will by so doing be amply rewarded for your pain and labor.

During our last historical conference something was said of the French Huguenot exodus and the immigration to North Carolina. We regret our inability to give you any satisfactory information.

There surely was a large immigration to America of the Huguenot refugees of France, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but we do not think that North Carolina came in for a large share of that valuable population.

Charleston was the largest seaport town along the Atlantic Coast, and it had a large foreign trade. Hence the Huguenots who fled to America landed there and probably made their home in South Carolina; and many of that state's most distinguished citizens have been of Huguenot descent.

North Carolina, having no large foreign trade, did not receive much of the Huguenot immigration.

The founder of the distinguished Gaston family was said to be of French Huguenot descent, having first sought an asylum in Scotland, and then Ireland, from whence he immigrated to America and settled at New Bern.

Family traditions report the numerous family of Creecys as having descended from the Huguenot refugees who were wrecked at Hatteras, toward the close of the seventeenth century, and who afterward found their way up Albemarle Sound into the counties of Tyrrell, Chowan Perquimans and Pasquotank. When wrecked at Hatteras, they were on their voyage to Charleston.

Another stray leaf in our history, which has been lost or forgotten is connected with George Durant, one of the pioneers in the Albemarle country. Dr. Hawks, in his unfinished history calls George Durant a Quaker, but that is an error. He was a Church of England man as is inferred from his family Bible, which never uses Quaker phraseology in the family record. That Bible is now in the possession of Bishop Joseph B. Cheshire who is believed to be a relative of Durant.

Another proof of his religious connection is that in the contests between the Quakers and the Church of England just before Carey's Rebellion he acted with the Church of England party.

William Penn, the distinguished Quaker, is said to have first bought and paid for lands owned by the Indians. That is error. Before the coming of Penn to Pennsylvania, George Durant bought of the Indian chief Kuskatenew, king of the Yeopim Indians of North Carolina and the deed of conveyance is now on record in the county of Perquimans, and the original deed, on vellum was extinct a few years ago.

Another stray leaf of our history that is almost forgotten, is the meeting of citizens of the Albemarle county in Edenton, soon after the passage of the "Boston Port Bill" by the British Parliament to express

their sympathy with Boston. They appointed three of their most distinguished citizens—Joseph Hewes, Samuel Johnson, and Thomas Benbury to convey their resolutions, to the American Congress in Philadelphia and urge upon Congress some measures of relief for their countrymen in Boston.

Our great departed are the pillars of our history. Are we preserving their memories with appropriate memorials? Judge Henry G. Conner is gathering material for a "Life of William Gaston," but who is doing the same pious duty for John Harvey, William Skinner or Nat Macon, or John Stanley or Bartlett Yancey, or Wilie P. Mangum, or George E. Badger, or Thomas Atkinson, or William A. Graham, or Thomas Ruffin Sr., or Alfred Moore, or Ham Jones, or W. W. Cherry and Justice James Iredell of the Supreme Court? and how does Capt. S. A. Ashe sit serenely under the shadow of his family tree laden with great names from John Baptist Ashe down and not waggle a pen to perpetuate their memories?

HONOR IN STUDENT LIFE IN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.*

C. Alphonso Smith, Ph.D.

IN THE FOURTH book of his work on *The German Universities* Dr. Friedrich Paulsen analyzes student honor into three constituent elements: courage, independence, and truth-telling. This analysis, however, besides being purely abstract, looks more to the foundation of student honor than to the superstructure. The analysis given by Mr. Le Baron Russell Briggs, dean of the faculty of arts and sciences in Harvard University, is more concrete because it is based on the actual working out of honor ideals in college life. "Want of a fine sense of honor," says he, "appears chiefly in athletic contests, in the authorship of written work, in excuses for neglect of study, in the relation of students to the rights of persons who are not students, and in questions of duty to all who are, or who are to be, nearest and dearest." These defects Mr. Briggs considers "a part of that lopsided immaturity which characterizes privileged youth".

Without attempting an adequate analysis of student honor, either of its excellences or its defects, it may be said that the most popular error in regard to the subject is to view it wholly as a phase of ethics. Student honor is only partly a thing of the conscience. One of the most effective appeals that I ever heard made to a band of college hazers was based not so much on the view that hazing is wrong as that it is puerile and common. The students were told that society is coming more and

*Reprinted from *The Educational Review*, New York, Nov 1905.

more to regard hazing as belonging with slovenly speech, loud neckties, and even eating with the knife. The appeal was made with tact and sympathy, the students seeming to feel that their honor had been invoked because nothing was said about the Ten Commandments or the Golden Rule. Student honor, as it exists in our colleges and universities to-day, is only in part, therefore, an ethical dictate; it is rather a curious blend of conscience and convention, of individualism on the one hand and compliance with the canons of good form on the other. Being essentially a communal sentiment, a *faculté d'ensemble*, it is peculiarly susceptible to the consensus of opinion prevailing in its own college and in the colleges that form its social or athletic environment. A college president writes: "I am almost coming to the conclusion that student honor is based entirely upon campus sentiment, and refuses to receive any other standard. . . . . Convince one team that all the other college teams sign certain pledges as a matter of form, and they will consider themselves justified in doing the same."

Another misconception is to regard student honor as instinctive or intuitive, as having the simplicity of the great emotions and but little affinity with the analytic distinctions and reasoned processes of the intellect. Shakespeare's unanswered question of fancy may be asked with equal pertinency of student honor:

> "Tell me where is fancy bred,
> Or in the heart, or in the head?"

Undoubtedly the impulses of student honor come chiefly from the feelings, but the code of student honor frequently finds place for more subtle distinctions than ever

vexed the brain of rabbi or scholiast. It recalls at times the phrase with which Charles Lamb characterized the comedy of the Restoration: he called it "the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry."

But when all is said, student honor remains an asset of incalculable moral, social, and civic worth. You may smile at it now and then; you will more often be thrilled by it. Its inconsistencies are apparent, but student life would be gross and sordid without it. No college discipline would be tolerable that did not strive with sympathy and patience to identify itself with the honor ideals of its students. No teacher would deserve the name that did not seek in the classroom and out of it to invest these ideals with ever increasing worth and dignity. Student honor needs above all else neither praise nor blame but recognition, enlightenment, and cooperation.

That it has not received the consideration that its importance merits is evidenced by the dearth of literature bearing on the subject. It is true that more attention is now given to the ethical aspects of education than ever before; the ethical note is more often and more clearly sounded; but student honor, though it is unquestionably the strategic point in student character, has received but scant notice from writers on educational themes. No thorough treatment of the subject has yet been attempted and no concerted action has been taken. If we believe in the primacy of character rather than in the primacy of mere intellect, we cannot afford to ignore the standards of honor and dishonor that students impose upon themselves and that affect more or less permanently their character in after-years. If this paper, therefore, does nothing else than call attention to an oversight and a need, it

will at least justify its niche in the program.*

While it is true that student honor is measured to-day chiefly by the student's deportment on examinations and on the athletic field, there was a time when the phrase connoted primarily the student's bearing toward the faculty and toward the property-owners in the neighborhood of the college or university. In both these respects however, there has been a significant change for the better. Organized rebellions against college authority are comparatively rare. They occur at times, and perhaps will occur throughout the century; but they are exceptional and marked by less violence and rowdyism than in earlier years. They arose out of conditions which are now obsolescent if not obsolete. Foremost among these were the petty restrictions imposed by faculties and enforced by a system of espionage and inquisitorial investigation that rarely failed to beget an insurrectionary feeling on the part of the students. In many cases students were not only not trusted, but their very presence at a college or university seemed the warrant of suspicion. They were expressly forbidden to do what only the most versatile ingenuity would ever have thought of doing. In the inhibitions launched against them no attempt was made to discriminate between the *malum prohibitum* and the *malum in se*. This is a distinction, however, that students never fail to make, and, be it said to their credit, their insistence on their natural rights, together with their consistent opposition to artificial and unnecessary restrictions, has had its share in bringing about the era of better things.

*This paper was read July 5, 1905, at the meeting of the National Educational Association.

"The history of the government of the students in American colleges," says Dr. Thwing, "is a history of increasing liberality and orderliness," of increasing orderliness because of increasing liberality.

There has been also a corresponding change in the attitude of college students toward those living in the college environment. Conflicts between gownsmen and townsmen are no longer a settled feature of college life. This consummation is to be ascribed in part to the growth of college towns and to the attendant blending of student life with a larger social and civic life. It has been brought about also by the greater attention now paid to the physical comfort of students in dormitories and lecture rooms, by the modernization of the curriculum, and by the wider introduction of the elective system. The adaptation of student to study, which it is the aim of the elective system to effect, leaves little room for the restless leisure that used to vent itself on signboards and hen roosts. Congenial work and plenty of it will do more to harmonize a student to his surroundings than all the formal regulations or systems of espionage that the mind of man could devise.

But while there has been improvement in the respects noted, student standards have still their inconsistencies. The two nerve centers of student honor are now athletics and examinations. It would be hard to overrate the significance of athletics in modern college life. Time was when the commencement exercises furnished the chief point of contact between the collective life of the student body and the outside public. The point of intersection is now the intercollegiate game of football or baseball. Both games are characteristically American

and have proved effective agencies for the discipline of manliness and the development of college spirit. The popularity of these games, however, and especially the unprecedented interest in football, have grown faster than the means devised to meet and control the abuses connected with them. Methods of safeguarding intercollegiate athletics are yet in an experimental stage. While I have perfect faith in the ultimate competency of student honor, re-enforced by the American love of a square deal, to meet the exigencies presented, the duty of the hour is to educate public sentiment in and outside of our colleges so that it will despise the doctrine of victory at any price. This is the slogan that is responsible more than anything else for the lie signed to the examination paper as well as for the lying evasion of the aspiring athlete.

In intercollegiate athletics, as practiced in nearly all of our American colleges and universities, a student becomes ineligible who has received or is receiving compensation "direct or indirect" for his athletic services. This inhibition, it is true, strikes at the root of athletic commercialism; but there has grown up a code of casuistry in the interpretation of this clause that threatens to undermine the integrity of athletic ideals. The faculties of our colleges have here a rare opportunity and duty. It is a duty requiring tact, insight, courage, and unfailing fidelity to truth and honor. The slightest inconsistency or evasion on their part, the slightest concession to the lust of victory without merit, the slightest relaxation of vigilance or interest, even the complacent smile that sometimes accompanies the formal rebuke of victorious trickery may lower the whole standard of athletic

honor. It must be remembered, too, that no institution can long maintain one standard of honor for the athletic field and another for the recitation room. Both student and public are quick to make their inferences, and these inferences, even if unfair, become in turn almost as prejudicial to the maintenance of student honor as are overt acts of dishonor.

I am convinced, however, that in many instances of supposed underhandedness in college athletics the case is one of perverted vision rather than of moral obliquity. We need constantly to remember that many things which to the faculty and to outsiders appear palpably dishonorable are not so regarded by the student, because he is in the grip of a collective athletic sentiment of which others know but little. He is in need of enlightenment rather than of censure. He is a reminder that athletic tactics have not been adequately interpreted to college students in simple terms of right and wrong. The strategy, for example, by which a pitcher leads a runner on the bases to overestimate his chances "to get away," is perfectly legitimate; but the strategy employed by the catcher who habitually pulls the ball down as he catches it, and thus leads the umpire to call a strike, is dishonest. The principle is perfectly clear: to practise deception on the umpire is to practise imposition on the opposing team. But how many students ever pause to make the distinction, and how often has it been made to them?

Mr. Briggs narrates the following case: "A whole-souled and sraightforward young athlete told me once, with smiling good humor, that a football player in his own college (who had everybody's respect) owed his success in the game to a knack of holding his opponent in such

a manner as made his opponent seem to hold him." Does not the very frankness of the young man in making this disclosure to the dean show that he saw nothing dishonorable in it? His sense of honor was not involved because his intelligence had not been appealed to. So far from purposely affronting faculty sentiment, he was ignorant of it.

Another case in point is found in the most important declaration made by the well-known Conference on Intercollegiate Athletics held at Brown University, February 18, 1898. The declaration reads: "The practice of assisting young men through college in order that they may strengthen the athletic teams is degrading to amateur sport." This declaration, I repeat, is all-important; but it needs explanation to the prospective matriculate. It does not commend itself to his sense of fairness or of consistency. He is more likely to see in the offense inhibited, so far as it regards himself, not a *malum in se*, but only a *malum prohibitum*. He knows that the practice of assisting worthy young men through college that they may strengthen some musical organization, or serve as typesetters in the office of the college paper, is perfectly legitimate. "Why may not I," he asks, "pay in part for my education by my physical prowess, if my brother pays in part for his education by his musical talent?" The question is a natural one and should be answered before it is asked. Left unanswered, it tempts the student to evasion and duplicity.

One other illustration of the obscurity that should not exist in matters affecting student conduct relates not to athletics, but to examinations, an illustration that may serve also to introduce the subject of the honor system.

In an article entitled "Student honor: a study in cheating," Mr. Earl Barnes writes as follows: "Not long since there was a flagrant case of cheating discovered in one of our large universities. An examination paper had been stolen from a printing office and several students had used it to secure superior standing. An attempt was made to arouse public sentiment in the institution; and the student body appointed a committee from its numbers which was to receive reports and try future offenders." While the matter was under discussion, three professors in different and representative departments asked their students to state in writing whether they would themselves, had they become cognizant of the theft, have reported it to the student committee, it being taken for granted that they would not report to the faculty. The majority of the students, men and women, said "No." The author concludes: "And so we must be patient with children, and university students, and with ourselves until we grow up to social manhood and womanhood."

The position of the author seems to me not well taken. Something ought to have been done, but all the world despises a tattler. Some of the students wrote: "I despise the spirit that actuates a talebearer. How can a person respect himself and be a talebearer?" Others said that "even the faculty professors would secretly despise them, and the public would consider them contemptible informers." Was there no other exit except through tattling? My own feeling is that a student who had witnessed the theft would, under the circumstances, have done his full duty had he gone to the ringleaders and expressed to them his sense of indignation and wrong, adding no threat of possible exposure. But if the stu-

dent committee had been an established agency of the institution, and not called into being solely by this emergency,—in other words, if the honor system had prevailed in the institution,—reporting to the committee would not have been tattling, nor would it have been so regarded by the students themselves. If an institution uniformly ignores the student's sense of honor on examinations, is it to be expected that this same sense of honor can be confidently appealed to when an emergency arises, an emergency due to the almost inexcusable carelessness of a member of the faculty?

The honor system as it prevails in Southern colleges and universities to-day is itself an evolution. Inaugurated by Thomas Jefferson in the founding of the University of Virginia in 1825, it was not until 1842 that the system may be said to have culminated in the following resolution:

"*Resolved.* That in all future written examinations for distinction or other honors of the University, each candidate shall attach to the written answers presented by him on such examination a certificate in the following words: I, A. B., do hereby certify on honour that I have received no assistance during the time of this examination from any source whatever, whether written or oral, or in print, in giving the above answers."

The pledge is now simplified into "I certify upon my honor that I have neither given nor received aid on this examination," and is used in this form, or with unimportant modifications, in all Southern colleges and universities. The professor remains in the room during the examination to preserve quiet and to answer necessary questions, but there is no suggestion of espionage. The

student is presumed to be a gentleman, and this trust in his honor is a powerful influence in making him honorable. It at least shields him against the subtle temptation to act on the principle that where there is no confidence, deceit is no crime. Violations of the written pledge are rare and are usually dealt with by the students themselves, sometimes by the faculty alone, not infrequently by both.

That the honor system prevails only to a limited extent outside of the South is no indication that student nature is essentially different in different sections. I have yet to hear of any college or university where the honor system, if faithfully tried, has proved a failure. "I have yet to meet a single man," says Mr. Briggs, "who has lived under the honor system (as I have not) who does not give it, in spite perhaps, of *a priori* scepticism, his absolute faith."

Mr. Briggs is not, however a believer in the honor system for two reasons. "Theoretically," says he, "though in a doubtful case I should always accept the word of a suspected student, I object to the honor system as nursing a false kind of sensitiveness that resents a kind of supervision which everybody must sooner or later accept, and as taking from the degree some part of its sanction." The same objections reappear in a letter recently received (June 3) from Mr. Jerome D. Greene, of Harvard University, secretary to President Eliot: "The honor system, so-called, does not obtain at Harvard. With us all examinations are held under the supervision of a college officer, either an instructor in the course or a proctor appointed and paid for such services. Such supervision is valued by honor-

able students as a guarantee of the good faith of the examination,—a guarantee which is absent from a diploma based on examinations which are not supervised. An honest student has no more objection to this method of vouching for the honesty of his examination than a bank official has to having his accounts audited."

It is not my purpose to take up the cudgels for the honor system, but to remove what seem to be the two prevalent misconceptions of the system as compared with the so-called system of supervision. In the first place, Mr. Greene's contention that the honest student has no objection to this method of vouching for the honesty of his examination may be conceded at once. No one would maintain that the students of an institution accustomed to no other system would resent the system of supervision. But how do the two systems prepare for life? If the one system prepares the student for "a kind of supervision which everybody must sooner or later accept, "does not the other system prepare the student for a kind of personal accountability which, unfortunately, everybody does not sooner or later accept?

In the second place, is it true that a diploma based on examinations conducted under the honor system is less trustworthy than one based on supervised examinations? Granting that there is undetected cheating under both systems, is there more under the honor system? Having known only the honor system myself, let me cite, out of much available material, the testimony of three teachers who have tried both systems. "If any instructor," says Professor William H. Hulme, of the College for Women, Western Reserve University, "even with the help of two or three assistant 'proctors,' supposes he can prevent

cheating or cribbing in a room of fifty or more college boys by seating them in any possible order, he certainly does not understand human nature and he is entirely mistaken. An inquiry among a half-dozen of his best students will convince him that cheating goes on regularly right under his eyes. It is, in fact, the boast of many students in colleges where they are watched on examinations, that they cheat and crib at every opportunity, and they feel that they have a perfect right to do so because they are being watched and are therefore suspected."

Dr. Carl Huber, of the University of Michigan, writes as follows (May 18, 1905): "In view of the fact that the so-called honor system has been tried only in the department of medicine and surgery of the University of Michigan, President Angell has forwarded your communication to him, of recent date, to me for answer. I may state that some four years ago, largely through the instigation of our present graduating class, a set of resolutions were adopted by the class and approved by the faculty, according to which the class, and especially an appointed committee of the class, which also was approved by the faculty, were to have charge of all examinations, written quizzes, and all written exercises in which this class would participate during its stay in the University. The class adopted a very good set of resolutions and have been enthusiastic in carrying out the spirit and the letter of these resolutions. As concerns this one class, the honor system has proven very satisfactory. It has elevated the tone of the class, and its conduct has been much more loyal through its entire stay at the University."

"The honor system," writes Dean H. B. Fine, of Prince-

ton University (May 25, 1905), "I may say has proved an unqualified success here in Princeton. It has banished cheating from our examinations, and before the system was introduced there was a great deal of cheating in the Princeton examinations. Once in a while, to be sure, a student so far forgets himself and his honor as to cheat, but he is pretty certain to be detected, and if so, his dismissal from college on the recommendation of the student honor committee follows almost as a matter of course."

In conclusion, there is no room for pessimism, for there was never a time when the relations existing between college faculties and college students were more frank and cordial than they are to-day. There was never a time when the personal influence of college professors was more potential for the direction and ennoblement of student life. If the honor ideals of the students find in their instructors prompt recognition, kindly enlightenment, and hearty coöperation, both students and instructors will be alike the beneficiaries.

THE CUP.

Q. S. Mills,

Look! Lethe's cup before your eyes,
And on its deep-scarred lip there lies
The foam that forms to seethe and rise
From the black drink below.

Come! Let the coward heart despise
To quaff this cup, for forth there flies
Each breath a soul to grasp the prize
Wrung from this world of woe.

Think! Belted knight and ragged page,
The infant frail and hoary age,
Untutored youth and learned sage,
Must of this potion drink.

Think! How each moment casts the gage
Of life's temptation, lust, or rage,
That battling now we can assuage
But at this cup's dark brink.

Drink! For tomorrow is today,
The sun-kissed dawn the twilight gray,
Man but a lump of moulded clay,
Love's passion but a whim!

Drink! Why pause to stoop and pray?
The life-blood leaps to ebb away,
Death yawns our wearied forms to lay
Within his portals dim.

Drink! Would you linger on to read
On every hand the hopeless need

Of strength denied our puny breed
To battle against sin.

Drink! One sip of this dark mead
And angel hands our footsteps lead,
Or else our forms no longer heed
The pain they lived within.

DELAYED DESTRUCTION.

S. Rae Logan.

LARGE oak trees cast monster flickering shadows as they intersected the rays of the cold autumnal moon, and were swayed musically to and fro by the night wind. Enveloped first in one shadow and then another, each time to emerge with a cheerful clatter, a market-wagon drawn by a small span of mountain mules and containing the stalwart form of Deacon Lige Flynn's nephew Thomas Flynn, could have been seen one night shortly after the conclusion of the season of protracted meeting rumbling slowly back to the upland farm which quite adequately supplied the modest needs of Thomas and his simple family.

> "All I want in this creation,
> Is a pretty little wife and a big plantation."

The happiness of the wagoner broke out in song. And the theme was appropriate, for he had what he considered the pretty little wife and his efforts were now directed toward the attainment of the big plantation. What could be at the bottom of Thomas' good spirits? To be sure the exhilirating qualities of the crisp mountain air wre by no means lost on our vigorous descendant of Flynnlanders; but, more to be considered, sweet potatoes were worth a dollar a bushel, while chestnuts and genseng root brought higher prices in Spartanton—about seventy-five miles distant—than had been paid in years. He glanced admiringly at the little copper-toed shoes he had bought for his little son Tommy and gazed with much satisfaction at the ten yards of pretty calico he was bringing for Mandy, thinking how fond and

delighted his family would be with his provision. Life was very sweet to Thomas just then.

Sweet as it then was, the course of events was fated to make it even more precious before the dawning. For so slowly as to remain almost unnoticed by the happy wagoner, a red veil began to creep over the face of the moon, tinging the leaves of the overhanging branches with an uncertain flickering brilliance. Suddenly a heavy jolt of the wagon brought Thomas out of his domestic dreams, and he looked about him. Mystified at the changing color of things, he stared upward until his attention was arrested and held in superstitious awe by the sight he beheld in the sky.

Indeed it was a wonderful phenomenon. Around a blood-red moon was a purplish circle which seemed lurid and sulphurous to this husband and father with a good wife and a five-year-old son, who strongly "favored his dad", and whom he was to raise in fearful dread of God and "signs." With awful distinctness he recalled what Preacher Hogan had said about the approaching destruction of the world—when the stars would fall from the heavens and the moon would turn to blood! While his petrified gaze was still fastened on the sky a single star started from its orbit and sank with increasing momentum into the silence beyond the horizon; then, there went another, and another. The prophecy was fulfilled.

"God help us!" Thomas groaned, and he could say no more, so depressing and fearful were the boding and depressing woods through which the road ran. He must hurry; he must comfort his family! The long whip writhed about his head as he urged his mules to their utmost speed.

A few minutes later a very exhausted team stopped in front of the log house, inside of which Mandy was singing cheerfully as she stepped back and forth to the whir of her spinning wheel. Little Tommy sat crowing to himself and stared vacantly into a hard-wood fire which crackled and leapt in an open fire place of great size. Tommy was a cripple. Pain had drawn and disfigured his face, leaving a pathetic expression, half stupid, half resigned and patient. The flashing light of the fire made a pretty picture in this room. It exposed a sort of cheerful contentment which bordered on happiness. How fleeting are these glimpses of happiness and contentment! The good woman's pleasant musings were suddenly and unceremoniously interupted; through the doorway dashed a pale-faced excited man, and in this disordered apparition she thought she recognized her bold, stout husband. Yes, there were the pants and the coat she herself had woven on her grandmother's loom and cut and put together; and the red and white striped socks she knitted last winter showed beneath the shrunken pants legs.

Further identification was interrupted by the actions of the new comer, who advanced to the center of the room and with a heart-rending cry dropped upon his knees, his long arms gesticulating wildly above his head. Mandy's amazement was soon merged in alarm. Of course he had come home this way more than once before, but then on such occasions a tightly grasped jug afforded ample explanation of any strangeness of conduct he might display. "Perhaps," she thought to herself, "he broke it out there som'ers." So she ran to the door to see if she could find the pieces. Failing in this,

the thought occured to her that he would certainly hang on to the handle in any emergency. A moment and she had seized his arm and looked for the broken jug-handle in his hand. No, it was not to be seen and Thomas' conduct remained for the moment inexorable. Now, in such an extremity no woman could be expected to exhibit much calmness. It was too much for Mandy. Thoroughly frightened, she threw herself in loving dependence upon his manly bosom, where she seemed to find immediate consolation. From the point of view of Thomas' needs, also, it was the best thing she could have done, for whether it was because of the impact resulting from her impulsive act Thomas' wandering senses returned, or whether it was through the near presence his wife gave him, at any rate, Thomas so far came to himself as to attempt an explanation.

"Hit's come, Mandy, hit's come! you jist 's well listen for the horn! The moon's done turned to blood and stars is shootin' round like fireflies. Devil'll git us afore daylight—beat that air storeman five cents on the calicer—and varily the sins of the parent visits ten generations! My Job little Tommy! Jist 's well be listnin', Mandy! Uncle Lige orter be heah—Harriet git out o' thar an' git Uncle Lige! You orter a had your ile and your lamp in readiness fer you know not when the bridegroom cometh!

Mandy's sister Harriet thus invoked lost no time dressing but hastened quickly from her sleeping corner, crying out, "Has Cal had a fight? is my sweetheart killed?" —her wedding was set for next week. At first she was very much wrought up, but when she found her fears in Cal Smith's quarter were groundless, she set about in a

practical matter of fact sort of way to find and if possible remove the cause of her relative's seeming insanity.

Neither was little Tommy frightened out of his customary legarthy. He merely showed a slight surprise on his dull face, not even thinking to leave off chewing his dirty but satisfying thumb.

"Tommy, honey, did you know you's goin' to heaven and see little sister?" sobbed Mandy, after her husband became quieter. She wished to die trustingly in his arms, but was finding it very difficult.

"Oh, shet up, Mandy!" said the impatient Thomas. "We're all mis'able sinners. It's turned to blood, woman! Didn't I tell you run over and get Uncle Lige, Harriet? Go for Uncle Lige!"

Harriet went for Uncle Lige, and Thomas howled and groaned and prayed in turn or altogether. The cripple contributed his part to the scene by stretching out his small arms and insisting that he saw his little dead sister, and she was dressed in white and surrounded by angels who played harps and accordeons.

There was little evidence of returning order until Uncle Lige arrived. He was a white haired reverend old man. On his face were traces of emotion, for he too realized that this was a crucial moment; but he remained peaceful and confident.

"Let us pray to the Good Lord that giveth and taketh away."

Instantly there was quiet. The prayer was long and tearful and the worshipers became gradually calmer. Good old Uncle Lige represented to the Lord how inconvenient it would be for all concerned that the end come at that time. He told how sinful, how unprepared they

all were, and how if another chance were given them they would never sin again, and he ceased with a faithful plea for mercy.

What can terrify the imagination of the matter-of-fact. Harriet was nothing impressed. During the whole long period of prayer she kept wondering if the almanac could not throw some light on the frightful "scripter" about the world's coming to an end whenever the moon shall turn to blood, but she feared to blaspheme. However, woman's insatiate curiosity overcame all hesitation. The almanac was produced from its shrine at one side of the fireplace, and, after much searching, revealed the fact that on this particular night the moon would be in eclipse. This startling news she triumphantly reported to the incredulous group.

Just to show her how worldly and sinful she was, Thomas opened the door to view again the awful wonder in the sky. Not seeing the moon, he walked tremblingly around the house.

In a short time he looked into the room to say that he "reckoned them mules 'ud better be put up 'nd fed, fer they have to work like Sam Hill termorrer."

The old man raised his eyes piously, "'Ask and ye shall receive,'" he said. "Let us pray."

A POINT OF VIEW *

S. S. Robins, '04.

THERE ARE SOME advantages in spending one's college life at more than one institution. The man who leaves one institution like our own University, after a four year's course there, to spend a year at some one of the most national and cosmopolitan of our universities, will find his own undergraduate life thrown into much closer perspective by what he sees and by what he hears through contact with men from all over the country. He is amused to discover the universality of a great many customs which he had thought that the world would have to learn from his own college. He is surprised to hear some student prank related as having happened at a Vermont college when he knows that it really happened in the old South Building at Chapel Hill. But he gets accustomed to this sort of thing. On the other hand, he discovers that a great many things which he thought belonged to college life in general are really only local excrescences. When the things in question are objectionable this discovery is a peculiarly pleasant and agreable one.

If the experience of this sort of man is always what mine have been, when he sits down to compare his new academic mother with the old one he does not, by any means, always find the comparison favorable to the new one. There will probably be a great many things which he thinks were done rather better where he came from.

*Sometime ago the editor asked Mr. Robins, now of Harvard University, for an article treating some phase of our college life. This contribution strikes the right note as to the question it discusses.—Ed.

He sees, perhaps, a weak little knot of men gathered informally on a few chairs in the corner of a small room, calling itself the "University Debating Club." Perhaps he goes over some night to hear the debate and finds a half-dozen men gathered over a bag of pretzels and is told that the debate is postponed because of default on the part of the leaders. Of course the fact that the Yale game, perhaps, came off a week before may be offered as an excuse for such an experience, if he should happen to meet with it. Or he may see men wearing themselves out mentally and physically to achieve honors; or to add a *cum laude* to their diplomas, and may perhaps fancy that he sees them too much encouraged to do so by faculty and public opinion. To risk another illustration, he may find a custom among students of specializing in French, or Geology, or Philosophy, or English, possibly even during their first year in college, and this may raise a question in his mind, even if the matter is one for debate.

But laying aside all these questionable points in the more cosmopolitan college life which he now sees around him, there is one powerful fact which cannot escape him; this is the fact that student life is on the whole much better *organized* throughout all its various phases. When I say student life, I mean all those various interests which are in the hands of students and their relations to one another. What do I mean then when I say that student life is better organized? I mean that there has been further advancement in the application of the one possible principle that can give unity and harmony to life on a college campus. There is but one principle that can form the basis for a real organization of all its various interests and aspects to which I refer. That is the principle

of having every thing which is of importance to the college, classes, or societies, done by the man who is best fitted to do it. When such a principle is carried out, to earn a place is, of course, to be the best man for it. But the principle may be assumed to be not under dispute in its general statement, The point here is that it is in a wider application of the principle that the man, whose point of view we have chosen, thinks that he sees in his new surroundings some advances over the situation he has left.

In athletics and debating, to be sure, the situation is much the same from the present point of view, that is to say, the question of who is to represent the college in these fields is settled by the same sort of competition. In the management of the college literary organ he finds a further application of the best of merit, which is, perhaps, not possible where there is less strenuous competition for literary honors. He finds the editors, in each case, chosen by competition for some particular sort of merit, such as excellence in drawing, story-writing, humor, critical ability, or something of the sort. Social organizations he will find occupying a much less important, or less public place than he expected. He may live on the campus a whole year without seeing a single fraternity pin; and when he does see one it is likely to be on the coat of a Freshman or a recent importation. The only clubs which cut any figure before the public he finds to be of the sort that found their membership upon a standard of some sort of achievement on the campus. Of course, like the chapter fraternities, there will be a number of clubs representing some state or section, furnishing a delightful sort of comradrie, and here the principle

of merit is not strictly applied, since the Southern clubs find it necessary to have at least a *silent* "grandfathers clause" in their constitutions. There has heretofore been no occasion to test the clause in the courts, however. But our friend finds the most noticeable matter of comparison to be that of class organization, and commencement appointments and things of this sort—college politics, in other words. It is just here that he will say, perhaps, that his alma mater is most behind. The point is that party spirit of any sort has but little to do with the thing. It is refreshing to see men uniformly judged upon personal estimation of them without the situation being complicated by the introduction of factions that stand for no real cleavages in character or attainments. It is on this point most especially that our friend wants to stop and moralize, if he can get anybody to listen to him.

Of course these advances in general, if such they are admitted to be, will not be so much to the credit of the particular institution as to the credit of the principle of evolution. The competition which comes from numbers has aided very largely in retarding the application of merit to be the test of all things. With reference to the last instance that I mentioned the very limited acquaintance of each man, his isolation in his class-room work, and the fact that classes rarely or never meet as a body, has made it impossible to divide the classes into political parties and thus to start an artificial way of disposing of offices and honors, College life has become too cosmopolitan for any artificial way of separating men by a test which is logically no more of a test than the color of their hair, and bringing them up on two sides of a mark, or on

three sides of a triangle, to fight one another. College politics does not offer any real principle of division into parties, and evolution is sure to dispose of any wooden one which is set up.

But talk about what evolution will do for us is useful only for purposes of enlargement. Evolution among human beings—social and political evolution—gets in its best licks in making people understand their needs and putting them to work. In college politics it will come about best by students' coming to understand one another and by each man's adopting a point of view that is broad enough for the other fellow too. Leaving the point of view of an on-looker in general and becoming direct, if there is anything lacking in the organization of our university life at Chapel Hill, the first thing to do is to understand what is wrong and the second is to try to understand one another. I do not at all mind asserting that there is a phase of our college life sufficiently behind to deserve special attention. I think we have as many things to be proud of as most colleges—perhaps more. But any man who has made the trip from freshman midnight shower baths to senior caps and gown at the old "Hill," if he has stopped to think about it, can lay his finger upon the folly in our political system which I have spoken of, he can see that misunderstanding and lack of confidence in the general good-faith is at the bottom of it.

The point I speak of is, to say it again, that we fail to apply the test of merit anything like so far as we might in the distribution of offices and elective honors among ourselves. To be sure a man who has the proper sort of ability can get on the staff of the Magazine or the Tar

Heel if he can make it known that he is a good man. Here the trouble is largely with the *clumsiness* which comes from having the boards selected by the societies or the Athletic Association. It is perhaps true that we will remedy this as soon as we can. We are now arranging also to institute a stricter test of efficiency in the choice of our intercollegiate and scrub debaters. If we make the plan work we will be carrying the principle as far as it will go in that direction. In the electing of our athletic officers we remember the principle pretty well sometimes, and to some extent always. There are a great many places where we apply the principle to a greater or less extent all the time. But there are a great many places also where we make very little *pretence* of giving it full application. In our elections of class officers and commencement representatives, and in a great many other places, there almost always comes in an element which ought not to be there, if we can by any means get rid of it. This element is a spirit which is purely *partizan*. We have too much caucusing and too much "log-rolling." There is no rationality whatever in apportioning offices and honors by political deals among various parties. There is something ludicrous about a system which so regards elections as carried on for partizan purposes, that it has the freshmen holding an election of class-officers when they have only been on the campus for a week or two. This is a cheapening of college honors. And yet there is this very large sphere of our college life which is cast in the clumsy and artificial mold of a partizan system.

There are a great many things about such a system which are certainly absurd, even if we regard the system

as forced upon us by our necessities. It is sheer nonsense to be electing class-officers because of their favoring or oposing a certain sort of college institution which ought to occupy a very subordinate place in college life. With whom lies the original fault that our politics are thus artifically organized is, of course, a question that we are not here called upon to discuss. That lies outside our present point of view. It is especially nonsensical, too, to urge as a reason for electing a man chief-marshal the fact that he perhaps has distinguished himself in a debate, or on a foot-ball team, and yet this is what we have to do when we are not looking over the whole college to see who can make us the most creditable chief-marshal. We can never do things well anywhere, in any field, so long as we select our agents by such clumsy tests. Our public occasions do not belong to us individually or to any class of us, and there is absolutely every reason why the best man in the college should be chosen to look after the public interest whenever the interest *is* a public one. Of course when a class comes to graduate if it can boast of but one humorist, he will probably get the "Last Will and Testament," and if it can boast of but one imaginative man, he will get the "Prophecy"—all other considerations being thrown to the winds. But why do we stop short in the application of our principle when its necessity strikes us thus vividly? The necessity is no less real in other places, if it is less vivid.

Someone may think that I am doing the situation some injustice here, but while I am somewhat afraid of this myself, I think everybody must admit that for some reason we are called upon to do too much caucusing and that we ought to make a wider application of the princi-

ple of merit than we do in many directions. And it will be generally admitted that in these places where we make no conscientious attempt to apply it without limitations, the difficulty lies partly in purely partizan feeling, which is always a bad thing, and partly in the fact that we distrust one another. The partizan feeling, too, is largely based on the distrust. We would probably be willing to lay down a law for all future time that no tickets should be slated and that all honors should go by a free and spontaneous expression of judgment—we would be willing to lay down such a law and to abide by it, if we could only be sure that the other party would not take advantage of us. Each man feels that he must use his power of helping himself in order to keep it.

No one appreciates the force of this difficulty more than I do, and yet I am so bold as to say that the ideal is still not an impossible one. It will always be possible to assert that we are doing right to get all the offices that we can for ourselves and our friends because the other parties would do the same if they had the chance. So long as we are thus divided, we can always disagree as to who would do it again if he had the chance. On this sort of basis we can never get together. But how far is it necessary to carry this shifting of responsibility. So long as we have organizations entering into college politics I am very far from saying that there ought not to be organized opposition. But if the party which is on top can be generous and broad-minded it will be helping to a real solution of the situation. The establishment of a present good-feeling is more important than our fears for the future. It is through such an establishment that evolution must come. And responsibility for

such an establishment, moreover, must rest largely upon the dominant party. If someone should ask, then, how we can do something more than we are doing for the establishment of general good-feeling, of class feeling as opposed to party feeling, I should suggest for trial the omission of some of the caucusing among our upper classes. If we seriously mean a great deal that we have been saying of late then this is the logical thing.

There is no good reason why a man should be controlled by his feelings rather than by his judgment in any sort of a situation. Now the principle that we have been talking about is one that everybody agrees to when it is asserted. Nearly everybody asserts it occasionally. It is a very trite saying that merit should decide all contests. But campus politics offers too much opportunity for appeal to feeling. It has not been long since a very important measure which involved the future of our debating system was well-nigh defeated of a rational hearing in one of our societies because a large contingent of the society had become imbued with the idea that certain men were trying "to run things" in regard to this measure. And yet we were discussing a question which involved the future of our debating system, a question of all others to be settled on its own merits. In this particular case, doubtless the men in question had gone at the thing awkwardly and thoughtlessly, and were largely to blame for the ill-feeling displayed towards them and, incidentally, the measure they happened to be introducing; but this does not change the fact that we sometimes forget our rationality and let our prejudices run away with us. As it is with measures, so it is with offices. Of course the feeling is a human one, but the

college man ought to be able to rise above it if anyone can.

It seems that just at present a particularly high wave of what is known as "independentism" has rolled over the field of political life in some of our larger municipalities and in some of our states. This outburst is an assertion of the primacy of reason where public questions are to be settled and offices are to be filled. And wherever we have artificial parties in our miniature college life, there too we need a strong lesson of independentism. We cannot afford to be living on a platform that is not big enough for the whole college, and the only platform that is big enough is that of success to the best man and the best measure, happen what may to me and my friends. Let our parties be no more than safe-guards—if we must have parties. And I am convinced that the adoption of the platform will sooner or later remove parties out of our politics. Parties on the campus originate in the "grab" spirit, and the "grab" spirit is the only thing that can furnish them with sustenance. The principle of advancement for merit is the principle for the organization of college life in every sphere, and if we apply this principle consistently, college life is obliged to organize itself logically after awhile. That we apply the principle as well as we do in so many directions is all the more reason for applying it universally. Wherever there is an evil or a weak point in our campus life, that evil or that weak point can be shown to result from a failure of the college as a whole to apply this principle of organization; and the future attitude of the college as a whole, to say it again, rests very largely with those who control its politics now.

OVER THE WAY.

'06.

I sit here and she sits there,
Every day—
She is young and wond'rous fair!
Over the way.

Is she gentle and fair and wise,
Grave or gay?
Looks are only vague replies,
Over the way.

A long while she at the window sits,
Every day—
Rain or fair the same smile flits,
Over the way.

She has a pair of fair blue eyes:
See them play!
At times, I think, that their gaze lies
Over the way.

Is she offended at my looks
When they stray,
From my work, from my books,
Over the way?

A NEW ROLE FOR BILLY.

Q. S. Mills.

SAMMY hung listlessly upon the front fence and gazed down the shady street, a doleful expression upon his sunburned face. His broad-brimmed straw hat was pulled low, but not low enough to conceal a redness around his eyes and a pucker about his mouth that betrayed the recent shedding of tears. However, Sammy was a big boy, nearly fourteen years old, and he would have resented the charge of crying as an insult. Nevertheless he had cause to weep, if ever a boy had, for on that very morning his old dog Joe, the faithful companion of his childhood, as far back as he could remember, had died, a victim to the infirmities of old age. Therefore Sammy was sad, and the lump in his throat only grew larger as he listened to the voices of his companions who were playing "circus" in a neighboring yard.

Just as this lump seemed about to burst, an object far down the street caught Sammy's attention. It was a white animal that was slowly advancing up the street under the guidance of a countryman. Sammy wriggled his toes more firmly between the palings and leaned forward to get a better view. A distant bleating fell upon his ears. An instant later and Joe was forgotten; Sammy's heart leaped with excitement as he stretched forward to gaze at the most wonderful billy-goat he had ever seen. This goat was covered with fine, silky hair, pure white in color and nearly six inches in length, and his head was crowned by a pair of twisted horns that were at least a foot long. From his chin there fell a hoary beard that almost brushed the ground, and switched back and forth as he walked. He was indeed a

patriarch among goats. Sammy gazed upon him in silent and open-mouthed adoration. Just opposite him the goat paused and, looking upon him from the pinkest of eyes, opened his mouth in a bleat that finished the captivation of Sammy. That young man leaped the fence in a moment and was soon overwhelming the countryman with questions. Of course the goat's name was Billy and he belonged to the liveryman. But the countryman could not be prevailed upon to discontinue his journey, so Sammy returned to his post on the fence to watch his new object of worship out of sight. As soon as it passed out of view he dropped from the fence and walked slowly into the house. His mind was made up; Billy should be his very own.

Sammy carried his point—he usually did. His father was a traveling man and was away frome home—which just suited Sammy exactly, for he knew from experience that it was far easier to prevail upon his mother. Indeed when he broached the matter to her that evening he found her more easy to win than he had dared hope. The very next day Billy arrived and was taken in state to his new residence in the corner of the cow stable. All the small boys of the neighborhood were assembled to do him homage, and many were the envious glances cast upon him by Sammy's playfellows. When the man who had escorted Billy from the livery stable took his departure with the final admonition to "lick him if he got rowdy," Sammy drew himself to his full height and felt his importance.

Things were not destined to run smoothly though; that very day he received a rude shock. While giving Billy his evening meal he was so careless as to

leave him untied in the stable. Then, unsuspicious of impending danger, he turned toward a bag of feed near the door and stooped to open it. An instant later he rose into the air, impelled by an irresistble force from behind, shot through the door and landed with a resounding thud on the hard ground without. Somewhat dazed by his unexpected aerial trip he sat up and rubbed himself. The sight of Billy's snowy beard waving defiance in the stable door roused his wrath. He stared at it a moment without moving, then picked himself up carefully, looked around to make sure that none of his friends had viewed his mishap, seized a buggy spoke that lay nearby, and made for Billy's stable. He disappeared therein, and immediately there echoed forth the confused sound of blows, excited bleats, and the voice of an angry small boy raised in accusation. Some moments later the noise subsided and Sammy emerged breathless, stick in hand. He had "licked him", and Billy had learned who was master.

The next morning came another source of envy to Sammy's friends—a shiny red wagon with shafts and a set of harness just Billy's size. Amid great excitement Billy was harnessed up, and Sammy's friends vied with each other for the honor of riding around the block with him. So the morning passed, with now and then a fight between those small boys who felt that they did not ride as often as was their due and their more fortunate fellows. In the afternoon Sammy, being somewhat sated with riding, bethought him of his little sisters. How often does chivalry appear in grown-up boys, as in Sammy, a secondary matter. His sisters were summoned from the back steps, from which vantage ground

they had been watching the revels with eager eyes, and were stowed in the wagon. Then, under Sammy's supervision, they rode round the back yard giving full vent to their joy.

But they were not long to be satisfied with the back yard. They, too, desired to ride around the block, and Sammy, in an evil moment, consented. Once outside the gate he was guilty of a still greater indiscretion. He entrusted the lines to the larger of his little sisters. Now, Billy was a wise old goat. So long as Sammy's strong hand had gripped the lines he had behaved himself like a model steed, but as soon as he felt the hold upon them loosen and knew that Sammy had dropped behind, his spirits rose in goatish anticipation. He lowered his head, emitted an exultant "Ba-a!" and charged down the street. With a yell Sammy jumped for the wagon, but he was too late. Down the sidewalk Billy raced, uttering resounding "Ba-as" which mingled with the rattling of the wagon and the screams of the little girls. He turned the corner with the wagon standing on two wheels and increased his pace.

Directly in front of him was old Aunt Jennie, the colored washer-woman of the family, coming up the sidewalk with the week's washing, tied up in an immense bundle, on her head. Her deafness prevented her hearing the approach of Billy, and when he bore around the corner upon her, hardly ten feet away, she first became aware of his presence. Uttering a scream that brought all the people in the neighborhood to their doors, Aunt Jennie rose into the air. She flung her bundle into the gutter and, luckily for her, landed on top of it. Then she rolled off upon her knees at the farther side and stared in terror across

it at her assailant. With a hoarse "Ba-a", that might have been interpreted as a Satanic imitation of a laugh, Billy continued on his way. About half way down the block and going in the same direction were two young people engaged in an earnest conversation. One was Bessie, Sammy's big sister, and the other was Fred Cox, a young man who lived next door and was very much interested in her. Fred was a star football player at college and was a general favorite among the girls. However, with this especial girl he had his troubles. Bessie was just seventeen, was very pretty and very bewitching—and very hard-hearted, Fred thought. Yes, we must admit that she was just the least bit of a flirt—but who could blame her for that? For what other use such dancing brown eyes and tantalizing lips? And then, in her heart of hearts, Fred was—but you understand. So these young people were so much engrossed in each other this morning that Billy was close upon them ere the clamor of his progress smote upon their ears. Bessie grasped the situation at a glance when she turned to view Billy descending upon them.

"Oh, the children! the children!" she cried. "They will be killed!"

Fred also understood. He saw that his time to play the hero had come. He drew a deep breath, made a long dive, and the sidewalk was blocked by an indiscriminate mass of young collegian, frightened children, red wagon, and white billy-goat. It was a hard tackle, but Fred was equal to it. Luckily the children were not hurt. They landed on top of Fred and escaped. Nevertheless their wailing was sufficient to have been called forth by mortal injuries. Bessie hastened to set them on their feet and

feel for broken bones, while Fred slowly extricated himself from the entanglement of harness, wagon and goat. As he finished Sammy came up, much frightened and out of breath, and took charge of the wreck of his turnout. Fred turned to Bessie and, to his astonishment, found her with fiery cheeks and flashing eyes.

"It's a wonder you didn't kill them!" she blazed forth, "stopping that goat in any such a way! I thought you had some sense, Fred Cox!"

And she turned, the worst frightened child in her arms, and started homeward, her head high. Fred gazed after her a moment, speechless, then shook his head hopelessly and looked down at his dishevelled toilet. His trousers bore a rent in each knee, his coatsleeve was ripped at the elbow, his collar was almost torn off, and his new straw hat lay battered into an unrecognizable mass at his feet.

"And maybe I mightn't have got my neck broke!" he ejaculated almost wrathfully as he turned disconsolately homeward.

Both Sammy and Billy met with a warm reception at home, and Billy remained in his stable for several days thereafter. About a week later Sammy was at work on the back porch mending his harness; Billy was browsing in the back yard, with an eye open for business, as usual. Sammy had become absorbed in his work when he was suddenly aroused by a yell. He leaped down the steps and dashed around the corner of the house. Before the kitchen door he found Billy and a colored grocery porter executing a war dance. Billy stood erect upon his hind legs, brandishing his head, and giving forth angry "Ba-as". Before him the porter, waving the shat-

tered remains of a market-basket in his hand, danced in terror. As Sammy looked, Billy launched himself forward and the porter fled precipitately toward the fence. He did not pause to open the gate; he jumped the fence, and Billy assisted him nobly. As he left the ground Billy struck him, and with the added momentum he cleared the fence and landed in the ditch beyond. There he rose upon his hands and knees, glared through the palings at Billy, who was still rampant on the other side, and called down enough imprecations upon him to have shrivelled him away, had imprecations been sufficient. It seemed, Sammy found, that the porter had been leaning against the doorpost talking to the cook, a basket laden with eggs and a package of meal upon his back, when Billy had attacked him basely from the rear. The eggs were shattered, the meal sack broken, and the resulting mixture had been plastered upon the porter's coat. Of course Billy went back to the stable.

However, he could not be kept there always. At times he was given the freedom of the back yard and at such times that territory was given a wide berth by the feminine portion of the household. Billy had learned that the women were afraid of him, and the flutter of a skirt in his domain was the signal for an immediate attack. Nor could Sammy go about him with impunity. He had to keep a watchful eye or Billy would have him unawares. At this time, too, Billy did sundry things to ingratiate himself with the household. He broke into the garden and demolished the vegetables; he made his way into the front yard and ate up Bessie's choicest pansies, and then, perceiving the lace curtains hanging from the parlor windows, he made a bountiful repast upon them;

he managed to get hold of the best tablecloth, which was hanging out to air, and made a luncheon on it; he took a violent antipathy to Bessie's cat and made its life a misery; he watched the back doors, and if one were left open unguarded he would enter the house and appropriate anything that fell in his way to satiate his appetite. Even Sammy was somewhat at outs with him and set to work to devise a punishment for his misdeeds.

One day not long after Sammy went to thinking on this subject his mother was looking out of one of the windows that opened upon the back yard.

"Bessie! Bessie! Come here quick!" she called. "Just see what these boys are doing!"

Out in the back yard Sammy and his confederates were playing a game with Billy. One of the boys would get immediately in front of a tree or other solid object and entice Billy on. Billy would come alright, but when he had launched himself the boys would dodge, and Billy would strike the tree like a battering ram. Experience seemed to make him no wiser; each fresh jolt appeared only to whet his appetite for the next. Again and again he returned to the assault, and the ladies laughed until their sides ached. As they turned away from the window they caught sight of Fred Cox passing by. Bessie's expression changed into a frown.

"I wish he'd go back to college and I'd never see him again!" she exclaimed before she thought.

Her mother turned toward her. "Why, Bessie, how unkind of you!" she said. "You and Fred have always been good friends."

"Oh, he is so dull!" she returned with a toss of her head, as she disappeared into the next room.

The truth of the matter was that she had not seen Fred since her unkind and unjust treatment of him on the memorable day of the runaway. At this she was somewhat piqued. Besides, Fred did not understand girls. But that was not his fault; he had no sisters and had grown up away from girls. However, Bessie did not take this into consideration; she only thought that on several occasions he had been exceedingly "dull", as she put it.

Her mind was occupied with such thoughts when a mighty crash resounded from the cellar. Both she and her mother screamed involuntarily, then hastened down the stairs. In the store-room a scene of destruction met their eyes. The rear of the house stood high off the ground, and the space between two of the pillars supporting it had been closed in by a light partition to form a store-room. This partition was shelved, and on these shelves was kept all of the heavy crockery of the household—or rather it was usually kept there, for now the contents of the shelves lay in a shattered heap upon the floor. One of the boys had made the fatal mistake of supposing the wall to be solid—and Billy had had his revenge.

Some days after this catastrophe Sammy's mother gave an afternoon reception to her friends. Great were the preparations, and quite a large number of ladies were invited. Naturally there was some excitement—the nature of the gathering rendered that necessary—and a back door was left open. Billy was on hand—of course. He ascended the steps, entered the door and, attracted by the noise, made his way toward the parlor, picking up a handkerchief or so as he went. In the hall his eye

fell on the elaborately embroidered table cover on the hall table. The design pleased him, so he took possession of it and proceeded to the parlor door. There he stopped and surveyed the assembled throng. At first his presence was not noticed; then silence fell as the ladies, one by one, became aware of his arrival. Finally dead silence reigned; Billy advanced slowly to the center of the room. There he viewed the ladies, each in turn, with the greatest interest. Sammy's mother recognized the remains of her pet table-cover depending from Billy's lips. Sammy was not at home—of course. And Billy continued to look. The sight of so many of these skirt-wearing mortals so awed by his presence seemed to fill him with devilish delight. At length one of the more nervous ladies could stand it no longer.

"Shoo!" she cried in a shrill voice.

In response Billy rose up on his hind legs and brandished his head in her direction, with a loud "Ba-a". Immediately the air was filled with shrieks, and the ladies broke pell-mell for the door. Billy stood perfectly still and watched the flight. In a very few seconds he was in sole possession of the room. Then he turned to give it a minute examination. Suddenly his eye was caught by a form that held him transfixed. Could it be?—yes, it was, beyond doubt, another goat. Billy brandished his head; the other goat brandished his; he rose and shook his head even more fiercely, so did his adversary; he stepped back, lowered his head, uttered his war cry, shot into the air—and crashed through the great plate-glass mirror that had come down as an heirloom, the pride of Sammy's mother's heart. The crash was echoed by the screams of the

ladies, and, as Billy fell back from his blow against the wall, Sammy appeared in the doorway, stick in hand. Billy took in the situation at a glance; he turned, and without the slightest hesitation, launched himself straight through the only window whose sash happened to be down.

It is needless to say that this escapade of Billy's settled his fate. He was to be sold, and in the meantime was to be kept in close confinement. However, he was destined to play a part in yet one more act. The day after the eventful reception Bessie had occasion to visit the back yard and, as Billy was supposed to be safely incarcerated, she went without thought of danger. However, that wily gentleman had succeeded in freeing himself just about five minutes before Bessie made her appearance, and he saw her entrance into his realm without being seen, being in hiding behind the stable. The moment that she rounded the corner of the house he came from his place of concealment, proceeded to the corner and waited. Her mission over, Bessie turned to re-enter the house—and met the sardonic countenance of Billy peering around at her. She uttered a little scream; Billy advanced. Bessie retreated. He had her penned up in a quadrangle, two sides of which were blocked by fences in which there were no gates, the third by the house. He took care of the other side. Slowly Bessie retreated toward the angle where the fences met. Would no one hear her call? Would no one ever pass? At last Billy had her fairly penned. He pranced up and down before her, he pawed the ground, he uttered threatening "Ba-as", he made feints of rushing upon her. Bessie cowered in her corner, afraid to

try to climb the fence, too frightened to try to dodge. Billy was gloating. Finally he reared, shook his head, and started to descend upon her. Bessie closed her eyes and, with a despairing scream, threw her arms about her head. Just then a half of a brick came into such violent contact with Billy's skull that he had to bat his eyes several times in order to recover himself, and ere he had done so a pair of strong arms had reached over the fence, caught Bessie up, and lifted her over to safety. Weak from nervous exhaustion, she nestled close to her deliverer. A strong arm slipped around her waist. Bessie opened her eyes and looked full into those of Fred. However "dull" he may have been before, he was not so then. Without a second's hesitation he stooped and kissed her —and Bessie only nestled closer.

At that very moment, though, a loud laugh rang out. Mrs. Donald, who lived just across the street, had witnessed the rescue from her upstairs window. Bessie gave a little cry and fled into the house, her face crimson. Fred turned to the fence and surveyed Billy long and thoughtfully.

"You derned old pink-eyed, gray-bearded reprobate!" he ejaculated finally. "Who ever would have thought that you'd end up by being Cupid?" He started to depart, then paused and again gazed fixedly at Billy. "Well," he concluded, "there 've been heroes and heroes, but who ever heard of a knight errant winning his lady's love by rescuing her from a bloodthirsty billy-goat!"

THE REAL COWBOY.

Drury Phillips.

THE COWBOY, the real cowboy, is not at all as the people in general conceive him. The current opinion, as observed by the writer, is that the cowboy is a reckless daredevil, a kind of centaur, with a big gun on either hip and ready to shoot at the wink of an eyelid. As a matter of fact, he is generally a cautious, rather a slow going individual, none too fond of the saddle and still less fond of a fight. This misconception is evidently due to the fact that while the cowboy has changed in the past two decades, people's opinions of him have not.

The world still attributes to the cowboy of today his characteristics of twenty years ago. Two decades ago, he was generally a daredevil, always ready to shoot, nearly always hunting trouble—and always finding it. In those rather strenuous times he was usually suspicious toward strangers, and was always actively resentful to any inquiry about his past. With the modern cowboy, however, all this is changed. His employer discourages reckless riding, the police discourage reckless shooting. He has to behave himself to remain a cowboy, at least, a live cowboy. If opinions did but change with changing conditions, the cowboy would cease to be attributed with the characteristics of his predecessors.

These characteristics have been changed very materially by two of the greatest civilizing forces—the railroads and the frontier police.

Of those two forces, the railroad is by far the more important. To the cowboy, the railroad is the emblem of an encroaching civilization. It typifies the power of an organized and law-abiding community, and easily

impresses the generally nomadic cowboy with its apparently resistless power. When the railroad invades his chosen domain, the vast plains of the middle west, with its great network of tracks, his occupation is cut in half. More than one half the men on the great ranches of twenty years ago were always employed either in taking cattle to the railroad, or in returning from such trips. Now that the railroads penetrate into the farthest reaches of the great cattle raising regions, the number of men is necessarily decreased, cowboys being needed only for the home work.

Then, too, the railroad brought in great numbers of settlers who would not stand for the wild freedom and wilder license of the unrestrained cowpuncher. When he was too boisterous, he was removed in a more or less gentle manner, but always effectively. Only when the mass of inhabitants are his social equals can the cowboy reign supreme in his kingdom without either law or order. Such social equals were not brought in by the railroads, but a class far superior to him.

Next to the railroads, and a direct result of them, the frontier police improved the condition of the cowboy. Such men as the Texas Rangers, the Utah Vigilants, the Dakota Committees of Safety, were just a little apt to impress upon the over-exuberant cowboy that a due respect for the life and property of others was necessary for the preservation of his own. The festive cowboy could no longer "shoot up the town" at least with impunity. Numbers tried, and some few succeeded, but more failed. It soon came to be considered a duty to shoot a "loose" cowboy, and the said cowboy soon learned it. The frontier police brought with them organized law and author-

ity, where before might had been right, and a quick draw worth more than a dozen warrants. These men knew not fear, nor ever hesitated when ordered to go after a man. They went, and, alive if possible, dead if need be, they got their man. Naturally, the cowboy soon learned to conduct himself less like an irresponsible brigand, and more like a member of an organized civilization. He had to.

The cowboy of today, therefore, as compared with his predecessor of yesterday, has lost much in picturesqueness, but gained more in usefulness. He is not so much given to riding broncos as to riding his fence. He would much rather have a gentle horse than a bucker and is not nearly so fond of "bustin' broncos" now as he was then. His employer does not furnish him with horse, saddle, board, and thirty dollars a month for him to put in his time showing off and ruining horseflesh. He has long rides to make, on which every ounce counts, so he leaves his guns at home and with them his "bad man" appearance. He finds that his long bear-skin chapade tears too easily when going through mesquite, and that his long tasselled gauntlets interfere with his roping. Hence he wears plain leather chapaderos, and ordinary riding gloves, His great silver spurs needed too much time for cleaning, and were not nearly so useful as simpler ones, so he uses plain iron or steel. His great high-crowned sombrero is too fine for everyday wear, so he wears common black felt. Finally, he gets from twenty-five to thirty dollars a month now, whereas he got from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five two decades ago. He can not afford to cut the wide swath now he did then, Besides, he has to work to

keep even his thirty dollar job. He works now, actually works, years ago he had a sinecure, and did not have to.

Truly, then, the picturesque figure of the cowboy in his high hat, bearskin chaps, high boots and silver spurs and big gun has departed. In its place we have the commonplace one of a low, dirty hat, leather chaps, brogans, steel spurs, and a pipe where formerly he carried his mighty gun. Surely, in this change, the cowboy has lost his romance, but has gained new usefulness.

OUR CLASSMATE.

E. C. Byerly, '08.

When the autumn leaves were falling
On the hills at U. N. C.
Where the winds of old November
Swept them down from every tree,

Then in quiet midnight hours
While on beds of rest were we
There lay dying one, our classmate,
Student of the U. N. C.

Dying there while the physicians
Stood around his bed of cares,
Dying there while father, mother,
And a sister with their prayers

Prayed to God "O Father save him",
Prayed their loved one might be spared,
Mingled with his shrieks of anguish
Painful sobs of earnest prayers.

But death's angel came from heaven
In this hour of midnight gloom,
Took away our loved one's spirit
To a bright eternal home.

On the following day, 'twas Sabbath,
As the sun shone o'er the way,
Then they took away his body
To his home and to its grave.

He is gone but we remember,
And we will while life shall last,

That dear face, that noble courage
Of this member of our class.

Friends and classmates, in life's duties
Let us strive to do our best,
And when death's stream we cross over
Meet him in eternal rest.

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

[Entered in Post-Office, Chapel Hill, N. C., as second class matter]

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EDITORIAL

It is the hope of the board of editors to make THE MAGAZINE more representative of the alumni than it has recently been. In each issue we hope to have at least one article by an alumnus. The present number we at one time intended to make exclusively an alumni number. Instead of this, however, we have followed our former policy of giving our pages to both alumnus and student.

But in this issue we print an interesting article by the oldest alumnus of the University, and the oldest active editor in the United States, Col. R. B. Creecy, of the

class of 1835. On the nineteenth day of December last he celebrated his ninety-second birthday. Strong, hale, and with a heart of youth, he spoke at a banquet given in his honor by the citizens of Elizabeth City. Many another birthday, and other years of usefulness to his state, are wished him by the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and by students and alumni everywhere.

Another alumni article for this month is "A Point of View." The writer while in college here only a few years ago was one interested and active in college affairs. For two years he has been pursuing graduate study in Philosophy at Harvard. The editor asked him, therefore, to contribute an article to THE MAGAZINE on some topic concerned with life in Chapel Hill, as it has been brought out by comparison with that at the largest university of the country. The subject chosen by him, and his direct manner of dealing with it, will no doubt hold the interest. The truths presented, moreover, demand thoughtful consideration.

After the baseball season is over the athletic field will be enlarged, graded and practically rebuilt at considerable expense. With these changes the field will be worthy the dignity of a name, so thinks the Advisory Committee. But the question that troubles is: What shall the name be? This question, it is decided, will be left open to suggestions by the public, especially by students and alumni. Therefore the University publications have been requested to announce this and to ask for suggestions of a suitable name for the field. THE MAGAZINE will be glad to hand to the committee any that are sent it.

As each year the Christmas season comes round, and we hear in our homes or from the pulpit the beautiful story of the nativity, perhaps every one asks whether this day is really the celebration of the event of which it is the anniversary. Is it celebrated in the way He would wish, is it a really Christian celebration, or is it a mere day of noise and hilarity? Early in the morning the tin horn, the cow bell and the fire cracker arouse you from your sleep, telling of the small boy already on the street. Are they thinking of the morning when the shepherds heard the heavenly music? You arise and go to meet the other members of the family, busy with the preparations for the day. All is hurry and confusion as a number of presents are sorted and arranged. When this is done you go out on the street to chat with your friends or to join in the play of the boys—for you are something of a boy then yourself. So you spend the day, perhaps without thought of what the day is. Is this the right way to spend Christmas?

But what have been the thoughts and the feelings of people? Has not every one been cheerful, has not a pleasure come from the giving, does not the roast turkey at dinner make you feel well toward the world? Has not the small boy played with his fellows with a better comradeship? Has not every one smiled oftener, and said more kind words than on any other day? Yes, every one has caught the Christmas spirit; and the world is living "On earth peace, good will toward men." And this means "Glory to God in the highest."

* * *

Colleges are little communities with a life of their own. Like a town they grow, and this life changes

with the growth. In the small town every person knows everyone else and all his family history. One or two churches have a membership embracing the whole population; and a revival at one fills with religious fervor the whole town. But as the small town grows into the city, interests become varied, and people know not of those on another street. A social fete is attended by a few of "the set" and is not known of by others, unless they happen to look in an obscure corner of the next morning's paper. But the old villagers continue long to gossip about things that were once public property.

The college community, too, in its growth, undergoes a similar change. A few years ago it was thought a disgrace if each meeting of the two or three clubs then existing was not attended by at least half of the students. At public services in the chapel every one must be present. A committee meeting was a rare event, mentioned only in hushed whispers. For the Shakespeare Club and the Historical Society, venerable institutions, hoary with years of service and glory, to conflict with each other was a thing unthinkable. But alas, the good old times have gone, and in their place has come chaos. The even tenor of their way is disturbed by the hurried tread of many feet going at once to a half dozen different club meetings and leaving the Y. M. C. A. speaker in the chapel to talk to his bare front row.

Life is a little more varied and far more strenuous. Interests are divided, and the things once sacred we now can see no more. The Historical Society alone tells of a day that is dead. The Economics Club seeks to turn to sordid materialism the time honored meetings of the Philological Society. Only recently the study of the

masters has given place to the spasmodic vaporings of the novice, in an organization called the Odd Number Club—for no other reason than that it is the thirty-ninth. And the Holy of Holies of the Shakespearean temple has been desecrated by the fopperies of a Modern Literature Club—as if there were such a thing as modern literature. No wonder the old villagers of the glorious past shake their heads with despair, and rail at the grating commercialism and the woeful lack of culture in the present day. *Vanitas vanitatum*, where are we come?

* * *

The recent dangerous conditions prevailing in the financial world, caused by a scarcity of money, again make evident the inadequacy of our currency system to meet the demands placed upon it. Every year when imports are coming in from European countries there is more or less strain in financial and banking circles. At that time the balance of trade is against us, and gold is going out of the country to offset it. In consequence the price of money rises to a high rate, sometimes to an alarming one; and occasionally a panic is the result. At such times the only remedy is an increased amount of money. Yet a large amount of money is, at other times when the balance of trade is turned, as great a menace as is now a scarcity. In short a constant and inelastic currency fails to meet the ordinary demands of a changing commerce.

Of course gold and silver coin must always remain inelastic. It is to paper money that we must look for flexibility. Of this there are two sorts, government paper and bank notes. The former, too, is not subject

to the required elasticity. This quality has been found, by other nations, to be possessed only by bank paper. Under our present currency system even this cannot be secured. As the supply of bank money is limited by the amount of the public debt, the only way to increase it is to issue new bonds, a policy few would indorse. And even this would not suffice in times of a full money market. The truth is that our present system is quite inadequate. For it must be substituted one by which the amount of money in the country may be greater or less as the need for it varies.

There have been many plans suggested as a solution of this difficulty. Perhaps the most plausible is the General Asset System. This system allows the banks to issue notes to an amount with some determined relation to the capital stock. Permit them also to exceed this amount, by some percentage, provided they pay a tax on the excess. In this way the amount of notes will increase with the demand for money. As the demand grows less, it will likewise decrease; for the tax will then offset the low rate of interest, and the banks will withdraw their notes from circulation. In this way elasticity is secured.

But will this system be safe? This is the most natural question that could arise. We believe it would, provided certain safeguards be placed upon it. Besides the tax, the banks should be required to deposit with the government a small percentage of their issue to be used as a reserve fund to pay the notes of insolvent banks. Besides this the notes are to be given a first lien on the assets of the bank in case of failure. The small number of failures of banks without sufficient assets to pay all obliga-

tions makes it sure that this will be sufficient. Careful governmental inspection will be a further insurance. The soundness of the system, then, will depend on the solvency of the banks, and this depends on the solvency of general business. Not on the business of any one community or nation, but on the business solvency of the whole country, for the system is to be a national one. And the very elasticity of the currency will make general prosperity more sure.

Here then is a system that is safe and meets the requirements of trade. Our present one does not do the latter. Continual recurrence of such conditions we have lately been witnessing must sooner or later lead to the establishment, in place of government bond currency, of the General Asset System, or at least some modification of it.

EXCURSIONISTS AND BIRDS.

The colored excursion had just pulled up at the Union station and the reporter was watching the dusky offspring of Ham alight from the coaches, when a large hand was placed heavily on his shoulder. Turning quickly, he recognized the Far Traveler, whose always beaming face, literally wrinkled with smiles on seeing some one he knew.

"Ah," thought the reporter, as he silently gave the Far Traveler the grip, "he's got something good to tell me."

"Do you notice anything out of the ordinary in this crowd of excursionists?" asked he, after a pause.

The reporter admitted that he saw nothing strange about the crowd, saying excursionists were about all alike.

"That's just the point—all alike. That big buck there and his partner used to live in Spokane. I know it."

"How do you know it? Are you acquainted with them?"

"Parbleu! No! I can tell by their actions. But, first, take note that the crowd—the great bulk of 'em—look around absently, then form in a ring before scattering over the city to see the sights. Those two fellows, on the contrary, are at home; used to live here—they just flushed when the train stopped. The whole business reminds me of birds. Ever hunt birds?"

"Now you are happily tooting—that's where I shine," responded the reporter.

"You've noticed that after the dogs set a covey, all but one or two birds huddle up before the flush, but there are always a few—maybe just a couple—that fly up from different parts of the field. Birds are like excursionists."

"But, hold! How come one or two birds know a field—in which the whole covey has ranged from birth—how come they know it better than the other birds? There's no analogy there. Your chain of logic has a weak link—which you broke yourself—"

"Hang it!" ejaculated the Far Traveler, "there goes my train!"

And he went running up the track.

JUST BOYS.

The street next to the curbing was a small brooklet the other morning, and three little boys were paddling in the water. They were evidently enjoying themselves, too. Bareheaded, barefooted and coatless, laughing and shouting, they presented a grand picture of Young America. One of the tots had a section of a hollow iron pipe, with which he was doing something of importance. He wanted to see, he told his comrades, if it would "shoot water." So they all gathered close around, with six little eyes intently bent on the experiment. Their heads were lowered. He with the pipe lifted it aloft. It dropped. There was a splash, and three little boys, much wiser, and with their faces and eyes bespattered with dirty water, scampered off in search of their mamas.

Moral: Ought to have been in the house? No; that is not it. They ought to have been paddling in the muddy water just where they were, and it was fitting that they "discover" something. That incident is part of their education—it is the experience, and experience is what counts in this world.

THE WHISTLE OF A QUAIL.

Those who were on the streets must have heard the merry notes of "old Bob White" and the answer of his mate. For a short while the air was not only resonant with these sounds, but also with the musical trilling of the mocking bird, the stacatto call of whip-poor-will and other birds. On the shady side of the square lolling boys and men caught up the sounds and echoed them.

Thus the air was pregnant with sounds—not a sweet sound always, because many of the echoes were enough to send the little feathered creatures far into the "marge of river wide," or even into the deep, dark woods, the home of the crawling serpent. Nor would the gentle reader blame them. But the first-named notes—those of the quail and mocking bird were natural. A thoroughbred setter heard them and began sniffing the air in quest of game. Business men slowed their steps and listened.

Guided by his faithful spaniel, a blind man walked the streets, trilling as he went these familiar notes. The man himself was not particularly remarkable—for the blind we have always with us—but his manner of entertaining and his intelligent dog were. As many

people stopped to watch the welltrained dog as did to listen to the music. This spaniel walked with a slow, stately tread and assumed a solemn mien at all times. It minded its own business. It led its master from one street to another with as much care and safety as could a human being have done. The little creature acted like a noble fellow.

The blind man's merry notes, the imitations from various parts of the square, the faithfulness and intelligence of the little spaniel—all these were reason why the busy man should stay his steps and be interested in an interlude of a hustling city.

EXCHANGES

The Harvard Monthly always comes promptly and is always excellent. That it occupies the highest place of any college magazine in point of excellence of undergraduate literature few will deny. It is a magazie that cleverly combines excellence of undergraduate literature with college news. Every issue contains some well got up contribution on some subject pertaining to the life of Harvard. *The Harvard Monthly* for December has a contribution of this kind. The piece in entitled "University and College Life." It shows thought and is written with much care.

The December issue also contains much fiction and poetry that is very good. "The Shore" is no doubt as good as any poem that has appeared in a college magazine this year. The poem has a charm and a musical quality about about it that can not be described. Read it! "Dropped Seniors" is an excellent piece of fiction. It expresses no "sham sentiment" and nothing that is untrue to life. The author tells his story in a simple way. His style is clear and easy. One thing the Monthly lacks. There are not enough departments. Indeed many of its contemporaries would be delighted to see *The Harvard Monthly* add an Exchange Department and a Literary Department.

The Emory Phoenix, unlike *The Harvard Monthly*, has plenty of well attended departments. But it is a pleasure to know that *The Emory Phoenix* is not made up of departments. The November issue contains a number

of good stories and a plenty of poetry. "The Heart of Daisy" tells the story of a girl who married one of her two beaux, because the other would not make his love known. And the girl married a preacher. Of course he would talk love. "The Heart of Daisy" is told in a simple way that makes the story more interesting.

The editor-in-chief of *The Red and Blue* has written in the November issue of this magazine a good common sense aticle on football. The article, it is true, advances very little argument that is new; but the author is warranted in his conclusion that the game as it exists today is not only a detriment, but a danger. The author speaks of the dishonesty of undergraduate managers,—a thing that must not be overlooked. Managers and faculty must unite their efforts, if they would ever reduce college sports to a clean efficiency. We look forward with interest for the second paper of the same kind that is to follow in the next issue of *The Red and Blue*.

It is with pleasure that we welcome to our table and review the *Mercerian*. We notice that the *Mercerian* contains a good Exchange Department; the Book Reviews are also very interesting. Mercer University has no doubt felt a severe loss in the death of their late president, Dr. P. D. Pollock; but it is to be congratulated upon securing for its new president such an able man as Dr. Charles Lee Smith.

The Brunonian always affords about as pleasant an hour's reading as any magazine of its size in the country, whether it is composed of undergraduate work or not.

In our humble opinion *The Brunonian* has not yet attained the high standard of excellence in undergraduate literary work,—that *The Harvard Monthly* enjoys. Every issue so far this year has had the same fault; there is a lack of serious matter.

The November issue contains its usual high grade of fiction and poetry; but there is very little of it. "The Teacher. A Sketch in One Act," could have been drawn from life. It must have been the pleasant experience of its author. Little Jennie is certainly made to do her part well. The other contributions are short and make one think of spring time when the birds are singing in the trees and hedges. In fact, the magazine as a whole suggests spring time.

It is with pleasure that we acknowledge our usual exchanges.

A WINTER NIGHT

Across the white north-country
The pine-clad mountains stand,
Black in the cold that crushes down
Upon the silent land.

Only the streaming rapids
Laugh at the frozen moon;
In turbulent, glad chorus
They shout a joyous tune.

Through music-breathing stillness
Their paean booms afar,
Where folds of wind-wrought tapestry
Trail from each rocky star.

Only on old Katahdin
The pines are chanting low

The hymn they learned from God Himself
A million years ago.

J. Broadman in The Brunonian.

Mary Ann—"I've come to tell you, mum, that the gasolene stove has gone out."
Mistress—"Well, light it again."
Mary Ann—"I can't; sure, it went out the roof."—Ex.

Teacher (in spelling recitation)—"Spell mule, Tod."
Tod—"M-l-e."
Teacher—"You left something out."
Tod—"Yes, I left you (u) out."—Ex.

"Lives of Seniors all remind us
We ought to make suggestions
And avoid the teacher's quiz
By asking lots of questions."

"Why are you out so late at night?
Your face looks drawn and thin."
"The reason (hic) that I am out
Is b'cause I am all in."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Bobby—Mamma, am I a lad?
Mother—Yes.
Bobby—And is my new papa my stepfather?
Mother—Yes.
Bobby—Then am I his step ladder?

THE DIFFERENCE.

Under the mistletoe
We watch our sweetheart go;
You kiss the miss,
I miss the kiss;
My state is envy, yours is bliss;
Yours, ecstacy; mine, woe.

—*Trinity Archive.*

AND DEPARTING LEAVE BEHIND US FOOT PRINTS.

Serve me yet a little longer, faithful shoe before you go,
Though worn yet I love you,
And my eyes from up above you
Are looking long with pitying sorrow on your faithful busted toe.

They have stitched, resoled and patched you till your strength is worn away;
And on your tops so tattered,
So shredded and so battered,
Let me shed a few departing tear-drops—we must say good-bye, today.

Still serve me till the evening, leave me not so soon in this sad plight,
Wait until the shadows fall,
Until to my cot I crawl,
Then to you my faithful friend I'll say: "Thou'st served me well—good night."

—*Chas. Ashford Potter in the Emory Phoenix.*

A SONG.

Blow him again to me,
Wind of the western sea;

All night your pinions free
Moved o'er the western sea,

Did you my sailor see,
Sailing again to me,

Pray, when your wings shall be
Crossing the western sea,

Blow him again to me,
Wind of the western sea.

—*Richard A. de la Gaurdia in the Redwood.*

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. George Randall. Born near Morgan Nov. 16, 1860. Graduated at the University in 1884. Professor in the South Carolina College, Principal of Institute in McKinney, Texas. Started the profession of a painter, principally of portraits. Studied in Paris. Died December 11th, 1905. Married Miss Goodloe, a woman of talent, who was a comfort and a blessing. Resided at Raleigh, Greensboro, and Blowing Rock. Being afflicted with pulminary consumption, he spent some time in Colorado, but was little benefited.

Mr. Randall was a man of noble qualities. He was notably without false pride. While he was in the University efforts were made to prejudice the General Assembly against this institution by calling it the rich man's college. To combat this he furnished Dr. Battle, then President, with a written statement of his effort to obtain higher education. He told how he walked nearly all the way from Burke Co. to Chapel Hill with only thirty cents in his pocket, sleeping under a tree on the way, how pleasantly he was received and generously aided; how a student freely gave him lessons in copying photographs and freehand drawing. He obtained his degree in 1884 making a marked impression by his graduating speech. The statement he made and the kindness he received had a strong influence on the General Assembly.

Mr. Randall was a man of excellent moral qualities and great pluck and industry. The necessity of support required him to paint many portraits, but his landscape and other paintings showed decided talent. While at Paris the American students agreed to have comic draw-

ings at a Thanksgiving dinner and his won the prize. It was copied in a former number of this magazine.

He bore his terrible and fatal disease with Christian resignation and wonderful cheerfulness. He was assisted by the companionship of his devoted wife. In the same spirit he bore the loss of his only child, a fine, manly, intelligent boy, about five years old.

Dr. J. A. Caldwell, of the class of 1850, died at his home in Salisbury on December 12th.

Chief Justice Walter Clark, of the class of 1868 has recently given an excellent portrait of himself to the Philanthropic Society. The society collections of portraits are steadily increasing.

Mr. D. P. Shaw, Law 1900-1902, was married on January 24th, to Miss Maie Roland, at Lumberton.

Mr. Shephard Bryan, '91, of Atlanta has recntly established in the University Law School a prize of twenty-five dollars in honor of his father, Judge Henry R. Bryan of New Bern. The prize is to be awarded annually to that student presenting the best thesis on some phase of insurance law.

Mr. A. W. Peace, ex-'07, formerly cashier in the Bank of Chapel Hill, has accepted the position of Assistant Manager of the Southern Life Insurance Company of Fayetteville, N. C.

On December 14th, 1905, Mr. Peace was married to Miss Caldwell of Leaksville, N. C.

Mr. D. C. Humphrey, ex-'07, of Goldsboro, has just returned to the Hill, and is taking Law.

Mr. R. M. Harper, '04, now in the Divinity School at

Yale University, is off on a leave of absence for one year. He is Student Secretary for the International Committee of College Y. M. C. A. in the South. His friends were glad to see him on the Hill early in this month.

Mr. Eugene P. Withers, Ph.B. 1888, Law 1890, was married to Miss Daisy Hancock of Danville, Va., on December the 6th, 1905.

Mr. Charles George Faust, Ph.B. 1888, Law 1890, is now practicing law in Dublin, Texas. The *Dublin Telegram* in an account of a Thanksgiving service last November says that the pastor of the Methodist church of the town took occasion to pay a well-deserved tribute of praise "to our versatile and gifted townsman, C. G. Faust."

Mr. I. C. Wright, '05, who studied law at the University of Chicago last summer, and here during the fall, is now associated with Maj. George E. Butler, at Clinton, N. C.

Mr. L. E. Rudisill, of the class of 1904, has returned to the Hill and is studying law. The Dialectic Society has just elected Mr. Rudisill orator for the Washington's Birthday exercises.

Mr. J. Sprunt Newton, of the class of 1904, who took law at the University and obtained his license last August is now practicing at Warsaw, N. C.

Mr. Robt. R. Reynolds, ex-'06, has left college and accepted a position on the staff of *The Asheville Citizen*.

Mr. W. T. Shore, of the class of 1905, who took law at the University last fall has left college to accept a posi-

tion as traveling salesman for the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company of Winston-Salem, N. C.

Mr. A. H. Bahnson of Salem, N.C., who was forced to leave college last fall on account of ill health, is not sufficiently recovered to be able to return to college this spring.

It will be interesting to all alumni of the University of North Carolina to know that the *Yackety Yack* for 1906 will be dedicated to Dr. Kemp Plummer Battle. It needs no comment to prove the appropiateness of this dedication.

Mr. Robt. E. Fallin, of the class of 1898, has lately accepted a position on the *New York Commercial.* Before this he was editor of the Winston-Salem *Journal.*

W. E. Pharr '04, is now secretary of the Hustler Publishing Co., North Wilkesboro, N. C.

J. J. Skinner, '03, now of the U. S. Bureau of Soils, has been transferred from Washington, D. C., to Raleigh, N. C.,

Mr. C. A. McEachin, of the class of '55, died at his home in Maxton, August 26th 1905. Mr. McEachin was a soldier in the Confederate Army and a member of the Convention of 1875.

John F. Glenn L.L. B. '03 was married on December 19th to Miss Eunice Farmer at Wilson, N. C.

BOOK REVIEW

Sidney Lanier. By Edwin Mims. 386 pages. Boston, Houghton & Mifflin, 1905.

After twenty-five years of patient waiting Lanier's friends have found a true, sympathetic historian of the poet's life, and an impartial critic of his achievement in criticism and poetry. In Mr. Mims they have discovered a biographer who, through interest, training and cleverness of vision, has been able to view calmly the author's strikingly significant, yet pathetic life, and to assign true values to his work.

Mr. Mims strives after no special effects in his book. He approaches his task with an open mind and the desire to picture the brief life under sunshine and shadow alike, and to weigh impartially the author's work, whether good or bad. As far as possible he uses Lanier's letters and those of his friends in making up the biography. In placing values upon the different kinds of work he falls back upon himself and it is just here that the book is especially interesting. His conlusions are direct and may be summarized as follows:

(1). Lanier was a very prolific, and a most excellent letter writer. (2). He lacked that breadth of scholarship which would make him a great critic, but at the same time he occasionally evidenced genuine critical ability. A volume made up of part of his "Science of English Verse," and various prefaces and essays would prove this beyond question. (3). His merit as a poet were a true ear for melody and a wealth of poetic ideas. His chief defects were an inaduquate power of expression and decided tendency to indulge in conceits.

In reading Mr. Mims's book one has the feeling that the facts and materials necessary for its composition were in before the author set his pen to the page. The proportions have been thought out and observed. The conclusions reached have been reached thoughtfully, logically. The total impression produced is that Lanier, as an American writer, has been justly assigned to a place among America's men of letters; that his life, though short and full of bitter struggle, has been sympathetically pictured; and that his work, though for the most part unrevised and dashed off at weary hours to provide the necessities of life, has been most lovingly, yet justly appraised.

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HER FATHER DIDN'T LIKE IT.

A young man told his girl the other night that if she didn't marry him he'd get a rope and hang himself right in front of her house. "Oh, please don't do it, dear," she said, "you know father doesn't want you hanging around here."—*January's Ladies' Home Journal.*

ARRIVAL.

This actress's success required
No fine-spun analyzing
When the discerning saw her calves in air
They said: "Her stock is rising."

—*Puck.*

DUGHI, Caterer and Cafe,

RALEIGH, N. C.

University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 36. No. 4--FEBRUARY, 1906. New Series, Vol. 23.

THE ACTIONS IN THE PLOT OF HERNANI.

James D. Bruner, Ph.D.

THE plot of Hernani, as are most of the plots of Hugo and the other Romanticists, is complex and complicated. With Hugo, as with Aristotle and Poe, plot is supreme, and this predominance of the interest of plot is characteristic of Romanticism, which is concerned with the federation or harmony of stories, the "amalgamation of drama and romance." Hugo's success in *Hernani* (and *Ruy Blas*) is assured because he has blended great poetry with perfection of plot. In conception the plot is not poetical, but melodramatic, yet it is clothed in splendid poetry and executed with largeness of design and depth of purpose. The incidents of the plot are closely serried, skilfully combined, and exhibit ingenious workmanship, upon which a minute diligence has been bestowed. The curiosity is excited, variety is secured, and the interest of the spectator is retained by means of sudden obstacles, unexpected developments, striking contrasts, rapid changes of fortune, picturesque situations, beautiful poetry, and an inevitable fatal conclusion more or less foreshadowed from the first. Withal, it cannot be denied that the characters are conditioned by the plot, which is therefore tinged with a measure of labored artificiality.

Hernani contains a primary and a secondary plot. The primary plot is composed of a main action and several subactions which are subordinate and subservient to the main action. These various actions, each of which has a separate unity, are elaborately interwoven into one harmonious unity of interest or impression. The structure of the drama is therefore organic, all the materials of the play being brought together in one symmetrical pattern. Thus the separate actions and the successive incidents and situations are so arranged and harmonized as to secure the coherence of the plot.

The plot of *Hernani* is then complex, dealing with the various passions of the hero—hatred, jealousy, revenge, honor, love, and the greatest of these is love, which constitutes the main action of the drama. The bandit's hatred disappears when Carlos restores to him Dona Sol, and with his hatred disappears his desire for revenge; his jealousy is hardly serious; honor appears only in the catastrophe, being a part of the resolving force; but love permeates the whole story from the antecedent action through his various ups and downs even beyond his death.

The main action represents a continuous struggle of the hero between love and some other passion. Until the very last love dominates the other motives. The exciting force of the love action is the resolution of the lovers to meet at night in order to fly from the old duke, the principal opposing force. A little later Hernani is engaged in a struggle with another opposing force in the person of king Carlos, against whom the bandit has two causes of hatred, namely, the murder of his father by the father of the king, and the fact that Carlos is his

rival in love. In this conflict between love on the one hand and hatred and revenge on the other, love makes the "hitherto uncertain balance fall on the side of hate." Thus the love action, which stimulates the hero to pursue the king, serves as a cause or an occasion for the revenge action, the accomplishment of which would promote the love action by removing a formidable, powerful, and unscrupulous rival. Again, in the great scene of the main dramatic climax revenge apparently wins over love. To assist the old duke to recover Dona Sol, who has been carried off as a hostage by the king, Hernani swears the fatal oath to take his own life at the blast of the trumpet which he has just surrendered to Gomez. For the sake of love the hero performs a rash deed from the tragic consequences of which he will not be able to escape. Still when there is the slightest prospect of obtaining Dona Sol for himself, his hatred or his craving for revenge is immediately softened and he relents in his furious pursuit of the king. In the pardon scene when Carlos has restored to the exile his name, estate, and sweetheart, his hatred suddenly vanishes, and, but for his one rash act, all would end happily. One more struggle yet remains, and that is the conflict between love and honor, in which the latter triumphantly wins, though the hero loses his life. The noble Castilian's word of honor is held so sacred and inviolable that even love must be sacrificed to its demands. The completion of the main action is finally accomplished by the hero's resolution to bear the consequences of his unfortunate error with heroic magnanimity.

Closely connected with the main action are the subactions, which, while they have interests of their own,

yet prolong and promote the main design, to which they are made subservient. These subordinate actions, though immediately bearing on the main one as to whether or not Hernani will eventually gain the hand of Dona Sol, assist in complicating the action. The several different stories, with one exception, are kept going side by side until they finally emerge in a common catastrophe in which the exquisite symmetry of the whole is triumphantly revealed. It must be said, however, that the excessive complication of Hugo's plots, which are distinguished by their complexity, often produces the melodramatic effects of surprise, improbability, the extraordinary, and even obscurity.

The most conspicuous of the subactions connected with the hero in *Hernani* is the revenge action of the young exiled lord. At several different points in the course of the drama it vies in interest with the main action of love. The exciting moment of this revenge action is the most prominent of all the exciting moments of the drama, coming in the last scene of the first act, in which the hero, after hesitating between love and hate, decides that he will revenge his father on Carlos, whom he will pursue day and night. It looms up again in the climax, where Hernani proposes to assist Gomez in wreaking revenge upon the king who has carried off Dona Sol as a hostage. Later in the pardon scene Hernani's desire for revenge passes away, and in the catastrophe he recognizes the hand of retribution laying hold of him because he has forgotten to avenge his father.

Another important subaction is the ambition of king Carlos to be emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. The various stages of this action, which supplies the element

of comic relief and employs the mode of epic poetry, are clearly marked off in the progress of the action. The king first makes known his ambition to Gomez, reveals his method of procedure, goes to the tomb of Charlemagne to await the result of the election, lays bare before us, in a soliloquy on the responsibilities of an emperor, his inner struggle in which his better self triumphs, learns of his election which he accepts seriously, and puts immediately into practice his resolution to begin his reform by pardoning the outlaws, including his rival Hernani.

The old duke Gomez is the leading figure in more than one subaction. In the first place he is seriously in love with the heroine, to whom he is betrothed. The different stages of his love action are intensely interesting. Preparations are even made for his marriage to his niece, and the actual consummation of the marriage all but succeeds. More tragic than the duke's love action is his revenge action, which serves as the main resolving force of the tragic catastrophe. His inflexible purpose to wreak dire revenge on his rival in love drives both Hernani and Dona Sol to suicide, the former in order to keep his word of honor, and the latter to escape from her uncle and to fly with her lover to another and better world.

The secondary plot, carried on by the courtiers, who are not involved in the complication of the primary plot, serves mainly as an element of relief. In this dependent comic underplot, a characteristic of the Romantic drama, interest is directed to the servants who profit by the distractions of the king. Their little plot is to gather up the crumbs of honor that may perchance fall from their

master's lips. Their actions do not divert the attention of the spectators from the main characters nor do they destroy the unity of the action, but rather assist in illuminating or intensifying the action of the primary plot. In addition to the purpose of affording relief to the primary plot there are other functions performed by the dependent characters. The duenna Dona Josefa, for example, assists the plot in the capacity of a protatic character, and the courtiers illuminate the action by narrating the antecedent action or action off the stage, after the manner of a confidant or a messenger.

Other phases of plot interest are the antecedent action, the enveloping action, and the subsequent action. Though the greater part of the antecedent action should be narrated in the first act, yet occasional facts are given here throughout the drama. In the first scene we are informed of the fact that Dona Sol is betrothed to the old duke, and that Hernani has been accustomed to visit Dona Sol even under the eyes of the old lover, who is absent on this particular evening. In the next scene we learn that Hernani's father was put to death on the scaffold by the father of Carlos, that the bandit while still a child swore an oath that he would avenge the death of his father on the young king, and that the hatred and hostility which their fathers displayed against each other for thirty years, was now being continued by the sons. From time to time numerous details of Hernani's past life are vividly narrated, and the early history of the other characters is frequently alluded to in the play.

In the same way the enveloping action, which is composed of several threads, is gradually unfolded to the minds of the spectators. One element of the enveloping

action is the struggle, of long standing, between the government and the bandits. The king has given definite instructions to the duke of Arcos to exterminate the band of outlaws. When Carlos tells Gomez of his going to Aix-la-Chapelle to look after his interests as a candidate for the imperial crown, the anxious old lord asks if the king will not first capture and destroy the numerous bands of outlaws that infest the neighboring mountains. The enveloping action is further concerned with a more universal phase of history—the ambition of the king of Spain to be emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

Still another action, which might be called subsequent action, appeals to the imagination of the spectator. When Carlos retires from the stage, transformed in character and crowned as emperor, we can readily imagine a glorious reign to follow, and we can as readily picture to ourselves the sufferings and the remorse of the damned Gomez as well as the happy union of the pair of youthful lovers who will pass their eternal honeymoon in the realms of glory. Thus the action of the drama is connected with the antecedent action and the subsequent action, all of which are artistically blended in the enveloping action, which is composed of national history, universal history, and eternal history.

FEBRUARY.

'05

A pale sun slanting toward the dismal West
  Flings feeble arrows at the frosty King
  And earth abandons to the reckoning
Of fell disaster. In tempestuous quest,
Harsh howling in the fury of their zest,
  Keen arctic winds drive southward and betray
  The hastening streams to silence and array
Gray vapors o'er them in their mute distress.
  But fear not thou a death of no awaking,
Warm hearted Earth, that bearest in thy breast,
  The germs from which e'en now the spell is breaking.
Soon shall there come triumphant in clear hues
  A new Sun that shall gladden the gray West,
When snows shall melt to showers, frost to dews.

THE LUCETTA ELECTION.

Mabell Shippie Clark Pelton.

THE Democratic City Committee of Lucetta was in session on the Saturday evening before election day. The six members sat about a table upon which were tossed six soft felt hats. As many glasses, redolent of whiskey and odorous of mint, stood beside the hats, but their contents had not enlivened the owners of the headgear. Gloom had fallen upon them, when the door opened, and there entered a handsome man with the white hair of fast approaching age, and the empty sleeve of the Lost Cause.

"Good evening, gentlemen, all of you," he said, and

"Good evening, General," they all replied as they rose to greet Wilmington Sluder, the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty.

"No mint, thank you, Colonel; and very little water. Thank you, that's right. My regards, gentlemen," and the General bowed and sat down.

"What's the outlook tonight?" he inquired.

"Poor," replied Colonel Morrows, the chairman, despondently.

"Couldn't be worse," added Colonel Lee.

"We might as well own up beaten," concluded Judge Howell. "We've tried every expedient we can think of, and we haven't succeeded in getting more than a dozen of the sixty negro votes that we must have to secure our majority."

"But surely," said Sluder, setting his glass upon the table that he might use his only hand for purposes of gesticulation, "surely it ought not to be hard to win sixty negro votes."

"It would seem so," said Morrows. "We may be able to reach a few more darkies, but Roberts has them so well in hand that I haven't much hope."

"Why not? Now my old slaves and their descendants must number seventy-five or a hundred of our colored population, and we ought to have twenty-five or more votes from them to begin with."

"They're against you, almost all of them," said Lee. "I've seen nearly every one myself, and they say Tom Roberts fought for them on the Union side, and that now it's their turn to fight for him."

"Is that so? Do they say that?" The General bent his head. "I thought I had learned to expect ingratitude, but I had not thought of this!"

The old man recalled the years of poverty when his wife and children had denied themselves that the negroes might be fed. With an effort he pulled himself together.

"If I can't depend on them there's not much hope of winning any of the rest, I am afraid. Of course I realize that it's useless to talk to the white Republicans. I had a very unpleasant conversation with Manning the tradesman this afternoon, very unpleasant."

The General rose slowly, It was easy to see that he was a prey to discouragement, though he wore a brave front.

"Well, gentlemen, I trust we all may be mistaken," he said, taking up his hat. "I shall cling to the hope that the good side may not be defeated, and, of course, I rely on your support," and he bowed to the risen circle and walked from the room.

His calmness had turned to anger by the time that he reached his home. His wife was reading. His young-

est daughter, Linsley, and Charlton Battey were singing at the piano, and, even while thus chaperoned and occupied, were carrying on the flirtation which Battey had been pursuing in all earnestness for a year with alternate hope and discouragement.

The General burst in at white heat.

"It's a disgrace to our country, sir"—he addressed Battey—"to think of one's political fate being in the hands of negroes! Think of stooping to ask the votes of my old slaves! By Jove, sir, if it weren't for the sake of the days gone by I'd leave this negro-ridden section and become a Yankee! By Jove, I would!" And having described the uttermost limit to which his mind could attain, the old man sat down and glared about him.

"Morrows doesn't have any hope of our winning," went on the General.

"How are Lee and Howell?" asked Battey.

"Of one mind. This Roberts has managed to win the negroes through his record, and they are the key to the situation."

"It's a blamed shame," said Battey, looking with affection at the old warrior, whose ardor had burned out, and who was gazing dejectedly into the fire.

"Isn't it?" and Linsley glanced at her mother, for they both knew how the General had set his heart on winning this campaign for his party, and how sorely he would feel defeat. "I'd give anything in the world to have you win, father dear."

Battey's eyes kindled.

"Would you, Linsley? Tell me—would you give yourself?"

He seized her hands, regardless that they were not alone, and forced her to look at him.

"Linsley, if I bring it about that the General wins will you marry me?"

Linsley looked around for escape, but Charlton held her hands in a tight clasp. She gazed imploringly at her father and mother, but they were too much surprised at the scene to go to her assistance. It is not often that one participates in a proposal of marriage without being one of the parties interested.

A sudden resolution seized the girl, and steadied the changing color in her cheeks.

"Yes, Charlton," she said, "if father wins through your help I'll marry you."

"And I have your consent, sir? and yours, Mrs. Sluder?" Battey turned to one and the other expectantly.

"I shall be glad to give my daughter to one I know so well and respect so much," returned the General; while Mrs. Sluder kissed Linsley.

With a few words of gratitude Battey took his leave, for it was Saturday evening, the election was to be on Tuesday, and he had work to do in plenty if he were to put into execution the plan that had flashed into his mind at Linsley's speech.

He went at once to Judge Howell, who was the richest man in the town, and with him to two or three other magnates. He hunted up General Sluder's sons and some other young men, who were enthusiastic over the plan he laid before them, and pledged themselves at once to his bidding, and to secrecy. Then he went to bed, his serenity in the consciousness of having made a good beginning, disturbed only by the weight of having to take an early train in the morning to Falcon, seventy-five miles away.

When he reached that town all Falcon was in church except the members of KETTELL'S CIRCUS, THE GRANDEST AGGREGATION ON EARTH, whose train had come in at dawn, and who were enjoying a day of rest.

Battey gazed with interest at the posters which had been driving Falcon wild with excitement for two weeks. There was a huge elephant, a hippopotamus pasted head down for lack of room, and a red cage containing a lion in a condition of frenzy. Beneath was printed the statement that some twenty more magnificent dens of the only animals of their kind in captivity could be seen for the one price of admission to the AGGREGATION.

Charlton felt most interest in the faces of the brothers Kettell, Thomas, Abraham, and Nelson, whose trinity of heads, of enormous size, faced him at every turn. Thomas was bearded, Abraham wore a jaunty moustache, and Nelson looked the regulation Uncle Sam.

The originals of these likenesses sat in a row upon the porch of the hotel, their chairs tilted back against the wall, and their heels caught in the front rungs.

Battey felt like a diplomat entering upon the duties of a new post—a trifle nervous, yet confident in persuasive powers hitherto effective. In his case the persuasive powers were vested in two blank cheques in his waistcoat pocket.

The facts to be met were these. Until two years before, Lucetta had been one of the best show towns on the Kettell Brothers' itinerary, but at that time the Board of Aldermen was made up of conscientious men burdened with a sense of duty. If a circus were to come to town to demoralize the inhabitants thereof it should

be made to pay well for the privilege. Even if the people lost morally they might as well gain pecuniarily. Therefore, in place of the moderate license fee that had obtained before, they demanded an exorbitant sum, an amount so large that after paying it once the Brothers Kettel vowed that never again would they show in Lucetta until the charge should be reduced to normal size.

So for two years Lucetta had been without a circus, and the fact was no small matter of grief to the inhabitants—always excepting the virtuous Board of Aldermen. The well-to-do people could afford to take the train for Falcon and there revel in the menagerie, roar at the clown, sit rapt in awe at the equestrian feats, and demand repetitions of the songs at the CONCERT as long as the patience of the performers would grant them. But most of the town whites, all the blacks, and the country folk, who were accustomed to journey for a day and a night to see merely the street parade, and Jake Freeman, who every year drove a cow some thirty miles, and sold her to raise the money to pay for his admission —all these people were deprived of a great pleasure by the absence of KETTELL BROTHERS' GRANDEST AGGREGATION.

Battey's plan was to induce the Kettels to cancel their engagement in Denby, where they were billed to perform on Tuesday, and, instead, to pitch their tents in Lucetta on election day.

It need not be revealed how many figures on one of the cheques told of Battey's powers of persuasion; suffice it that the fee at Lucetta was covered, and the unused license at Denby was not a loss to the Brothers; that a

sum sufficient to soothe the delicate sensibilities of showmen outraged by high-principled Aldermen was added, and that a few more little expenses swelled the total. Battey also signed a paper drawn up by the Kettells, which provided for the filling out of the other blank cheque at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening.

Then Charlton shook hands with Thomas, with Abraham, and with Nelson, ate dinner, and took the afternoon train back to Lucetta.

He found that Judge Howell had arranged for the issuing of a license and for some printing. Collecting his band of friends Battey gave directions concerning a huge parcel that he had brought from Falcon, and on Monday morning Lucetta awakened again to the once-familiar sight of the elephant, the hippopotamus, the lion, and the trinity of Kettells. Over and under and beside them all was a new poster:

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

TOMORROW—TUESDAY

FROM

EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

UNTIL

FOUR O'CLOCL IN THE AFTERNOON

To say that there was rejoicing in Lucetta is to understate the situation.

Battey's corps of young men went about among the negroes, and, before night, had interviewed each one of the two hundred and fifty whose names were on the registration list, giving them some information that

caused the white teeth to flash into sight in every face.

Tuesday morning's sun shone upon the tents of the circus, and made its way through the dirty panes of the court house windows into the room where the ballot box awaited the coming of the voters.

The Democratic City Committee reached the hall at 7:45. The Republican City Committee arrived at 7:44, and together the two sets of men entered, and were ready for the opening of the polls at eight o'clock.

"I wonder if Uncle Jerry Walker will be on hand this morning," said "Manning the tradesman", who was the chairman of the Republican Committee.

"If he isn't it'll be the first time in twenty years that he's missed casting the first vote at an election," returned Colonel Morrows.

But when the doors were opened no Uncle Jerry was waiting outside holding fast his certificate of registration, which entitled him to vote, and bragging with many chuckles that he "allus was de fus man dar, black or white."

"I allow Jerry's overslept," said Manning. To which no one replied.

As the minutes passed groups began to come in, now of Democrats, now of Republicans, but the voting was exceptionally slow.

"I wish they'd hurry up and chuck in the stuff and be done with it," said one of the Committee. "I want to go to the circus when the list has been pretty well marked off."

"So do I. New wrinkle not giving a parade, isn't it? Got to go in to see anything at all."

"Yes. Hard on the country people. You get your

money's worth, though, with such a long performance."

"Eight to four. Just the voting hours. Too bad they should choose that time."

By noon a hundred men of the two hundred and fifty known Democrats on the list had come in, joked a while, voted, and gone out, but only some fifty odd of the hundred white Republicans, and but a dozen negroes. The Republican Committee began to suspect something wrong, and, after talking together earnestly in low tones in a corner where the Democrats could not hear, they sent out a man to investigate.

He came back in half an hour crazy with excitement.

"It's the circus," he explained breathlessly. "Admission's free, and they've got about every coon in town in there, and a lot of white folks too."

"You ain't quite right, Captain," drawled Ransom, a young fellow who had just come in. "It ain't free. They're taking certificates of registration instead of tickets, and a man can carry in his wife and children on them, and the darkies are all there with the women and brats, you can bet your life."

There was a stampede in the Republican Committee. The chairman, Manning, ran down the steps and off to the circus as fast as he could go. He was filled with a desire to rush into the tent and denounce every one there —the Democrats as conspirators, the Republicans as traitors—as he cried to the ticket-seller:

"One admission," and tossed down before him a half dollar.

"We're not taking money today, sir," said the man, who was Abraham Kettell the jaunty. "Have you your certificate of registration with you?"

"No, I gave it up when I voted. Can't you sell me a ticket? I must have one."

"Not this morning, sir."

"You've no business to take certificates of registration!" shouted Manning, shaking his fist in Kettell's face.

"We can take anything we hang choose, down to gallus buttons!" roared Abraham, slamming hown his window, and putting a stop to further conversation.

Manning, at white heat, hung about the entrance with the intention of preventing any one else from going in. There were not many who tried, for nearly all had entered who had so intended. At two o'clock he went back to the court house and started out some of the other members of the Republican Committee to drum up the recreants, if any they could find who had not yielded to the fascinations of the show.

With a few of his friends, among whom were Roberts, the Republican candidate, and Ransom, the young man who had informed the Republicans about the means of admission to the circus, Manning went again towards the tents. They proved a lodestone to the excluded as to the favored. As chairman of the Republican Committee Manning felt that the responsibility lay with him of saving the day from its present hopeless state. With his hands thrust deep into his pockets, he walked moodily beside his companions, giving to them so little heed that he did not notice when the others stopped in front of the entrance. Consciousness came to him suddenly as he found himself behind the big tent, and, himself unobserved, the spectator of a scene whose import he did not understand at first.

Lined up, two by two, were some hundred men, evidently in the employ of the circus. Actively engaged in marshalling them was the same man with whom Manning had his altercation at the ticket office window, Abraham Kettell. He was playing the autocrat over his travelling subjects in lordly fashion.

"Here, you, Connor, stand in there! Murphy, call Buell—what the devil does he mean by being late? Isn't Emerson through his turn yet?"

All the time that he was talking he was distributing pieces of folded paper to the men, two to some, to others three. Some took them stupidly, others looked ugly, but it was not until he reached the man whom he had called Connor that any one dared to question.

"What is it?" he asked, making no effort to take the proffered slips.

"Never you mind, you take 'em," and Abraham thrust the papers at his face as if he thought that the mouth was the usual receptacle for such things. Connor raised his hand to protect his face, the papers were pushed there, and Abraham went on with his distribution.

Manning's suspicions were confirmed by what followed.

"Now, then," said Kettell, when he had finished, standing back and surveying his army, "them papers is certificates of registration. You must go up to the court house and vote for General Sluder. You give up one of the certificates when you vote, and you vote just as many times as you have certificates—unless they won't let you. Now—march!"

In justice to Battey and his friends it should be said that this addition to their scheme had originated in the

fertile mind of Abraham, and was unauthorized by the Democrats. Manning did not know this, however, and as he went down a side street, he saw a mental picture of the hall, deserted by the foremost Republicans, and filled with Democrats determined to put this thing through, and his heart raged within him.

If only he in some way could secure these certificates!

Even then the Democrats would win, for they had voted in greater numbers than the Republicans during the day. It would do no good to have the certificates unless they could be voted on for the Republican candidate.

Turning a corner he came upon the procession of circus men, who were talking angrily together as they walked. With no real hope of accomplishing anything he fell into line with Connor, just in time to hear him say enthusiastically:

"Damn Abraham Kettell, anyway!"

"That's what I say," agreed the man beside him. "He's too confounded bossy."

"Where I was raised they didn't learn us to vote in another feller's name," went on a third.

Manning began to see a glimmer of hope, though his sanguineness took no definite form.

"What are you all getting for this job?" he asked Connor.

"I got a bat in the mouth," the man replied with an angry scowl.

"Not a brownie, sir," said another; and

"I'd throw up the whole business and spite Abraham for a chaw of terbacker," said a third.

Manning's thoughts crystallized.

"I say, fellers, if you all will give me those papers, you shall have the best dinner the Old Flag can give you. You may have to wait a while for them to cook it, but the Old Flag cigars are first class, and I'd be proud to have you smoke all you want on me."

"Well, all I've got to say is, here's mine, and Abraham can go to the devil," and Connor promptly handed over his certificates.

The rest crowded about Manning and filled his hands and pockets with the papers he coveted.

What to do with them was another question, and a puzzling.

It was half past two, the polls closed at four, and he felt that every moment was precious as he proceeded with his flock to the hotel. As good luck would have it he met Roberts and Ransom on the way. To the former he explained briefly the situation, and to him as host he turned over the circus men to be conveyed to the Old Flag.

"Ransom," he said as they walked away together, "We've got to get hold of the men who own these certificates."

"You'll have to stop the show, then. Nothing but that will get the darkies out of that tent."

"All right, then, the show must stop!"

"How are you going to do it?"

"YOU'RE going to do it. Look, there go Thomas and Nelson Kettell now. I know them from their pictures. They're going into the Excelsior Bar, so they are out of the way."

"They won't even let me in without my certificate."

"Listen here. You've got to do it. You're young

and spry—crawl under the tent if you can't get in any other way. Then cry 'Fire', or do anything you can think of to stop the blamed thing. I'll wait outside."

Ransom felt no liking for the task, though he knew that most of the circus men must be at the Old Flag smoking a before dinner cigar. It was of no use trying the front; the ticket taker was still on guard. He felt that he had reached his second childhood as he went down on all fours and peeked under the flap. He withdrew his head promptly, for he discovered that he was intruding on the menagerie, and the zebra took occasion to kick a shower of tan-bark in his direction at the exact moment when he raised the canvas.

His next step was successful, and he found himself in the performers' dressing-tent. It was empty, for the few 'artists' who were left were riding in procession about the ring, devising new evolutions to while away the hour and more remaining before four o'clock gave them a respite from the long performance.

Ransom looked between the curtains into the large tent, aflash with black faces still smiling after many hours.

"Hanged if I know what to do," he murmured ruefully. "Somebody'll be killed if I yell 'Fire'!"

He turned back and tried to think. His eye fell on a clown's dress of white and red tossed over a chair.

"There's no harm trying," he thought, and put it on.

Once his mind was made up he worked quickly, and a very few minutes saw him properly clad, his face daubed with white and hectic with a crimson splash on each cheek, and his head fitted with a white skull cap.

"I am a dandy and no mistake," he muttered as his

image appeared before him in a bit of looking-glass.

His heart beat almost to bursting as he ran through the curtains into the arena. He felt that he must run or fall. The shout of applause that greeted him told that the former wearer of the clown's garments was a favorite.

Thomas Kettell, who was the ring master, had become wearied by the unusual length of his duties, and had gone out to refresh himself. One of the tent-men was taking his place.

Ransom struck a pose in the middle of the ring and commanded his voice as well as he could.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began grandiloquently, "it is my duty, my sad duty, to inform you that this performance must now end."

Ransom was no orator, and just here language threatened to fail him.

"In fact," he went on hurriedly, "in fact, it's over now, and you must all go home."

"Good enough," said the substitute ring master. "Did old Thomas say so?"

"I met him just now," returned Ransom with fine accuracy, remembering the Excelsior Bar.

The performers had not stopped to question, but, glad of their release, had trooped away, and there being nothing more for the spectators to see, they slowly filed out.

At the entrance was Manning with what Republicans he had been able to collect while awaiting the outcome of Ransom's experience. He had divided the certificates among them, and as the crowd appeared, the men were singled out and told to stand apart from their families,

As quickly as could be, for minutes were becoming of value, the certificates were given again to their rightful owners, and they were packed off at once to the court house.

"Caesar Norman, Jerry Walker, David Whitaker—here, Caesar, here you are; get along with you. Alonzo, I heard Mr. Manning call your name a minute ago—ask him for your paper. Now, then, Jerry"—and so on.

At three o'clock the faces of the Democrats gathered in the voting rooms were complacent to a degree. If the check list were any indication there never had been so light a vote cast in the town, but never one so strongly Democratic.

Five minutes later a group of negroes came in and voted. They were followed by others, and they by a constantly increasing crowd. Democratic countenances ceased to beam, and grew more and more gloomy as ballot after ballot was cast on the other side.

At four o'clock the polls closed, and the count showed that Roberts had won by an unquestionable majority. The Democrats could not complain openly, but their defeat was the more bitter because of the sudden dashing of their hopes.

"A triumph of right," said Manning, elated beyond any ability to make distinctions.

"A case of the pot and the kettle—no pun on Abraham," commented Howell, with a grimly humorous appreciation of the manner in which they had been outwitted.

For Charlton Battey there was no humor in the situation. He had lost. He could not hold Linsley to her promise. What would she do? He could not guess.

But he found out, and to his satisfaction, though he never understood the reasoning that made failure a prize-winner.

"To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin',"

says the poet Lowell; and Battey was willing to accept the result without investigating the cause.

THE MASTERPIECE

'06.

The marble cutter hews the stone
That, rough and shapeless, from the quarry lies
Before him; chip by chip his practised eyes
Strike off each blemish. Soon it's grown
From out its uncouth shape beneath his hands
Into a pleasing form and, lo, at last commands
A beauty that is all its own.

This world in which we spend our years,
It is a quarry, and the stones our souls
That, rough-hewn, the great Master Mason rolls
Into the shop of Life and clears
Of Sin's every blemish with the mall
Of Sorrow and Time's chisel, smoothing all
Wiih the emery dust of Tears.

For every seeming flameless shard
That from Life's workshop forth is turned sublime
How many are the stones that Time
Sees, useless, cast aside all scarred
By those rough tools that oft-times strike too deep
So that the blocks no further value keep,
Misshapen and forever marred.

Ah! but how priceless is the one
That bears this ordeal, from the pain of Life
Comes forth supreme, the agony, the strife
Subdued, the high and noble done.
With it no polished marble, sculpture rare,
In baffling Time, in beauty, can compare—
To it belongs the laurel, nobly won.

THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE CAREW.

By Richard Dillard.

THE STUDENT of the past and the thoughtful scientist and explorer of the present are not entirely antipodal; the one with pickaxe and divining rod is delving in the wonder-world of the past, while the other with microscope and spectroscope is searching her dark arcana. Their fields are relatively the same, the one so to speak is inductive, the other deductive. The past holds as many opportunities in her bosom as futurity dare offer us. In traversing the broad continent of truth the receding mountains in the wake of the traveler loom up as blue and soft and inspiring as those which gradually rise in grandeur before him, they are both beautiful from the blue haze which remoteness throws about them. How fascinating to study the scenes of the past! What a halo of glory does time throw around the actors! A beautiful mirage where everything is lifted far above commonplace surroundings! History is the revelation of the past, and prophesy itself becomes history when it is amplified and fulfilled. When conditions forced the ancient Greek to migrate to other islands, he took with him some glowing coals from his native hearthstone to keep alive the vestal fire of patriotism, and his memory of the past; so with the historian, he finds among the ashes of oblivion a few live glowing coals, places upon them the fuel of thought, then kindles and wreaths his flaming story. It is said that Alexander Hamilton, the great statesman and financier, was accustomed to read every year the propositions of Euclid, that the great fundamental principles of that science

might be ever fresh in his memory, just so the records of the truly wise and virtuous should be kept ever before the youth of this land as a perpetual inspiration, we cannot read too often the history of their noble actions, "In a biography we are admitted behind the scenes, we see the result of mental conflicts, the failure of long cherished schemes, or the efforts which have been unsuccessful. We catch a glimpse of him in the world, in his social haunts, in his family. His home is brought before us with all the vividness of a Dutch interior, we gaze upon the streams by which he wandered, the flowers he loved the best, his habits of relaxation, his hours of labor. It is a history of life from the cradle to the grave."

This section of the state is particularly rich in romance and history, and the beautiful little story of Judge Carew should not be lost or forgotten. Somewhere near the year 1825 there appeared in the upper part of Chowan County a young man of mysterious but distinguished personnel, introducing himself as J. E. Spencer. He was tall, with fine lustrous eyes, of proud and lofty bearing, at the same time he had a careworn, dissipated air. His affability and social qualities soon gained for him many friends; being reduced to almost abject want he was induced to open a small school at Centre Hill, where many of the people still residing in that section received their only education. This old school-house stood until a few years ago when it was torn down. Centre Hill is the highest point in Chowan County and forms the divide between Chowan and Perquimans Rivers, the water on the west flowing into the Chowan, while the eastern slope drains into Bear

Swamp, thence into the Perquimans. In the grove not far from where the present Methodist church stands is a natural bowl-shaped depression, at one time well defined, and gave to the place the sobriquet of the Punch Bowl.

It bore this name until about 1810 or 1812, when from the beauty of the situation it was selected for a church site, and the name not being appropriate then to the sacredness of the surroundings it was changed to Centre Hill. It was here that Miss Mary Brownrigg, a devout Christian lady, established a Sunday-school as early as 1811, the first in this section of the state, though Robert Raikes was the originator of them in London in 1780. It is related of her that when a new church was once erected in her neighborhood it was suggested by some that it be painted white. This gave rise to much dissension, the idea being prevalent then that churches ought to be painted red only. With her characteristic good sense she settled the question by assuring them that the color had nothing to do with the worship of God. But I digress. Mr. Spencer was the most romantic and interesting character which masqueraded in our past. In order to complete his disguise he lived in the humblest manner, thoroughly adapting himself to his surroundings, but with the aid of his little school at Centre Hill obtaining a fair competency. At times he became silent and moody, and addicted to drink.

Before the introduction of the cotton-gin most of the cotton was seeded by hand, the neighborhood gathering at different points for that purpose. These cotton pickings came to be the social event of the winter evenings; they were a sort of movable feast open alike to saint and sinner. The cotton was carried into the largest

room of the house, and heaped high in the middle of the floor, a huge fire was built in the great fireplace and the guests arranged themselves in congenial groups, and thus they went on with their merrymaking from one house to another the entire winter. Spencer's affability, and fine conversational powers made him a welcome guest at these rural entertainments, and he became a frequent visitor; another frequent attendant who was a little fresh country lass named Miss Fanny Parish, beautiful and innocent, the daughter of a sturdy old veteran of the Revolution, and an humble farmer of that neighborhood. Spencer became violently enamoured of her, and they were soon married.

Subsequently he moved to Edenton and taught in the old academy, and at the same time edited the local paper, which was noted for its bon mots and elegant composition. He who sees a thing clearly and can tell it charmingly possesses a philosopher's stone, by whose secret alchemy the baser metals are converted into the pure gold of delight; on one occasion a man named Constant Green married a Miss Lily White. Spencer with characteristic humor composed a poem for his paper the last lines of which ran thus:

"And in one night
This Lily White
Became the Constant Green."

After a time there appeared the advertisement of a gentlemen of Charleston in several of the newspapers of the county inquiring about a lost son. Spencer saw the advertisement, and recognised it as from his father. A correspondence was at once opened and the history of the mysterious young man soon became known. * * *

Spencer turned out to be the son of an aristocratic Charleston gentleman named Carew, so his real name was Carew and not Spencer. Young Carew while at Yale College became involved in a serious difficulty with a classmate, while under the influence of whiskey, and in the heat of young blood he dealt his friend what then seemed to be a fatal blow. Through the intervention of friends Carew made his escape from the officers, and in his wanderings drifted to this section penniless, hungry, and debauched. His father informed him that his wounded classmate did not die, but had recovered entirely, and then threw open the doors of his house to his prodigal son. Carew left here at once with his wife and children, and was received by his friends at home with open arms, and was once more at liberty to take his true name of J. E. Carew. It is said that his wife could not write her name at the time of their marriage, but was remarkably refined and beautiful for her station in life. The very best talent in Charleston was at once engaged to teach her music, fine arts, and all the modern accomplishments, and an old friend of former days, who subsequently visited them in their changed condition, said that he found her one of the most cultured ladies of that city. But Carew never forgot the friends of his dark days, and at once paid off all of his old debts, nor did his cultivated wife frown upon her humble relatives; on the contrary she aided them in every way possible.

After the lapse of many years Carew paid this section another visit, and would grow indignant if any of his old pupils or friends called him anything but Mr. Spencer.

Mr. Carew became a very prominent lawyer in Charleston, and was subsequently made a judge. He and his beautiful wife have been dead for many years, but their romantic little story still lives in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and even now when a stranger spends a night at Centre Hill he is invariably entertained with the story of Judge Carew.

"I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation
And not without desert so well reputed."

THE MOCKING BIRD'S SONG.

'06.

Wafted on the evening breeze,
That rustled through the bowers,
The sound as of a distant flute
Came floating from the flowers.

Gentle and sweet through the foliage it came;
The melody it lasted long,
Making one feel exalted in spirit,
And life seem a beautiful song.

ATHLETICS AND THE COLLEGE.*

By Edward K. Graham.

THE ATTITUDE of college administration toward college athletics was until a few years ago one of sufferance and condescension. The colleges made a feature of what they called their "attitude toward athletics." Stern supervision was emphasized, the necessity of the evil was hinted, and a *mens sana in sano corpore* was thrown in to cover with some show of dignity what was felt to be an undignified topic. Although a great many wise educators continued under the impression that all forms of exercise existed for the purpose of keeping the brain sound for its work, athletics developed a quite independent life of its own. To suggest today, that college athletics exist primarily to help men to do brain work would be obvious hypocrisy. Men play games because they like to play games. College sports are highly developed because college communities happen to be singularly unified in athletic desires, in skill, and in times of leisure.

The fact that men play merely for the joy of playing, is fundamental from the athletic point of view. It leads directly to the aggressive claim that college sports exist independently of college life, and should, therefore, live their life independently, and work out their own problems. In this view the benefits of athletics are an irrelevant consideration. So also is, whether athletics are valuable, valueless, or neutral in effect; whether they act as a tonic, or serve as an ornament, or a bit of academic clothing. Athletics represent a great primary

*Written for the Yackety Yack.

desire in men, and, as a function of college life, should have full freedom for their highest development.

Freedom, however, is just the word one would not apply to the present state of athletics. To the precise contrary, the whole question may apparently be summed up in one word, and that word is rules. Not freedom for growth, but restriction and absolute prohibition, is the condition with which the athletic point of view finds itself confronted. To explain the striking lack of adjustment of the two attitudes, however, requires no subtle analysis. It seems clear that the justice of the claim of athletics to freedom exists only on the supposition that it is freedom for sound development of athletics in college, that it wants; and its granted independence, argues freedom only in so far as its freedom does not interfere with the larger life of the college.

In so far as rules are concerned, nobody, let us hope, is really fond of rules, despite the unamiable weakness that men may have for making them. The ideal state in athletic life is certainly not the period of rules. In the complex period of rules, "life"—to quote the acute phrase of the Guilford County poet—"life is a mixed mess." The ideal condition in athletics would have no arbitrary enactments whatsoever, but only the uncodified control of high college sentiment.

No sane college man would ask, however, for the immediate abolition of rules. The reason is that he knows that college communities have not been ready, and are not now ready, for freedom. Freedom from restraint would not mean sane freedom, but anarchy and demoralization in athletics. In this state of anarchy the individual truly worthy to represent his college would

stand no chance, and true college sentiment would be debauched. The period of rules, in any phase of life, is sadly mixed and disheartening, but in the process of establishing right relations, rules point more surely to order and freedom than any other route. Let it be understood and emphasized, then, that rules, after all, are nothing but the tangible result of a struggle to make secure for the best representatives of college life the fullest practical athletic freedom.

Such is their purpose, and such is one source of their right to limit the athletic activity of any individual in the athletic community. Their relation to the college is that they are a means toward the same end of liberation. This end is to secure to the college a condition of rightmindedness toward itself. College athletics in their triumphant development become athletics, merely; and athletic spirit tends to absorb college spirit. True college spirit declares itself always for the unmarred integrity of college ideals. In athletics it declares for this integrity through certain rules, for example: an athlete shall be identified with the college by residence long enough to know something of its standards; he shall maintain a minimum class standing; he shall be on the teams for a period not longer than the normal academic life. That rules will never quite effectively realize the ideals of the college is true, but it is irrelevant. Rules will never be fully effective until the community is above all rules. They do call persistent attention, however, to a real need. They are as much an appeal to activity on the part of the right-minded, as they are a defense against the zealousness of the wrong-minded.

The athletic community has suffered greatly from the

fact that a uniquely large amount of its thinking has been done by men whose judgments are not of a fine quality. Men of warm, active and thoughtful college spirit need the support of rules to save the ideals that make for freedom and growth from the demoralizing policies of those whose college spirit is warm and active, but not truly thoughtful.

A great deal has already been accomplished. The old rules were directed almost wholly to the problem of keeping out men who could not qualify under college standards that are obviously right. College men of practical experience understand why, up to the present time, the question of amateurship has been the absorbing question. Neither college athletics nor college standards could hold their rightful ground against the sort of professionals that under every guise broke into college athletics. And because a certain large class of college men, eager above all things to win, worked desperately to keep them in, rules fought desperately to put them out. It has been a fight to save the athletic spirit from its own destructive desires. So it will continue to be, but on constantly advancing ground. The fight that has recently been made against the most popular of college games got its astonishing force from its plea against the needless brutality of the game, the needless unfairness of it, and the false standards of life that it was alleged to teach. Eligibility rules have, to a great extent, been assimilated. The new rules take higher ground. They lay emphasis on the manner and spirit of play. Under them the man or the college that plays unfairly shall be dishonored wheresoever the victory lies.

For such a principle to be a matter of clear, common

practice may hint an ideal community. Nevertheless this fact gives confidence that it shall be realized: the fundamental characteristic of college spirit, however perverted, is the feeling that the college should be worthy of the purest love that a man's heart may know. This single fact means that college spirit, properly directed and developed, will ultimately project college sentiment beyond any arbitrary set of rules. Obviously the quickest feeling to assert itself is the desire for victory. It is an instinct involuntary and strong. Just as obviously, however, in every college man no feeling is so persistently strong as the feeling that his Alma Mater, even in his secret thoughts, should be above reproach. The ultimate victory for her is that she should play not only with the zeal and skill that arouses his enthusiasm, but with the fairness and generosity that transforms his love for her into a great and vital passion.

No man has ever seen on a team chosen to represent his college, men who were misrepresentative of her ideals, and not felt the disgrace as a taint in his love for her. Such an experience is no trivial calamity. Enthusiasm for victory is a fine thing; but it is an incomparably lower thing than unalloyed enthusiasm for the college. Athletics, then, in working out its independent life, because it disregards and comes in conflict with, the larger life of the whole, and because the life of the whole will not be disregarded but held as a thing precious, finds itself under the restraint that is necessary to establish right relations and bring all of the parts into orderly harmony. This is freedom.

After all then, the freedom, that the true athletic

spirit asks is the freedom that rules seek to give. The problem is to adjust the powerful life of athletics to the life of the institution under which athletics exist; to make athletics a practical success, and at the same time to realize through the free expression of athletics the ideals for which the college stands. Such a problem is necessarily complex, irritating and elusive. But the large educational rewards justify the labor involved in its solution, Intercollegiate athletics finds its justification as a part of the educational scheme in the opportunities that it offers to individuals under the inspiration of institutional ideals to exhibit absolute justice, to add to justice, generosity, and even under fierce pressure display feelings that lack nothing of courtesy. Such are the requirements and privileges of society. Persistently to be conscious of the obligations of community life is a fundamental duty of every college man. The greatest need of college life is that the individuals within it should acutely realize the immense fact of citizenship.

TO CAROLINA.

'06.

Dear University—the State's pride!—
  How proud thy buildings rise!—
How sweet thy scenes on every side,
  How fair thy campus lies!
But not for these,—Oh, not for such,
  Doth my love to thee arise,—
Thou hast, by far, a dearer touch,—
  Thou art my Alma Mater!

Thy blessings give a bounteous wealth,
  To all—both near and far,—
And all the State doth bloom with health,
  For thou art its guiding star!
But not for all thy fair, proud record,
  Shall I my love unbar;—
But, I e'er to thee shall it award,—
  Thou art my Alma Mater!

Dear University—the State's pride!—
  Then here's a health to thee,—
Long as freedom shall abide,
  May'st thou be blest and free;
May fortune no blessing to thee deny,
  Nor disaster e'er thee befall;—
But if such come, there's one will die,
  To save his Alma Mater!

A FLAME AND A HOPE.

S. R. L.

THINGS were doing nicely I fancied. I youthfully and vainly flattered myself with being a connoisseur in the sentimental art. Both portraits and landscape were sufficiently romantic. There were eyes of deep blue that constantly effervesced sentiment, belonging to a rosy girl of about eighteen winters—Wyoming winters at that, though the eyes were of the Southern sky. Poised daintily in her warmly-mittened hands was a small and not very dangerous looking rifle which seemed in such environment more a fairy wand than the fearful instrument of destruction with which the Fates were that day menacing all magpies and jack-rabbits that should venture abroad in the glint of the new-fallen snow. The other portrait was of a young man about whom there gathered a considerable air of college greenness, but there was a seriousness of aspect according well neither with the guilelessness of the college youth nor yet with the easy carelessness of the hunter, whom he sought to impersonate.

The landscape was all that heart could desire. They were standing beneath a pine tree whose life had been suddenly cut off the previous summer by lightning, leaving its needles brown and sere. Down below some fifty feet a little stream gurgled nimbly along in spite of Winter's staying bonds; beyond stretched bleak hills, a scintillating mirror of crystal snow flashing back the sun's spectrum. The young woman was—well, any young woman, you know her well, or, at least sometime in your life you have known or will know her—a sweet-

heart is universal; the landscape, one of Wyoming's brightest, and I thought its myriad beauties reflected again in my companion's person. There was ecstacy vibrating in our minds, like the dancing particles across the snow; but it was subdued and melancholy, for also was the dread of shifting scenes, of a setting sun. When Love's whispers stir they move in an ether of sentiment. How poetically are the details and suggestions of an impressive scene translated into the language of sweethearts!

"The sun will soon be setting," said Lea. The accent of regret was pleasing.

"But will it not be beautiful tomorrow?"

"No," she said. "I fear not. The sun will probably come again, but you know I can't be here after today. Mama's orders were imperative that I should take the morning train. So I must give up all this beauty."

"Take it with you!" generously suggested the young man, whom we may call Morris, his eyes sobering his extravagance.

Perhaps it was the meaning in the eyes that checked the smile that started on her lips at his generous gift. Anyway, her face was abruptly averted; was it to hide the softness of its light? She understood him. "Let us go back to the house. I don't want to kill anything today," she said, raising the gun playfully. It glinted in the sun—a fairy's wand, truly.

"No," he said, eager to delay. "Let us worship here. See!"

He struck a match and touched it to the dry clusters of pine needles on the branch which drooped just above his

head, parallel but a little lower than the one under which she stood. It flared up so suddenly that she was startled:

"Oh, you'll be burnt," she cried.

"It is a holy fire," he answered ardently. "You know what it symbolizes."

A ruddy glow tinged her cheeks. Was it produced by his words or was it reflected from the red, passionate flame that now mounted hopefully? Since there was no limb directly above, it seemed as though the flame must be short-lived. It waved inviting arms that appeared to implore the neighboring branch, which calmly withheld itself from the vortex.

"Oh, I wish that other limb would catch!" She had withdrawn a few feet and now leant forward expectantly. "See, it's half inclined. It trembles! If it would relax but ever so little! How beautiful! how exciting! But it will go out if the other one does not catch."

"Yes," he answers musingly. "It certainly is beautiful, it is as interesting as life—can there be an analogy in real life here close at home? It promises to be as tragic as it may be with persons. Will you allow it, Lea? Will you suffer such neglect? So spontaneous, so true!"

Lea was turned from him, her face hidden in her hands. "Don't, don't! It isn't that way. If you must know, I will tell you. In *life* the wretched branch that cannot sway as it perhaps would like to do is fastened to another with bonds that are unbreakable and cannot be burned away."

The fire burned out, they watching it as the incinerated leaves dropped slowly into the snow and disappeared. Then without a word they turned thoughtfully homeward from this fancied tragedy of Nature. The enactment of no human play could have been so impressive. The mind is its own place, and finds its own suggestions.

A QUESTION.

'06.

DURING the Spring term of my Freshman year I roomed with George Walton, a Senior. We did not room in the college dormitory but had rooms in a residence on Cameron Avenue some five or six hundred yards from the campus gate. Walton had passed off all the studies required for graduation, with the exception of Psychology. He had failed on the regular examination, also on one special, and was very busy preparing for a third examination—the last chance he would have to stand off the work—which would be given in three days, on the 23rd of May.

Clarissa Grey, an old acquaintance of Walton, was on the "Hill" visiting an aunt, who lived on Franklin street, beyond the college campus. It was her intention to stay until after Commencement. She and Walton had once been close friends and soon became as much attached to one another as ever. Walton paid her daily visits; and they had taken several walks in Battle's Park. This was carried on for several days, and, when the time appointed for the last examination in Psychology came, Walton was unable to stand it, either on account of being unprepared or of having made an engagement for an afternoon walk which he did not wish to break. However, "the course of true love never runs smooth," and during that very walk—on the afternoon of the Psychology examination—they had a most dreadful quarrel. As to the subject of this dispute, it matters not; but, as a result, each decided never again to speak to the other, Miss Grey changed her mind

about staying for Commencement and decided to leave for home immediately. As for Walton he became very melancholy, and, believing the side he had taken in the disagreement to be the right one, was very much hurt.

The next day, immediately after dinner, I went to my room to get my mail, which was each day brought from the postoffice by the gentleman who lived in the house where we were rooming. Just as I was going into my room I met Walton coming out as if he were in a hurry.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"There are some letters in there upon the table—read them and see what you make of 'em" was his only reply.

I found three letters; all were addressed to Walton, who had hurriedly read them and had not taken time to replace them in their envelopes. I examined them and read as follows:

The first was from the Dean.

Chapel Hill, N. C.,
May 24,———

Mr. George Walton:
Dear Sir:—

The professor of Philosophy reports that you failed to stand the special examination granted you on Psychology yesterday afternoon. You have as yet given no reason for this conduct. On account of another student's being unable to stand yesterday's examination, because of illness, the professor has kindly agreed to give another today. You will be allowed to take this. This will be held at two o'clock sharp. As this is the last examination that will be given on the subject, and as the subject is required for graduation, I must insist that you take this examination. Yours truly,

The next letter I read was from his father.

May 22,———

Dear George,—

I received your letter this morning. I was very sorry —and also surprised—to hear that you had fallen on your special examination on Psychology. You should have got it up well during the term and passed the regular examination, so as not to have been worried by specials. You must use every effort and pass the next examination, which I understand is the last that will be given you.

Your mother is preparing to go down to the "Hill" for the Commencement exercises, and would be very much hurt if you failed to graduate.

The girls send their love. They wish very much to go with their mother, but I fear they will be unable to do so.

Wishing you all success on your coming examination, with regards, I am,

Your father,

John Walton.

The third letter was from Miss Grey.

Dear George,—

To me, it has been an awful age since our unfortunate quarrel yesterday. After becoming calm and thinking the matter over I now see that you were right in the stand you took, and it is now that I write to you to ask your forgiveness for being so rude yesterday afternoon.

If you can ever hope to forgive me—and I know I do not deserve it—please call before two o'clock as I leave

on the two thirty train—that is if I do not obtain your forgiveness. Praying that you will be generous and overlook my hot-headiness and forgive yesterday's quarrel,

I remain, as of old,

Clarissa G.

Chapel Hill, N. C.,
May 24—11 A. M.

P. S. Please come. I shall be heart-broken if you fail.

I glanced at my watch. It was twenty minutes past two. Just then the servant passed down the hall.

"Did you see Mr. Walton go out?" I asked.

"Yes, he left hurriedly at ten minutes till two—I remember looking at the clock as he went out."

"Which way did he go?" I inquired.

"Down Cameron Avenue."

"Down Cameron Avenue was the way one would start to go to either Mrs.————'s, the aunt of Miss Grey or to the examination hall.

To which place did he go?

AT CAPE HATTERAS.

L. W. Parker.

I.

Down by the shore, at old Cape Hatteras,
Down by Carolina's dreaded shoals,
Where lie the wrecks of sea-ships, numerous,
Where passéd countless human souls;
There the terrors of the ocean,
There the sounding of the waves,
There the waters in their motion,
Fill my heart with what it craves.

TO THE OCEAN.

II.

Let me listen to thy roaring,
Let me hear thee, Ocean, rave,
Let me, in my memory storing,
Let me thy impressions save.

OLD NICANOR'S STORY.

Drury Phillips.

SO? *El Senor Americano* wishes a story of this country—'something queer?' Good! I will tell to him a story, a true story, and, Senors, you will see him doubt me—me, who knows, me, who followed on that famous trail. And the girl? *Once* I loved her. Now? Ah, Senors, wait; wait till you have heard."

As old Nicanor turned to Huldene, who had asked for the story, our camp-fire flared out brightly, and threw into vivid relief the deep wrinkles on the old man's face. Lined it was, and scarred, with many a hard year's toil, for life in Northern Chihuahua is not easy; on it, too, were those signs that mark only the fanatic. Back of him gleamed darkly the rocky cliffs of La Demonda, demon-like indeed in the shifting summer moonlight. On all sides towered the ghostly peaks of Las Sierras Franciscas, wild, desolate. The only signs of life were the ruins of an old adobe house, and the scattered walls of a rock corral. We had a country to ourselves.

The old man had been smoking silently when Huldene asked for a story. He smoked on a little, then answered as above. Again he fell silent, puffing reminiscently, then suddenly broke out.

"Yes, Senors, I was one of that famous band. Of all who knew, only Clotilde and I are left. Soon only she will know. Listen, caballeros.

"Many, many years ago, when I was young and careless, the Devil himself came to San Jose del Piedre. Why, I know not, or how, but only this—he came.

"On the sacred Easter morning spurred he noisily into

the village, where all was quiet and holy. Grandly was he dressed, all in his snow-white chaps, silver spurs, silk sash, and gold braided sombrero. He was finer than all—and we were in our best. None of us knew him, none of us would have known him, if Padre Jacinthe had not raised his cross to bless us. As the words 'In the name of God the Father, and Christ the Son, and the Holy Virgin' fell from his lips the stranger gave an awful yell and fell foaming to the ground. We started back in wonder, he jump up, cursing, tearing his clothes from his body. Senors, in less time than I say it, he stood there before us—the Devil himself.

"Caballeros, I had never known fear, I had never thought to know it, but as I stood there, I called to God and the Virgin to save me. Fearful, worse than Padre Jacinthe had told us, black, with horns of a bull, and teeth of a lion; his hands like claws; and his split feet; and his face! I cannot tell of his face, the eternal hate, the never ending damnation in it made me, strong as I was, shake with fear, and call on God. Then with a hideous curse, he spring away through the crowd, and flee—and how he flee!"

Old Nicanor had been talking not like the average Mexican, but more like an educated American—and, indeed, he was well educated. But now his manner changed. He spoke more rapidly; poorer English, poorer pronunciation, more like himself, evidently carried out of himself by the recollection of that terrible day. His cigarette went went out, his eyes flashed, he talked with his hands as well as with his tongue.

"Strait' down road to San Elae he run, cursin', foamin'. At ever' step he go cast of *riata*, ever' time his foot

touch groun' he leave two little black mark. Those mark there yet! But we close on him, all hors'-back, all pray to Virgin to help us. Firs' ol' Padr' Jacinthe, then Ghuenio my bes' fren', then me, an' Francisco, an' Carlos, an' Jose, an' Pulyan, an' Nicasio, an' Nisio, an' many, many more, too many to name. All our dog we hav', too, to trail Devil. Ah, that was a ban' of hunters, an' that was a beast to hunt. All us in our ver' bes', he in nothin'—what a sight we make as we chase Devil!

"But that Devil? He not care for our hors', or for us, or for our dog; he want only get 'way. He run, oh, how he run, mor' fas' as hors'! When he come to road to Camp' Real, he turn 'way, an' run toward Onijaga. Nisio know cut-off, we take it, gain little on him, not much, but we make him run all mor'. On Hill San Pedro we gain lot, we ver' close, we hear him curs'. Dios, how he curs'! But goin' down hill, he run fas', he out sight at foot. Dog they foll' him by trail. He try hide at Gran' Piedr', but no use, they fin' him out, an' we see him how. He jump Agua Terlingua, not stop drink, he mus' be ver' tire. On oth' side he hide in pinon woods, but we set fire, burn him out. We mos' catch him w'en he jump out, Nisio cut off piece his tail, his son still got it! But he get 'way, we hav' chase more'. Down road to Cienegas he run, not so fas' now, he ver' tire, run mos' twent'fi' mile an' not stop. We tire too, but he mos' tire. At hous' of Ylario Moralez, he get on hors', try ride him. Valgame Dios, how that hors' pitch, how he buck! Tear down fence, tear down hous', ever'thing to get Devil off. Final he throw 'im off, hurt leg bad. Devil curs' hors', curs' us, curs' ever'thing, we

ver' clos' now, he han' run mor' an' he ver' tire. An' then, at Piedr' Castellan' he see mor' men, mor' hors', mor' dog. We think he give up now, but he game, he climb side Castellan', side like hous', no man foll' 'im. He get on top, like go on over, we ride roun' to get him, he come down on same side, an' trot off down road to Presidio! He ver' glad now, he think he los' us. 'Cross Rio at Presidio, go roun' Puert' Pic' to lose us, then lop' down to Agua Fria to drink. He run mos' fift' mile, he ver' hot, ver' thirst, start drink, so hot all water turn to steam, we see steam, an' fin' him easy. He see us come, but he res', he run fas' now, an' leave us 'way behin'. Down road to hous' Martin Solis, when he come to hous' he run in. Senors, alone in that hous' he fin' Clotilde Solis, who I love.

"Caballeros"—the old man's voice broke. Everything was profoundly still. No one seemed to breathe. The fire had died down, our figures were dimly visible through the semi-darkness. Presently Nicanor spoke again, more calmly, more like his former self.

"Senors, he run in, an' there alone he fin' Clotilde Solis. Ah, Senors, but she was beautiful, beautiful as only our girls can be. I knew, I know, every feature, but—only this, she was as beautiful then as she is now."

Had old Nicanor wished to astonish us, he had succeeded wonderfully. Huldene sat up with a snort of long-suppressed incredulity. I turned and gazed through the half light at the old man's face, trying to read its secret. Hancock and Adams, the two other members of the party, nudged each other and tapped their foreheads significantly. We had all seen the girl, and knew her to be only eighteen or twenty. Yet here was Nicanor calmly telling us that she was eighty or ninety!

"So, Senors? You doubt me? Ah, but I knew you would! Still—? To her, that timid girl, the Devil promise eternal life and beauty if she hide him, and instant death if she refuse. Poor child, what could she do? Half dead with fear, and knowing not of us, she gasp in terror, and fall back against the wall. With an awful curs' he jump at her, catch her arm in his han', and make like to kill her. The mark of his fingers on her arm yet! Then she gasp out, 'The—the—cave—back—of—of—the—house,' and fall like dead on the floor. The Devil clim' the chimney, jump down outside, and dash in cave not a minute before we ride in corral.

"Caballeros, when we go in that house and find Clotilde dead, we think, Dios! how we curs', how we rave. She, so young, so beautiful, to die like this! We would hav' brave Hell itself! Long we work over her, all no use. Finally, just as Padre Jacinthe raise his cross to bless her, she open her eyes. Ah, how we praise God! But when she see the cross, she shrink back, shuddering. The Padre held it closer, but she gasp out, low, like it hurt to talk:

" 'No, no, I may not, he not let me'."

" 'Who, my child?' "

" 'My—my—my Master.' She shudder, turn pale, like she faint again. Then slow, awful, we get her story—her prayers, the Devil, his promise, his threat, her answer.

" 'What! In the cave?' shout Padre Jacinthe, and rush out. Not a bit too soon, the Devil not hear us, he steal out and try get away. Holding high his cross, our Padre walk toward the Devil, he cower back in the cave. Glorious in his God then, Padre Jacinthe stand in the

door till we make a cross, he bless it and we put it up in mouth of cave. Every year, on the sacred Easter, a new cross is made, blessed, and put up. The old one never comes down till the new one is up. While we change, the Devil roar and curse, and spit fire, but he never try pass that holy cross."

"And Clotilde?" broke in Huldene, scornfully.

"Si, Senor, Clotilde? Once a year, on the Easter, goes she into that cave, stays one day, and comes out. Always alone, always fearing, always loathing, but never a year has she failed. Since that day, she has never been more than a year older. Never has she grown older, never will she grow older. I was twenty, she was eighteen. I am ninety, she is still eighteen."

"Oh, but Nicanor," again came from Huldene, "you surely can't expect us to believe all this, can you? That the Devil came to earth, that he was chased by you, penned up in a cave, and that he gives eternal life to this girl is impossible, and besides, it's nonsense, absolute nonsense."

"You see, Senors? As I said, he doubts me. Ah, well, no matter. He asked for a story. I have told one. He can believe me, he can say I lie; I care not. But, Senors, I knew her—Clotilde—then, I know her now. She has not changed. As for the rest—Quien Sabe?"

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE CHARACTER OF POE.

M. L. Wright.

THE LIFE of Edgar Allan Poe has but few parallels in history. It reminds one of a painful dream in which there is much destructive, but little pleasant. Sad, indeed, are the impressions one gets by studying his unhappy life. He was one of earth's greatest geniuses. Some of his characteristics we can but admire, while others we can but abhor. We admire the wonderful grasp of his intellect, but we abhor the way he, at times, abused it. He was endowed with the aspirations of an angel, but the low appetite of a brute; he was analytic, but unscientific; he was speculative indeed, but equally sensual; he was great, but unhappy. His lofty aspiration is portrayed in *Annabel Lee* and *Lenora;* his analytic type of mind is portrayed in *The Gold Bug;* his wild speculation and unscientific views are portrayed in his *Eureka;* and his sublimely melancholy nature is indelibly stamped upon all his works. The deep croaking of the raven, responding with its doleful "Nevermore" to all the fitful and impassioned questionings of its master, reveals the deep-seated melancholy, depression and despair of his soul.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston in 1809,—not in Baltimore in 1811, as some biographers say. He came of an old and respected family. His father was a lawyer in early life, but becoming enamored of an English actress he married her and followed her profession until his death, which occurred a few years afterward. Poe's mother died shortly after her husband, having three children. Edgar, who was the middle one, was

adopted by a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Mr. John Allan. Mr. Allan took young Edgar to England in 1815, and placed him in a boarding school near London where he remained five years. He returned to Richmond in 1820 where he was still instructed by European teachers in the classic schools of Messrs. Burk and Clark.

Never was an American youth's environment better suited to produce a poet and a critic than was Poe's. We see him in his most impressionable age thrown into association with such youths of talent and genius as Byron, Keats and Shelley; in a time when England was enthusiastic over the exultation of Waterloo, when Europe was recovering from the spell of Napoleon, and when Napoleon himself was dying on St. Helena. He could help neither being impressed by the times in whith he lived nor drinking deep of the mysterious atmosphere in which he was placed. Not only was his environment favorable while in England, but also after he returned to America. Richmond at that time was one of the most classical cities in America. Its schools were taught by graduates of the most famous institutions of Europe. Thus we find Poe in his youth receiving the best educational training that could be had in Europe and America.

Not only were his educational advantages good, but his social advantages as well. His foster father's financial standing was such as to place the lad in the best society of Richmond. Almost within a stone's throw of his home were the classical mansions of the Pages, Wickhams and Harrisons. Familiar figures on the streets of Richmond were Chief Justice Marshall, John Randolph, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and many others

of scarcely inferior rank, who formed the goodly social circles of the city. Not only was his environment favorable for a poet but for a critic as well; for he received his education at a time when all educated men were criticising each other's work, and searching deeper and deeper for truth and beauty—an age which was producing such men as Carlyle and Macauly. These were some of the early advantages of one of America's most wayward sons. In 1826 he entered the University of Virginia, where he contracted a habit of dissipation that followed him through life. After remaining in the University he joined the U. S. Army, in which he served two years under the name of Edgar A. Perry. He received some promotion during this time, but being without a purpose here, as he was elsewhere, he did not remain. In 1830 he entered West Point Military Academy, where he stayed until the next year, when he was expelled on account of his unsteady habits.

We next find Poe competing for two prizes, offered by the *Baltimore Visitor*: one for the best story, another for the best poem. Poe having won both, inquiries were made concerning him by Mr. Kennedy, the chairman of the committee who awarded the prizes. In a state of complete destitution, emaciated and filthy, Poe made his appearance. His well-worn coat buttoned closely around his throat concealed the absence of a shirt, and his worn-out shoes disclosed the want of hosiery. Mr. Kennedy accompanied him to a clothing store, and once more Poe appeared in the garb of a gentleman. Through Mr. Kennedy's influence Poe was soon made joint editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond.

Thus do we see Poe, a young man unable to control himself, unable to manage his pecuniary affairs so as to clothe himself decently, installed at the age of twenty-two in a position of the highest honor and trust his country could bestow—forming public opinion. But soon, however, on account of his dissipation he became unable to fill the position. He then went from Richmond to Baltimore, and from thence to Philadelphia where again he received regular literary employment.

In the meantime Poe had added to his other follies that of marrying! Where formerly there was but one unhappy, there were now two. He married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, of Richmond. She was a young lady, unusually beautiful, gentle natured, and of great musical talent; but she was unable to manage the wayward poet in his course of dissipation.

In 1844 Poe moved to New York and began writing as sub-editor of *The Evening Mirror*. Here he lived the remainder of his life. He was admitted to the highest social and literary circles, and by slight restraint might have held himself as a gentleman, but in the meantime he was on his old rounds of dissipation. Here he wrote some of his best stories and some of his most brilliant criticisms. Here he published *The Raven*, which is no doubt the greatest and most original poem of its kind that America has ever produced. Here he published his wonderful *Eureka*, in which he enunciated his pet theory on "The Physical, Metaphysical and Mathematical—of the Natural and Spiritual Universe:—of its Essence, its Origin, its Creation, its Present Condition and its Destiny."

Poe was left a widower in 1847, after which time he

drank more violently than ever—even at times to insanity. He attributed his drinking to his insanity, and not his insanity to his drinking. However that may have been it seems that he did not restrain himself in the least, and was often thrown completely upon the mercy of his friends. In 1848 he delivered a lecture in New York on *The Cosmogony of the Universe*, a very imaginative piece of work, but equally as unscientific as imaginative. His object in delivering it was to raise money to establish a purely literary magazine, which had existed in his own mind for a long time and which he had already named *The Stylus*. About the same time he formed an acquaintance with one of the most brilliant women of New England, sought her hand and the day was set for their marriage, but for some unknown reason the engagement was broken.

For some months afterward he pursued a most reckless course of dissipation; then went to Virginia on money raised by his friends to deliver a series of lectures, still hoping that by so doing he could raise means whereby to start his magazine. At Richmond he professed a determination to reform his habits, joined a temperance society and for a while really seemed to have reformed. Here he contracted an engagement to marry a widow whom he had known in youth. He started to New York to fulfill a literary engagement and arrange for the marriage. At Baltimore he fell in with some of his old companions who invited him to drink. The temptation was too strong, and his good resolutions were broken. He drank until he was deplorably drunk. He was afterward found on the streets insane and dying, and was carried to the public hospital where he expired on the seventh of October, 1849.

Thus miserably passed away one of America's greatest literati. His biography is a story of admiration and regret; but it is true and no truth should be obscured by flattery. Though we learn the pathetic lesson of his life we should not let it blind us in judging his greatness. We do not judge a picture by the brush with which it was painted, but by the beauty, symmetry and proportion of its colors.

A great poem has the depth, fulness and majesty of a mighty river whose power cannot be calculated, and whose majesty cannot at once be comprehended. One has but to gaze upon the Nile, even in the desert, to realize that the mountains of a great continent are feeding it. One must realize in good literature that at the fountain head are a mighty intellect and imagination. Such was the flow of Poe's poetry that one could but see at once the greatness of his imagination and intellect. Not only was his greatness shown in his poetry, but in his criticisms as well. They were practically free from the narrow-mindedness that causes one to value a thing because it belongs to a section, and not to a literature. He brought into the field of American criticism the appreciation of true art in literature, and did much to expel the narrow spirit and inferior standard of our literature. Although his works were not appreciated by the masses of his age, he was none the less great. He has waited for a half century for the full appreciation of his works and his time of waiting is by no means over. In judging his works we should see for what more than melancholy and misery his life stood, and not judge the light of his life by the medium through which it shone.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

D. Z. Newton.

Alone, as twilight skies are mingling gray,
And zephyrs lull the knell of closing day,
Sad thoughts and memories of by gone years
Bring from my weary soul repentant tears.
Why it is, my ear shall hear—
Sometime, somewhere.

A feeling or a longing for repose,
As all my duties unperformed disclose,
And hidden faults from hideous forms unveil,
My pensive, weary mind cannot curtail.
Why it is, my ear shall hear—
Sometime, somewhere.

A seeming consciousness that Destiny,
Infusing all the hopes and fears that be,
Will stop this life, as 'twere of little worth,
Awakes the thought, Why came I to this earth?
Why it is, my ear shall hear—
Sometime, somewhere.

And now as darkness veils the slumbering world
I fancy life its mortal flag has furled;
But as the darknes soon recedes to light
I see beyond life's flag unfurling bright.
Why it is, my ear shall hear—
Sometime, somewhere.

CUPID'S DETERMINATION.

Carroll Wiggins.

ETHEL'S father had but a few moments ago come to lunch and imparted the surprising news that the "Carolina", the brand new first-class battleship, just from the docks of Newport News, had been ordered on a year's cruise to the Phillipines. I say it was surprising; but, in truth, there was only one person, to whom the information seemed to be unexpected. And that person was Ethel herself. For had not Clarence told her the evening before that the ship would, in all probability, remain in the harbor a month or so for various slight repairs? He surely ought to know, for he was the ship's second lieutenant.

It was no wonder, then, that Ethel's movements seemed to lack life for the remainder of the day. How hard it seemed. That morning she had been happy; and why not? Was she not to proceed immediately to procure the necessary outfit, and be ready for marriage within three weeks? She had known and loved Clarence ever since they were in the high school together and it seemed that time and distance had lent a greater depth to their love. They had decided the night before not to put it off any longer, that now was the best time to be married. But, now, for them, everything was thrown into confusion.

The long hours of the afternoon dragged themselves slowly by,—very slowly indeed, for Ethel knew that, unless something unusual detained him, Clarence would call in the evening. Dinner was announced and the family, consisting of husband, wife, and daughter,

seated themselves to an appetizing repast. It was, of course, difficult for Ethel to engage in conversation as was her wont, and her mother and father were quick to see the listless expression, and the evident desire to refrain from participation in the discussion of any topic. Of course, they knew that Clarence and Ethel had long been good friends, or even sweethearts, but had no idea that they had serious intentions of matrimony. And Ethel had, as yet, told no one. She had intended telling her mother when she and Clarence had made all plans and when these plans should be ready for execution. It was, as you see, next to impossible for them to appreciate the feelings which dominated Ethel's entire being, for they had never experienced a similar disappointment in such an important step.

Ethel was soon finished, and, excusing herself, hurried upstairs to arrange her toilet, preparatory to receiving Clarence.

When the servant announced "Mr. Lieut. Avery", she was just finished, and hurried downstairs to the parlor. As she closed the door behind her, she could think of but one thing to say, "Is it true, Clarence?"

"Yes", he replied, as he drew her to him. "But don't let us worry about it. There is plenty of time still and the cruise may not be as long as we think".

It was nearly twelve o'clock when he arose to go. The "Carolina" was to leave early next morning, and he would not have time to see her again before he left. It seemed as if he were tearing life itself from his bosom as he tried to say a farewell.

"You will be true to me while I am away, Ethel?"

"Always", she murmured as she nestled closer to him and laid her hot cheek against his smooth blouse.

"I shall return within a year at the longest, and then I shall come to claim you if you still love me. For, in another year, my term of obligation to the service shall have expired, and I shall be a free man. Now, I must go. Will you wait for me?"

"I shall wait for you always, Clarence."

"Good night, and may God keep you safe, sweetheart."

"To know that I will not see you again for oh! so long. But I will be true, my love."

He imprinted a lingering kiss upon her lips and turning, descended the steps. Ethel watched the tall, manly form of Clarence Avery until he turned the corner at the next block, not very far away. Giving vent to a long sigh and brushing away the tears that she did not attempt to restrain, she went upstairs to her room, where, retiring for the night, she cried herself to sleep.

Eleven of those twelve months before Clarence should return passed. To Ethel, it was tedious. She would receive no company, preferring to utilize the time in writing to Clarence, which she did nearly every day,—never less than two or three times a week.

To Clarence, who was ever occupied with work which he could not neglect, the time passed rather rapidly after the first three or four weeks. While he did not have time to write very often, yet, never a day passed that he did not think of her many times.

But, when Clarence had been gone eleven months, a crime was committed, which would not only disgrace the perpetrator for life, but which was also calculated to blight the lives of several other people.

Mr. Brevard, Ethel's father, was a liberal, big-hearted

man, and could not resist the temptation to give where he saw it was needed. He always contributed liberally to the church, orphan's fund, funds for the relief of the poor, etc. He had made many a poor family happy by sending them, at the most opportune time, a load of wood, a barrel of flour, a ham, and many other similar things. He soon found himself living beyond his income, and being cashier of the largest bank in town, he acquired the habit of appropriating from the bank's funds, such amounts as were required to meet his obligations still outstanding when he had paid out all his salary. It was undoubtedly his intention to cut down his expenses gradually and pay back to the bank what he should use. But this he was unable to do. He had manipulated the books in such a way that not even an expert after examining the books would have suspected him. Rather, suspicion would have fallen on any one in the bank other than Mr. Brevard.

When he found that he was getting deeper in debt and was unable to pay out, he despaired of trying any more. It bore on his mind and caused many sleepless nights. Finally, he resolved to confess his guilt, when he should go before the meeting of stockholders to make his quarterly report. This he did, and was immediately placed under arrest. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to three years at hard labor in the state penitentiary.

From the time her father was arrested, until he was carried to prison, was three weeks. Ethel, of course, had been overcome with humiliation. It devolved upon her to comfort her mother, who was prostrated by the shock. The duties of the home fell to her. Poor girl, how little did she then realize what that one event

would mean to her whole life. Of course, she had been too busy to write Clarence and tell him about the affair, and it is doubtful whether she would have written if she had had time, had she thought twice before. She would not have known how to tell him. But he was even now on his way to her and she would tell him face to face.

As the week wore on, and she thought of the affair, she began to realize its seriousness, how it was obliged to affect her subsequent life. She realized that she could not be the same, even among most of her friends as she was before. She realized that when Clarence should come, she would tell him of the disgrace to her family, what it would mean to him to marry her and to release him from their engagement. Poor Ethel, how unceasingly it did rest on her mind! She could think of nothing else. There was, indeed, nothing for her to look forward to in life. Her whole future seemed blighted.

* * *

Sunday morning about nine o'clock as Ethel and her mother sat with tear stained eyes at the breakfast table, a long, hoarse, whistle sounded upon the crisp November air. Ethel started, looked at her mother, turned red, then pale, and a tear trickled down her cheek. She had not heard that whistle for a year, but she knew it—knew it as well as she knew herself.

Clarence would, of course, go first to his home, which was on the other side of the city. But there was no doubting the fact that he would take tea with Ethel and her mother, provided, indeed, he was not poisoned against her by his people, but there was little chance of that.

When Clarence had arranged everything on ship for his departure, it was about eleven o'clock. He hurried to his home, and the usual reception took place. Of course, he was "looking just grand" and "My, how you have fattened", and even his little seven year old sister remarked that he was so sunburnt that he looked like a colored man.

Presently lunch was ready and all went into the spacious dining room and took seats at the table. When his father had said grace over the meal, he turned to Clarence with a deep frown on his face and said, "Ahem—hur, er-er— say Clarence, have you heard of the awful position into which Ethel and her mother have been thrown by the indiscretion of Mr. Brevard?"

"No, father, how is it, tell me?" asked Clarence, surprised, and much interested.

Mr. Avery gave a detailed account of the confession, arrest, and trial of Mr. Brevard. He wound up by saying, "You would not think of keeping up your intimate relation with Ethel now, would you?"

Clarence was too shocked and surprised to say anything definite. He merely remarked, "I don't know, I'll think about it." And it did indeed furnish food for thought, as he soon found. He determined to see Ethel first, however, and hear what she had to say. He would hear all before deciding upon any definite line of action.

The conversation at the dinner table soon turned to other subjects—about his trip, etc. When all had finished and repaired to the sitting room, Mr. Avery again brought up Ethel's disgrace.

"Son, you had better mind how you resume your intimate friendship with Ethel Brevard. I am older than

you and know better than you what is best for you. You hold an office of honor in our country's service and you cannot afford to compromise it in any way.

"Don't worry father, I'll think it all over and you may be sure I'll do what I think best."

About four o'clock, Clarence donned his cap and long blue cape, and started for Ethel's home. How his heart thumped as he approached the familiar place. Another heart was thumping, but how infinitely different were the states of mind which controlled the palpitation—one joyful—the other joyful—but sad.

Ethel saw him, and as he started to ring, she opened the door. Clarence stepped inside and closed the door. With a sob, which shook her delicate figure from head to foot, she placed her hands on his shoulders and said in a voice just above a whisper, "You have heard, Clarence?"

"Yes, sweetheart, I have heard all, and God only knows how I feel for you."

They then went into the sitting room where Clarence spoke to Mrs. Brevard with his same open, frank way of greeting as had always distinguished him from the other boys of the neighborhood. Mrs. Brevard was a woman who never forgot that she had been a girl herself, and with that delicate consideration which is the dominant characteristic of every high-bred woman, she retired to her room up stairs, leaving the sweethearts alone together.

They seated themselves in the pretty cosy corner, and Ethel told Clarence of the whole affair pretty much as his father had done. At times she almost gave way to the emotion which was plainly visible. When she had

finished her story she said: "And now Clarence, I do not hold you to our engagement any longer, although I love you more than ever. I realize fully what it would mean to your family, and sisters especially. I know how terrible it would be for Marguerite and Bessie to have to hear the slandering of gossips about their brother having married the daughter of a penitentiary convict." Here the poor girl became completely overwhelmed by a flood of tears. She could say nothing else.

Clarence took her shapely white hand, and gently placing his arm around her waist said:

"Ethel, I have loved you ever since we used to read our Cicero together in the high school. That love for you has grown more intense each day. I would not, for a moment, allow such an affair as this, one for which you are not in the least responsible, and one which you would have averted had it been in your power, to influence me in my choice of a wife. You are a dear, sweet girl, and Bessie and Marguerite love you. I know they will be glad of my choice, no matter what your father did. If you love me as you say you do, we will be married at once."

"But your father and mother, what will they say?" Clarence well knew what one of them would say, but he replied cheerfully, "Mother thinks as much of you as the girls, and I can take care of father all right."

"You know Clarence, it would be so unpleasant for a girl to have for a father-in-law a man who opposed, to the very last, his son's marrying her."

"Yes, I know, but everything will be all right in a day or so."

But Clarence knew very well what a time of it he

would have trying to bring his obstinate, high-tempered father around to his side.

The conversation continued along other lines until tea was ready to be served, when they went into the dining room. Clarence was jovial and lighthearted, which had a good effect on Mrs. Brevard and Ethel. That is: it made them forget as far as was possible, their trouble, and made them appear a little happier than they had been in several weeks.

About nine o'clock, Clarence left the Brevard home and went around to speak to his best friend, George Alexander. They had always been the dearest friends and Clarence could not remember the time when he did not confide to George all his secrets and ask his advice on his puzzling situations. George appreciated this and Clarence valued George's counsel highly.

The old friends greeted each other cordially. After many questions by each about trivial matters—to Clarence at least—George leaned forward in his chair, placed his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand, and asked in an anxious voice:

"Well, old fellow, what are you going to do about it?"

"Exactly what you would do in my place," replied Clarence quietly.

"Good, give me your hand on that." And the two pressed each others' hands silently. Each knew the other's feelings.

"No doubt that she is one of the finest girls in town. There is but one that I would choose above her."

Clarence had known for a long time that George was in love with his sister, but matters along this line had never been openly discussed between them.

After talking, for a long time, of the things that had happened during his absence, Clarence went home. It being a late hour, he did not disturb the family, but going into his mother's chamber, he kissed his mother and father goodnight, and went quietly to his room where he retired. But little sleep was in store for him that night.

The next morning at breakfast, Mr. Avery again broached the subject. It seemed to worry him and rest on his mind a great deal.

"Well, Clarence, er—er—I suppose by this time you have come to a definite decision about Ethel?"

"Yes, father, I have given the matter much thought. I can not see where Ethel is in any way to blame for what her father did. I think just as much, if not more of her now than ever before."

'But surely," expostulated Mr. Brevard, "you are not going to continue your attentions to her? The people will think much less of you. And what will they think of your two sisters? Why, boy, you haven't the foresight of a two year old child."

"That may be so, father, but of one thing I am sure: No sensible man would hold my sister responsible for my actions. If a man loved my sister, and refused to marry her because I married a pure, sweet girl in misfortune, then I think she makes a happy miss."

Mr. Avery was losing his temper. "Clarence, do you expect to visit Ethel any more?"

"Father," said Clarence, laying down his knife and fork and looking Mr. Avery straight in the eyes, "I have always tried to be a dutiful and obedient son. It has been my wish ever since I was a small boy so to con-

duct myself as to reflect credit upon you and mother. I gave up my greatest ambition, that of becoming a civil engineer, to go in the navy because I knew you and mother would be pleased. You know I've always taken your advice on other things. But when it comes to selecting a woman to live with for life, it is a different thing entirely. I am the one that must be pleased with her,—I am the one she must live with,—I, therefore, am the one to consult, the one whose advice alone I shall accept. No one, not even my father, though I love and honor him, shall influence me one way or the other. If I have my way, Ethel and I shall be married within a week."

Mr. Avery was boiling over in rage. He arose, trembling, and said hoarsely,

"Then, from this moment, my house is no longer your home." The girls began to cry, while Mrs. Avery, also in tears, tried in vain to pacify her husband. "No, I will not tolerate such insolence from my own son," he said over and over again.

Clarence went quickly up the stairs to get his suit case which was the only thing in the house that belonged to him. Marguerite was right behind him and as he was stooping to place some collars in his suit case, she said: "Brother, I am so sorry you and father can't agree about Ethel. But I think you are right. She is a fine girl, and I don't know of a girl in Carolina that I would rather have as a sister-in-law. She can't help what her father did any more than I can help what my father said to you just now."

"You are right sister, and I am more than glad to know that you see it in that light. I felt rather a deli-

cacy in marrying Ethel on your's and Bessie's account."

"The idea! You should have known better than that, Clarence."

When Clarence went down stairs and began to tell his mother good-bye, it was more than Mr. Avery could stand. Going up to Clarence with a large tear in each eye, he said:

"Come, boy, I am sorry for what I said. I was wrong and you were right. Carry your suit case back upstairs and try to forget what has just taken place. Ethel is a fine girl and I like her. She'll get a fine boy in you, too."

"Sure, father, that's all right. I knew you had lost your temper."

This was scarcely a surprise to Clarence, who knew Mr. Avery's disposition so well—quick to lose his temper—quick to be sorry.

That night, Clarence went to the Brevard home, and George Alexander went to the residence of the Averys'. When Clarence returned home, he called Marguerite into the hall.

"Sister," said he, "I've a secret to tell you."

"I've one to tell you, too, but you tell me your's first."

"Well, Ethel and I are going to be married Thursday night and we want you to be maid of honor and George to be best man."

"I declare, that's fine, and we would be delighted," said Marguerite joyfully. "But George and I decided this evening that if you and Ethel were married this week, that we would help out by making it a double marriage—a quiet home one—that is if you and Ethel don't object."

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

[Entered in Post-Office, Chapel Hill, N. C., as second class matter].

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EDITORIAL

With this issue the MAGAZINE makes a change in its editor-in-chiefship. When the MAGAZINE came into our hands, much of the material for the present issue had already been obtained by the former editor-in-chief—which we gratefully acknowledge. Although our name is placed on the editorial page, the honor is due to a large degree to him. Mr. Wilson has made the MAGAZINE a good editor. He has been indefatigable in his efforts to make it a success. And he has succeeded; our best exchanges have criticized the MAGAZINE favorably. We realize, therefore, that there is much for us to do to

maintain its standard. To do so we must have the hearty cooperation of the student body.

We sincerely hope to make the periodical even a greater success than it has been. In order to do this, the students must take an active interest in it. We heartily commend the work that a few have done for it. But a college periodical should be representative of the literary work of not a few men but of the whole college. Many seem to think that there is no responsibility on them beyond that of electing a board of editors. A few contributions are handed in, and the editors have to search the English rooms for the rest. There seems to be a radical defect in our life here. We live in an atmosphere that is too coldly critical. Men who have never contributed a line, and whose religious scruples, perhaps, will not permit them to do so, will sit around and try unmercifully to pick flaws in the articles of others. The American, as someone has said, is a conservative fellow and dreads above all things to be subjected to ridicule. Let us imagine that the scoffer is the "peanut-cracker" of the side-line fame and contribute all the more heartily to our college publications. Every student should take an active personal interest in everything that has the welfare of his college at heart. When he does so we may expect the college publications and everything relative to the University to prosper.

The MAGAZINE prizes which were offered last year are printed elsewhere in this issue, and will be given again this year. Very few contributions which are eligible to the HUNTER LEE HARRIS MEDAL, which is awarded for the best short story, have been handed in yet. Here is a chance for some one to win a medal. We sincerely hope

to make the MAGAZINE a success and to get out one that is thoroughly representative of the University. We, therefore, earnestly solicit contributions from Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors and graduate students.

It is a well known fact that very few students attend Commencement. Every one, as soon as he has completed his examinations in May, takes the first train home. The Freshman has perhaps been told that Commencement is not the place for him, that he has plenty of time to attend in his Sophomore, Junior and Senior years. May generally finds the Sophomore, who as a general thing knows very little about Commencement and who seems to care even less, worn out by assiduous application to second English, second mathematics, first chemistry, first physics, or something of their kind; for it is in one's second year that the "rub" comes. Worn out in this way he wishes to seek relief in some other place, away from the very sight of things that will suggest examinations to him. The Junior leaves perhaps because he deems Commencement exclusively a Senior affair—an opinion formed very erroneously from his absolute ignorance of it. Of course the Senior class is the main feature of Commencement; it is natural that it should be. The time marks the crowning event of four long years of hard work. We all hope to be Seniors sometime, and then our time will come. But let us not wait until that day to attend.

We may have overdrawn some things we said above; but nevertheless comparatively few students outside the Senior class ever attend Commencement. We were pres-

ent last June and students were conspicuous only for their absence. How can we ever expect to get the alumni to visit the University, if we cannot get the students to take more interest in its welfare? Much breath as it seemed for some time, has been wasted in discussing this question. But it has finally taken the shape of a few practical suggestions.

In the first place some suggestions have been made to induce the students to stay for Commencement. The first of these is for the Sophomore and Junior classes to give a banquet to the Freshman class some time during Commencement week. The Freshman is not a University man in the strictest sense of the term; it takes him at least one year to become acquainted with University life and University ideals. It is as a recognition of the entrance of the Freshman class into the full life of the University that this banquet has been proposed. Another suggestion is that the societies shall be sole proprietors of the inter-society banquet and that all the members of each society shall be given a free ticket to the banquet. These suggestions are, we think, very good and we see no reason why they should not meet with favor in the eyes of the college. Not until the greater part of the students can be induced to remain for Commencement, will it be the grand success it should be.

Not only has some step been taken to induce the students to remain. Something is on foot to entertain them. Heretofore Monday of Commencement week has been a dreadfully vacant day. There is scarcely anything doing on this day. The Seniors and a few Juniors may be seen loafing about here and yonder for amusement. Some recline supinely on the grass about

the campus, leisurely blowing rings of smoke in the air and building air castles. Only one or two do we find sufficiently amused. And these are some unlucky Seniors who waited till their Senior year to fall on psychology, or first Greek perhaps. But this is amusement for but two or three out of seventy-five. To fill in this day and remedy this defect, it has been suggested that we have a game of baseball either between the Varsity and some other college team, or between the faculty and students, or between the alumni and students. This would make the week much more interesting to everybody. One more, and we wish they were not all suggestions. The chief ball manager has proposed to the chief marshal the idea of giving a Junior Dance, instead of a banquet and a dance heretofore given by the Gorgon's Head and the Gimghouls. The dance is to be open to all students that wish to attend. It is merely to be dignified by the name Junior Dance, which by no means means that it shall be exclusively for Juniors.

All these suggestions, in our opinion, are very timely and we take this opportunity of presenting them to the college for its careful consideration. If they should become a part of Commencement they would no doubt go a long way toward solving the problem and answering the question: How can we ever induce students to attend Commencement? There is something edifying about the occasion. One has not got the best good out of his year's work unless he remains for it. It is, as it were, a finishing touch to the year's work. We sincerely hope that these suggestions will be given the careful thought of the college; for we believe that they, if ever effective, will not only induce students to stay for Commencement, but alumni will be induced to attend.

Just now while the question of rules in college athletics is agitating the whole college world, an article dealing with this point is appropriate and should interest the majority of our readers. We wish, therefore, to direct attention to an article on "Athletics and the College," published elsewhere in this issue and written by Professor Edward K. Graham, of the English Department. It treats the question in a fair-minded, forceful manner and is a subtle analysis of the athletic situation. No article of its kind has ever been published in the MAGAZINE before. We commend it, therefore, to the serious consideration of our readers.

EXCHANGES

On a whole the exchanges are not so good this month. Some are filled with pretty fair reading matter, others have all serious matter and still others are composed almost entirely of fiction. Many are very one-sided. Yet there are a number of this month's exchanges that make the heart of the exchange editor glad.

Yale is attempting something new in academic literature. It is endeavoring to get out a magazine, which shall be truly representative of Yale University, and which is known as the *Yale Monthly Magazine*. Every issue is to contain a number of illustrations. Alumni of Yale are requested to contribute articles, and all undergraduate contributors receive pay for their articles. The editors' ideal is a high one; it is stimulating in itself.

The editors of the *Monthly* have succeeded admirably in their initial efforts. The first issue is superior, in our humble opinion, to anything in academic literature. The *Harvard Monthly*, heretofore the shining light in college literature, will have to apply some strong stimulus to do better work, or be entirely eclipsed by the splendor of *The Yale Monthly*. *The Yale Monthly* is not only scholarly; but it has sounded a note of the genuine literary spirit. Poetry of the highest type to be found in current literature, entertaining fiction, and instructive, interesting serious matter compose its pages. Timely subjects are treated in a forceful manner that lends them more than a passing interest. *The Monthly* is not, as some one has said of the modern novel, "a thing of dazzling beauty and a joy for a moment." There is no sham,

affectation, or pedantry about its articles; but between their lines we see reflected the personalities of strong young men—men who have written because they felt and had something to say. The articles have the stamp of individuality, yet they are universal; there are pages sparkling with humor, and yet there are pages of just as interesting serious matter.

The *Monthly* has appeared before the public for the first time under peculiarly favorable auspices. The first issue shows very well what kind of magazine a college can get out when the students and faculty unite enthusiastically in their efforts to do so. We hope that success will crown every effort of our esteemed contemporary, and that as near as possible it may attain its high ideal of usefulness in academic literature.

The January issue of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is one of the best yet. It is no one-sided paper, filled with hackneyed plots, sentimental jingles, and disgusting love stories. Every contribution is a credit to the editors and the whole University; and the departments are on a level with the contributions.

"'Midst the Shadows" is an excellent short story. The author selected an almost perfect setting for relating it. The plot is well worked up and the story is narrated in a simple way that makes it much more interesting. We truly feel that the black-hearted old wretch, Rench, deserved the punishment that he received.

"The Eclipse of August 30, 1905", gives its reader a very interesting account of the United States Eclipse Expedition, "which was sent out to observe the great solar eclipse of August 30, 1905." The piece shows clearly that the author traveled with open eyes.

Another piece of good fiction contained in this issue is "The Man from Peaceful Valley." The story has a good setting, a well-worked up plot, which has much more originality about it than hundreds of stories that one reads every week. The characters are well drawn, and the narration of the story is good enough.

"War Poems and Songs of the South" is made the subject of a contribution. What could be more appropriately contributed to a magazine of a Southern college? This is a branch of study that is greatly neglected by Southern college journals. It was indeed a pleasure to the editor to read this contribution. The author has entered into an interpretation of these war songs and poems with a thorough appreciation of the hardships which the South was undergoing at the time of their production. He says, as everyone knows, that many of these songs and poems have no claims to the name literature; yet he also says that precious treasures are to be found among them. Maurice Thompson says of Ticknor's "Little Giffin"—which the author quotes: "If there is a finer lyric than this in the whole realm of poetry, I would be glad to read it."

The poetry is all of a high grade. It is very smooth and rhythmical. "The Landman" and "Arcadie" are well worth mentioning.

The departments, as we said at the beginning, are on a level with the rest of the magazine. The editorial at the head of the exchange department is very timely and said in an emphatic, forceful manner. Many editors of magazines throughout the country would do well to keep the sentiment of it ever before their minds.

The Elizabethan Quarterly (Elizabeth College, Char-

lotte, N. C.), a new and welcomed visitor, comes to our table this month. Its garb and typographical make-up are very good; it presents a very neat appearance from the outside, We turn back its pages and find a number of contributions touching upon some phase of Wordsworth's poetry. There are three of these, entitled respectively, "Romanticism in Wordsworth," "The Teachings of Wordsworth," and "Wordsworth's Sonnets." These are good of their kind, but they smack too much of the school room exercise. As spring is drawing near, some of the young authoresses might leave the class room, go out where the birds sing and the flowers bloom, commune with nature, and give us the benefit thereof. We are pleased with the initial issue of the *Elizabethan*. We welcome it to our table.

An attractive little magazine called *The Kaimin*—a word which, we are informed, derived from the Flathead Indian dialect, means *to know*—has completed its second long journey to us from the University of Montana. We are glad to welcome it; because not only of its own intrinsic merits, but, also, on account of the interest accruing to it as representative of the great Northwest.

By some coincidence *The Kaimin* and the *University of Texas Magazine* are lying on the table before us, side by side, and we behold somewhat meditatively two geographical extremes thus united by the bond of literature. Both of these magazines we consider original and characteristic of their locality. They occupy a common ground in their literary merit and in the fact that each has the benefit of such artistic ornamentation as the hand of the "co-ed" alone may lend. We are glad to remark the local coloring of the fiction in the *University*

of Texas Magazine, especially as exemplified in "The Red Cloud", even though its author's contemporary thinks it necessary to come way down into North Carolina in order to find a locus for his *House of Montreau*. *The Kaimin*, as well, contains a particularly commendable type of writing in the papers of "The Spectator," who quite wisely chooses to seek inspiration within the walls of his own college.

It is a universal fault of contributors to college publications to ignore the allurements of things and events, which, coming directly under their observation, and possessing the unsurpassed charm of the college atmosphere, afford extraordinarily rich material for literary treatment; hence our pleasure in the exception presented by the magazine in question. But we should be still more pleased to see some of the co-educational institutions let up a little on love stories having nothing in them but a plot, and substitute some sort of fiction with a setting and characters of some work as peculiar to their section. For instance we should like to read some story or poem having its action among such beauty, picturesqueness, and grandeur as is native to Montana's mountains and glaciers, lakes, and streams.

What a story could the author of "An Episode of Old Norway" have written had he utilized his propensity for Jack London effects by looking nearer at home for a background!

Turning to another point, we cannot but wonder why, since so many good things are contained between *The Kaimin's* covers, it is not proof-read! Its typographical features, at least, are strikingly inferior to the well put up pages of the Texas magazine.

A MADONNA AND CHILD IN VLADIMIR CATHEDRAL, KIEFF.

Across a desolate land, in the dim light
Of fading stars wander this lonely twain,
The woman, child on arm. No angel train
Of ministrants, no raptured faces bright
Of saints adoring throng their weary flight;
Sad-eyed Madonna of the Slav, in vain
She seeks to know what hope, or what worse pain
Hides in the deathlike shadow of this night.
But He, she holds enfolded, Who should be
The Prince of Peace, what cry is in his ears,
What vision turns Him wan? "To dry all tears
Come I indeed, and must such anguish see
In My name wrought, and dedicate to Me
Sword, scourge, and flame, through all the bitter years?"

—*Elizabeth Manwaring in Yale Monthly Magazine*

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

When I wandered at eve in my garden,
Full lonely with sadness was I,
For though dwelling in England and Arden,
The clouds wove their pall o'er the sky.
And my garden, my dearest of treasures,
'Neath blasts of the wintering day,
Oh! my garden, that held all my pleasures,
Had withered and faded away!

Yet one flower there was I still cherished,
A flower that never would bloom,
And I hoped since it bided unperished,
To tempt forth its hidden perfume.
So I tended it gaily, and gladly,
Lone hope in the waste of despair,
For none other would blossom, and sadly
I felt the keen chill of the air.

But at last, without presage or warning,
When daylight slipped west through the gloom,

The flower burst bright as the morning,
And I caught its subtle perfume.
And lo! I was back in the closes,
The gardens with hyacinth breath,
And I learned from the whispering roses,
The wonderful flower was Death!
—*Stanton Budington Leeds in Williams Literary Monthly.*

ARCADIE.

There is a Land of Summer, where the old time songs are sung,
Where the flowers bloom forever and the heart is ever young;
Where life is ever vernal, and 'tis there that I would be
To tread again forgotten paths in far off Arcadie.

O many are the years since I have walked beneath its trees,
And drunk the joy of living from the softened evening breeze,
When love was in its blossom; Ah, sweet the memory
Of pleasant hills and valleys there in peaceful Arcadie.

I have read in ancient stories of the far off long ago,
Of such a Vale in Grecian lands where roses used to blow;
Old world poets sang its glories, but somehow it seems to me
That it had no greater beauty than my own lost Arcadie.

Be my guide, O gentle Memory, let me clasp in mine thy hand,
Lead me back to one who waits me in that distant twilight land.
Let the years roll back before me till I hear the melody
Of the tender voice that calls me home to her in Arcadie.

And hearing her I follow, follow on and far away
To gardens of Forgotten Youth and dreams of Yesterday;
O sweetheart of the springtide, my heart clings to thee
As when in distant days gone by we dwelt in Arcadie.

Though 'tis far away behind me, and the road is long between,
When in the end the summons comes, and I no more am seen
In life's accustomed places, then I pray Eternity
Will mean for me that I shall dwell again in Arcadie.
—*W. McC. J. in University of Virginia Magazine*

SKETCHES

THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

It has always been interesting to me whenever I am on the train, to pay strict attention to what is going on in the car. This whim, if such you wish to call it, has been rewarded many times, sometimes to my loss, but most often to my enjoyment. There is one incident that especially stands out, from which I derived more enjoyment than from any other. I had been riding for quite a while, and nothing had happened of any interest, but there was a man in the car who sat near the front, and from his actions I knew he was a traveling salesman. I found out also that he had a pretty bad temper, and this was made evident before my journey came to an end.

The train had just pulled out of a straggling little village and was settling down to business when the car door opened with a bang, and a young fellow with a three weeks' growth of hair on his upper lip and a look of utter indifference, stepped swiftly into the car and, having left the door wide open, took a seat just across the aisle from the traveling man. No sooner had the newcomer taken his seat than the traveling man dropped his paper, and in a very abrupt and sarcastic manner asked the man across the aisle if he was raised in a barn. The young fellow did not answer but looked up timidly and presently began to sniffle, and then to cry. This attracted the attention of a gentleman behind the drummer. "Look here," he said, "you ought not to have spoken that way to the man; you have hurt his feelings." The words had their effect, for in a short while the salesman

rose from his seat and addressed the man across the aisle. "You man I did not mean to hurt your feelings, I did'nt think you would take it that way. I beg your pardon." The other did not reply immediately, but finally he blurted between sobs, "It wont—so much—because I was—raised—in—a barn—but it—made—me homesick—when I saw—a jackass, just—across the aisle.

HE NEEDED IT IN HIS "BIZ."

'07.

Captain Eason, who owned a large plantation and a store, had come to town for his weekly supplies. While he was standing on the corner near the postoffice and Denton's saloon talking with a group of planters and town idlers, his wagon driver, a big black negro with thick lips and evasive eyes, approached the group. Awkwardly, with his greasy hat in his hand he saluted them.

"Good morning, gen'lemen," and then, "Cap'n cain't I see yo' a minit?"

His arm swung awkwardly, his knees were crooked and he was truly an ugly specimen of Darkeydom, but his face wore a good-natured grin. The fingers of his right hand were in the pocket of his ragged vest and he was twisting nervously.

"Why, yes, Jim," said the Captain, "certainly you can see me. What do you want?"

It was clear from the darkey's manner that he expected his master to withdraw a little to one side. Nevertheless he managed to stumble through his explanation.

"Cap'n, well–er—I jes' wants ter see yo'—yo' see I got

some matches here in my pocket an' I wants to git clear of 'em. Yo' see hits dis er way, Cap'n I'se jes' so powerful dry dat I'se a skeered I'll kotch erfire an' burn up."

This speech was met by a loud burst of laughter from the crowd and from the "Cap'n," who obligingly dropped a coin into the outstretched hand. And while they were still laughing the darkey disapeared behind the green shuttered screen in the door of the nearby saloon.

University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 36. No. 5—MARCH, 1906 New Series, Vol 23

A WOMAN OF ABAZAI.

P. H Royster, '08.

"I DON'T see as it is anything so 'scrutiating marvelous, do you?"

This was an abrupt beginning and I had hoped better. I had found the sergeant and a private of the Line in the refreshment room at the depot at Meerut. When I found that they were of the 34th just back from the Hills, I pressed the sergeant to tell me the tale of the spy. I had gotten wind of some remarkable incidents that had happened from the Junior Subaltern, but that was official—cold-blooded facts. I wanted a tale and where can you get a more picturesque tale than from the sergeant of the Line.

"What is not so— er—excrutiating marvelous?" I questioned. "Begin at the beginning."

"At the beginning," he hinted, "before we indulge in any eradical disclosures, let us attend to the formalities."

I took the hint and ordered half a gallon of beer.

"Now for the eradical disclosures" began the seargent. "First and foremost you must know that 'is most 'igh and mighty Lordship, the Honorable Sir Toby Earpshed K. C. S. I. was a gallant soldier, *and* in charge of the 34th Regiment of Line stationed north of Balala. His

Lordship, besides being a Lordship, 'ad a most 'scrutiating temper. We were posted in the village of Kishtwar, which was in the midst of 'ostile enemy innumerable. All the Natives there and thereabouts were 'orrid and the Hill Chiefs in particular were a most wicked lot. Every night their scouts would panick about and treat our outposts real inconsiderate. His Lordship wrote the Govenor most distressing reports explaining that the Hill-men were preparing for a general uprising. He also incidentally remarked that as our forces were reduced to a minimum, so to speak, (it was in the cholera season) that he should send several thousand reinforcements. The Govenor replied officially that 'e could not send reinforcements, and unofficially, that if 'is Lordship could not protect 'imself 'e had better come 'ome. Sir Toby used more violent language and told the officers that if any one wanted to see 'is mummy, 'e could retreat in good order, but 'e was going to stay till 'e was blue in the face.

"You 'ave 'eard what a time we 'ad up in the Hills. The Amir and the Native Princes gave us a 'owling time. We kept ourselves 'sclusively in Kishtwar and kept the natives 'sclusively out. Sir Toby was a 'stute man of infinite sagacity and did not want the Hill-men to know that we were reduced to a minimum, so to speak. We kept every body out of camp except a few proper dignitaries. We 'ad orders to lay violent 'ands on all dacoits as we should find.

"One day, Gubbins here," and he kicked the private on the shins, "Gubbins 'ere came up to Sir Toby with a most 'ansome tale, and a most un'ansom beggar of a dacoit 'olding 'im ceremoniously by the 'air.

"'E's a spy' says Gubbins, in propria persona, so to speak."

"Well, 'e *was* a spy" insisted the private whose other name was Gubbins, rubbing his shin.

"All right then; but tell the gentleman 'ow you caught the beggar. *E's* paying for the beer."

"The beggar came into camp as a most proper relation of an Artillery groom. I could tell as soon as 'ow I saw 'im that 'e 'ad seen service. I could tell 'e 'ad carried a kit by the way 'e 'eld 'is shoulders. I walks up easy behind 'im and says,

"'"Tenshun! 'Alt—front!'

"'E came to 'tenshun immediate and instantly. 'E throws up 'is 'and to salute and then 'e stops and began to run off a lot of 'is hereditary vernacular.

"Stop your 'bukkin' and come along, I don't 'samjoa' your talk; and I grabs 'im by the 'air most smoothly." Gubbins examined his mug of beer. "And 'e kicked my shin most 'orrid, the little beggar. 'E was a narsty brute."

The sergeant took up the tale. "Sir Toby used wiolent language when 'e finds that a deserter from our service was prowling around camp and said 'e would shoot 'im in propria persona, so to speak. (I said 'e 'ad a 'scrutiating temper).

"'For the Honor of the Service" says Sir Toby "let the prisoner 'ave a trial. Fetch 'im to my tent.' We carried the beggar to the tent —'e *did* kick 'orrid—and at the tent they 'ad a court-marshal with the Lordship all the officers, the Senior Civilian and the Junior Subaltern.

"'Let the prisoner be searched,' said 'is Lordship most

solemn. We reduced the prisoner *in puris naturalibus*, so to speak. Gubbins 'ere found a piece of paper in 'is beastly turban. The Colonel looks solemn and the Junior Subaltern grave. You see 'e 'ad written out a list of our forces, the number of our guns and the distressing state of our ammunition. ('E 'ad been hanging around the gun tent all night.) This looked mighty bad for 'im altho 'e kept on swearing that 'e didn't know 'ow to write.

"'O wise and gracious Sahib, by the Holy Kurshed and the blessed Imams, I do not know 'ow to write. O my friends, I am but a Abazai,—*and* I 'ave a mother and a wife and ten children at 'ome. Do but let me release that I may go to them."

"'We will 'ave to shoot 'im tomorrow' says 'is Lordship, (I said 'e was a man of infinite sagacity). '*If* we let 'im go and 'e tells the Hill-men 'ow that our forces are reduced to a minimum, the Uzbegs of the Amir and the Native Princes from the valley of Peshawur to Nana Khana will be all over us before tomorrow night.'

"The Abazai are usually brave. We 'oo 'ave fought them know that they fight and die like men. Up till now the prisoner 'ad shown 'is nerve like a blooming eight-anna, dog-stealing, Gawd-forsaken Tommy, but now 'e gets in a blooming blue funk. 'E wets up like a Mess-seargeut on a mild drunk. It was ne-farious.

"'Take 'im away. Take 'im away' cried 'is Lordship. ('E was a brave sodger, as I said, but 'e 'ad no consideration for a man as couldn't whistle 'is own 'Dead March'). I 'ad charge of the prisoner officially as the sergeant of the guard and I ousts 'im to the guard 'ouse less wiolent than was natural. When I gets 'im to the guard 'ouse 'e sends me back to the Colonel.

"'Your Lordship', I said, 'the prisoner officially states that 'e wishes to see 'is mother before 'e goes to a better world.'

"'E wants to see 'is mummy does 'e; 'e 'as the blue liver, 'as 'e? Don't 'e want us to carry 'im 'ome to 'is mummy and 'is wife and 'is ten children, and keep 'im out of the sun *and* amoose 'im? 'E don't deserve any consideration. Still the Lord made 'em after their kind and I don't object to 'is seeing 'is mummy or 'is grand mummy or any of 'is ancestors.'

"I sent for 'is mother and when she came *she* wasn't in any blue funk. She 'ad nerve and was wise *and* could lie like a Junior Subaltern at inspection.

"'O my child' she said (I was listening at the door), 'O, light of my heart, give ear. Be not a fool. Are you not an Abazai? You are not a Pundi Brahim. Be brave O thou sweet to me as the waters of Sheoran when they come down from the snows. And listen, O child, and be not foolish. Arggrh. The Sahibs are good and wise and but wish to frighten you. The Colonel Sahib has ordered the rifles without balls. Therefore I pray you by Allah-al-Mumit, be not afraid of the rifles. The true and virtuous Sahibs but wish to see you frightened.'

"It was beautiful, that lie, and she looked as cheerful as though she believed it. Before the boy 'ad time to speak she slipped out.

"The soldiers were amoosed when they heard that the beggar wanted to see 'is mummy before 'e died. You see, we were not awful safe up there at Kishtwar and men 'oo permanently face death in the form of ten thousand mad, raving Hill-men 'ave no consideration for one beggar more or less as is afraid to meet 'is maker. A Tom-

my at best is a careless cuss and 'e don't mind killing a dacoit. Still, and but nevertheless, 'e 'as no special desire for the shooting squad. But when they found that the prisoner was in a blue funk, they weren't trying to avoid it."

"Yesh," said the private whose other name was Gubbins, "'e kicked me 'orrid—the narsty brute."

"Don't mind 'im," interrupted the sergeant. "'E's an inhuman beggar. You're ne-farious Gubbins. Think of the Honor of the Service."

"Yesh, but 'e kicked me 'orrid."

"Well there's no accounting for taste. I don't want to shoot down a poor devil whether 'e's in a blue funk or not. But anyway next morning good and early the firing party turned out for target practice. The prisoner was quite joyous in the morning and everybody was surprised (I 'adn't told what 'is mummy 'ad said). 'E backed up to the mud wall and looked boldly down six Martini.

"'E 'as got 'is nerve' said Sir Toby as 'e watched 'im. I wasn't watching 'im. I saw something else. Off to one side among the grooms and other proper dignitaries I saw a native woman—a woman of Abazai. She was watching 'im and I was watching 'er. I 'eard 'er mutter 'O Allah-al Mumit.... I pray thee, O God the Dispenser of Justice.... Peace of God and the favour of his Prophet .... Light of my heart.....'

"'Fire!'

"I turned and saw as the smoke cleared away 'is limp body laying up against the mud wall."

The sergeant paused for a long time and looked in his beer mug without tasting. Finally he looked up and said:

"I don't see as it is anything so 'scrutiating marvelous, do you?"

I gazed at him silently and thought hard.

"No," I said. "I don't."*

*The basis of the plot of this story may be found in Baldwin's *College Rhetoric* p. 142.

IN MEMORIAM.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

H. H. Hughes.

Under the astral dome
  Of the azure Southern sky,
On the gory-sacred loam,
  Where former comrades lie,
One more that wore the gray
  Answers to the call to die.

Gently smooth the grizzled locks,
  And smooth the weary hand—
Once strong in battle shocks
  To answer the command
That called him to defend
  The cause of Dixieland.

On a sunny Southern hill,
  Where rain and tears may lave,
Where hate and strife are still—
  On the soil he fought to save
From pillage and from shame—
  There make his humble grave.

No monument of fame
  Rear o'er the lowly bed,
But carve beneath his name
  On a stone above his head:
"A man who wore the gray
  Here slumbers with the dead."

No marble shaft he needs,
  Cold-wrought by human art.
The glory of his deeds
  To Dixie's sons impart;
For his fame is graved in love
  On the South's great silent heart.

A TRIP THRU LAS BOQUILLAS

Drury Phillips, '08.

LAST August I was one of a party of three to make a trip thru the two Boquillas Canons, a distance of some forty-five miles, consuming the greater part of four days. Our party was the seventh to attempt the passage. We were the second to succeed in going thru these twin chasms. They might, indeed, well be called one, even tho between the foot of the first, and the head of the second is a narrow valley of some three miles extent. The upper canon, "La Boca", is thirty miles long, with a maximum width of two hundred yards. The lower, "La Boquilla", is not more than eight miles in length, and is nowhere over a hundred yards wide, at places even narrowing to as many feet. The height above the water ranges from two hundred to two thousand feet, averaging about fourteen hundred.

Our start was made about four one afternoon, so that we might make the six miles from our camp to the entrance of La Boca, where we intended to spend the night. Our boat was a flat bottomed scow, twenty-four feet long, four wide, and two deep. Into this we had loaded our bedding—a blanket for each man,—our provisions—rations for three men for six days,—a camera, a transit, a level, and a barometer. Besides these necessaries, we had two guns, a quantity of fishing tackle, and several ore sacks for specimens. When we got in, adding fully five hundred pounds, we were within a very few inches of swamping.

No accident, however, did happen, and we safely cast off into the swirling rush of the muddy Rio Grande. Our route to the mouth of the canon lay between sloping

banks of sandy mud, covered with sand grass, a plant peculiar to that country. We rolled sluggishly along, at the speed of the current, busying ourselves with our assorted cargo, stowing it as best our space would permit. Ahead of us yawned the frowning cleft of the canon into which we were so soon to plunge. Our hearts sank as lead when we thought of those five previous fatal attempts, missing adventurers, shattered boards floating calmly past the next village below. A hidden rock, walls perpendicular to the very water's edge, no help, no food—would we go to join those many "missing"?

By sunrise next morning we were ready to begin our journey proper. A crowd of Mexicans had gathered to see us off, and with many a "God and The Virgin keep you" from the women, and many a bet that "Los Gringoes" would never be seen again from the men, we pushed loose, and shot down into the threatening shade of those mighty walls. Straight above us, full eighteen hundred feet in air, towered the sheer cliffs, no further apart at top than at the water's edge. Half way up circled an eagle, no larger than a fly. Far above him gleamed a bit of blue, a mere slit in the vastness of gray.

Every eye was turned on the rushing waters ahead, every muscle was tense with expectation. Every ripple, every swirl, every bubble no matter how minute, how harmless looking, was eagerly inspected, and if its look suited us not, we were off to one side or the other, for there lay hidden the treacherous rocks of Las Boquillas. We ran no unnecessary risk of swelling that long list of "missing". The walls, as they slipped silently,

unbrokenly up stream, presented an ever-hanging vista of colors, shapes, phantasties. The rock was a rhiolite conglomerate, shot thru with innumerable veins of some softer particolored stone. These veins had weathered in the most fantastic forms conceivable. Here a valley, there a mountain, yonder a plateau, the surface was graven into a thousand shapes, no two alike. At places a long narrow canal slowly deepened into a cave, festooned with the patient drippings of countless years. Again it would show a field of softening colors and rounding shapes, or hollowed cups, polished by the master hand of Nature. So many and so beautiful were these ever varying carvings that before we realized how swiftly time was speeding, we were at the foot of the canon and into the intervening valley. It was here that we spent most of our time, but our explorations were entirely of a scientific nature, and little of interest here was seen or done.

It was with distinct elation that we finally left this little valley and many congratulations did we shower upon ourselves. We were, alas, yet to prove the truth of the old saying about pride and a fall. Within sight of our village, the only serious accident of the trip came near adding us to the list of the "missing". As it was, much of our equipment was lost. We were too happy to be careful, and failed to notice a treacherous ripple till we had run on it. Our boat swung broadside, and we went overboard, helplessly tangled amid blankets, fishing lines and ore sacks. Only four feet deep,—and we were saved a swim! Our boat was slowly filling when two of us splashed around to the upstream side, and managed to right it. We fished out our guns, instru-

ments and specimens and went in pursuit of our blankets, which were serenely preceding us down stream.

And thus, soaking, swearing, yet withal thanking our lucky stars, we came to Puerto Pico, where we were most tumultuously received by a howling mob of Mexicans, most of whom, having bet against our ever being seen again, were not howling wholly for joy. We were finally rescued by one of our supporters, and proudly escorted to his 'dobe, where *tortillas*, *enchiladas*, and *cafe* were forthcoming in quantity. They were most speedily forthgoing in equal quantity.

THE HERRING HAULER

C. W. Hassell, '08.

BLAND was a powerfully built man with a frank red face, and long sandy hair. He sat upon his canoe, which was lying high and dry on the river bank in the shade of a tall cypress.

He turned his quid in his mouth and began:

"It was in ninety three when harrings ware as scase as gold in these parts. You know we gen'lly has mor'n we wants. But t'warnt that'er way that yer. A man would have fought over a harring as quick as he would his wife."

"Wal, I had my biggest hauler sot at the mouth o' Sweeten Water creek."

"And what is a 'hauler?'," I asked.

"Why that's a machine we set to catch the fish. It's built on two flat boats, put 'bout three yard apart. These here two flats are jined tergether in the middle by a pole, like this."

And he diagrammed it on the ground with the stick he had been whittling.

"Two dip nets is nailed to this here pole, which sarves as a axle, so that they will swing in 'tween the flats. An' they swings so as when one's in the water tother's in the air. The fish that's in the net in the air, slides down this here board into the flats. The current run it, an' you ain't got nothin' to do but take the fish outen the flats."

"Harrings had been runnin' 'bout two week, when I 'gen to s'picion some feller stealing my hauls outen my Sweeten Water hauler. One Sunday mornin' I thought

I'd take a look at that there hauler. I took my gun an' come down here an' got in this here old canoe."

He patted the canoe, affectionately.

"She's a good runner, but she's a leetle ticklish-like sometime. Yer can't walk about in her much."

He had spit out his quid, and was now whittling some genuine "cut plug" into his corn-cob pipe.

"I paddled down the river towards the creek mouth. When I got in fifty yard of the mouth, I heard somebody hit a dip gourd on the gunnal er one of them flats. I cocked my gun an' helt it 'cross my knee, an' steered her with my left hand. When she rounded the pint an' turned up in the creek, a bush scratched her side. I seed a big buck nigger bailing out one o' my flats. He looked up when he heered the fuss, an' seein' me he reached for his hip pocket. But, nor suh! I had ole trusty on him, you bet. 'Han's up!,' says I. An' they come up too."

"I paddled her up to the hauler with one hand, an' kep' him kivered with my gun. 'Git in this here boat,' says I. He got in, an' I paddled on up the creek a little piece, an' started to turn her 'round. Some how or other I got my eye off the nigger, an' he had plunked me once afore I knowed it. The ball broke my right arm, an' my gun fell in the creek. I started at him an' he put the next one in my mouth—I 'spec' I was cussin'. I grabbed him with my good hand, an' afore we had tarned the boat over he had hit me twice more, one in the side an' to'ther in the right leg. We fell in water waist deep, an' I helt his hand to keep him from clubbing me with his pistol. The bottom was as slippery as a fishery slide in harring run. It was nip-an'-tuck, for he was in deeper water than I was, an' I had only one hand. We faught

for dear life. When I got his gun we ware in shoulder water, an' I couldn't hit with my wrong hand no how, so I dropped it, an' got his neck. I swung on to it like a craw fish, an' I warn't gwinter turn loose ef it *did* thunder. We ware slippin' in deeper water ever minnit, an' my gum boots felt like divers' shoes. He tried his best to drown me, by holdin' me under, but that was a water haul, fer I'd squeeze his neck till he'd let up. 'Twas just one then t'other, then, fer we ware in ten foot water. He soused me under an' when I come up I bumped my head on the gunnal of this ole canoe. You see, when we tarned her over, she drapped her chain 'round a cypress knee. He broke my holt an' made for shore. I grabbed the canoe, an' when I seed him sarchin' fer a stick, I ketched his eye off and dove under her. There was 'bout two inches of air twixt her bottom an' the water line, an' I lived *cumflerbte!*

"Pretty soon I heard him comin' back. He flung his stick in the water an' left me ter the eels.

"When I came outen under her an' didn't see the nigger no where, I came nigh faintin' from loss of blood. I seed I couldn't make it ter shore to save my life, fer I couldn't use my right leg no mor'n I could use my right arm. My boots tuck me under an' I swallowed a good deal of water mixed with blood from the wound in my mouth. I was driftin' slowly down under the hauler, an' I knowed ef one of them net poles hit me on the head, I would be a goner. I cussed an' I prayed, but nary one didn't do no good. I thought the fish fry was over with me. I thought of ever time I had been boozy, an' of ever time I had cussed me wife. An' for shore, I thought of ever thing I had done in my life.

"'Bout that time I ketched the cramp in tother arm an' went down again."

He paused, lighted his pipe, and smoked a few minutes in silence. He knew that he couldn't describe what he felt, so he looked down at the old canoe and said nothing. Then he shook himself free from the feeling and continued.

"'Bout that time I felt a net ketch me. I was chugged back to bottom. An' afore I had time to think, I was in the air 'bout three feet 'bove the water. I slid down that fish slide head fomst into one of them fish flats. An' bloomin' good it was for me that I fell in the one the nigger had bailed out."

He laughed long and loud at this, and tapped the bottom of his pipe on the side of the canoe.

"And how did you get back home?" I asked.

"I lay in that flat fer four or five hour more dead than live. But Joe Parrishy came along the river 'bout sunset, an' thinkin' he'd take a look at me ketch, found me."

ON THE INSIDE.

Wm. C. Coughenour, '08.

I AM a detective—not a sleuth as I am sometimes called, but a detective in the highest sense of the word—an artist. I can be as cold, as merciless, and as hard-hearted as the task may necessitate; or I can be amiable, conciliatory, and kind. I can look the most fascinating woman in the face without the slightest flutter of my heart. On account of these accomplishments have I been employed by every country of Europe. Twice a President of the United States of America has been forced to call upon me, and once the Sultan of Afghanistan, having heard of my ability, has sent a messenger across two continents to ask me to come to Candahar. This wonderfully carved ruby, which I wear, is a gift from him for my services.

So it was with little surprise that I received on the day of my arrival in Berlin a message from Herr von Kunersdorf, the head of the secret service department of Germany, and, as I happened to know, secretly in the pay of Witte, the head of the anti-war party of Russia. It was also with little surprise that I found that he wanted me to carry a message from the Kaiser of Germany to the Czar of Russia. For I had known for some days that Wilhelm had, for the last three weeks, been trying in vain to get a message to Nicholas at St. Petersburg. I little doubted that the Kaiser had forced Kunersdorf, unwillingly, to employ me as messenger and that the message itself was nothing more nor less than the order for the sailing of the Baltic fleet for Port Arthur,—the long delay of which had been the talk of the whole world.

We, who are on the inside of the political affairs of Europe, know very well that the Czar is only a tool in the hands of the ambitious Kaiser, and that the Kaiser wanted war in order, if possible, to involve England in a war with Russia and thence in a war with all Europe. For it was publicly known that England was an ally of Japan, although it was not publicly known that all the powers in Europe, except Portugal, had bound themselves by treaty to crush the strength of England.

But I have got a little off my tale in reviewing the political condition of Europe just before the sailing of the Baltic fleet for Japanese waters. As I have said, I had just been asked to carry a message from Berlin to St. Petersburg. A wonderfully easy task you will say. Yes, yet the best man in the hire of the German government had failed in this apparently easy undertaking. I found out from an assistant of mine—I keep one in every capital in Europe—that all the messages had seemingly disappeared into space, leaving no trace behind them. It had, of course, been supposed that the messages had been stolen from one of the little boxes in which all such messages are carried. But notice: not one of these boxes showed the slightest sign of having been tampered with. *And every messenger swore that no other hand but that of the Czar had opened the box.* The failure in such a task as this was well worth a man's reputation; and a detective's reputation is his life. My assistant, through good fortune, had had the opportunity to examine one of these boxes after it had returned from its unsuccessful trip, so my facts were accurate.

That night, according to Herr von Kunersdorf's instructions, I called at his office to receive the message. There,

to my surprise, I found a third person. It was Wilhelm himself in the disguise of a captain in the German army. The disguise was fairly good for a German, but far from perfect. Wilhelm is conceited. He thought to deceive the eyes of the best detective France ever produced. I smilingly asked as to his majesty's health, and Wilhelm with his eyes twinkling pulled off his false beard and hair. Wilhelm has a fine sense of humor, which makes up, in a way, for his conceit. Then followed the formal delivery of the message to me. I think Wilhelm had suspected something and therefore had come to see this message well started. The message was taken from a secret cabinet in the desk of Herr von Kunersdorf: placed in a small ebony box, which was then locked and sealed with the great seal of Germany. The emperor looked on without saying a word, but his haggard face spoke most eloquently for him. After the box had been locked and sealed, Herr von Kunersdorf presented it with the key to his majesty, who, in turn, presented box and key to me with these words,

"Monsieur, take these to Nicholas. Its importance is immense."

As I was leaving, Kunersdorf sarcastically remarked that he hoped I would succeed better than we French were accustomed to. He was referring to the Franco-German war. I did not reply to this thrust but went straight to my room.

The next morning I took the train for St. Petersburg, and arrived there on the following morning. About eleven o'clock I called at the great winter palace of the Czar. My card brought me an immediate audience, notwithstanding the fact that there were a hundred other

callers in the ante-room. I delivered the box according to my instructions, to Nicholas himself, who, in my presence, broke the seal and took from the box the precious message. This time the message had not flown away!

It is hardly necessary to say that a few days later the long delayed sailing of the Baltic fleet took place, and that when I returned to Berlin to receive my recompense I received with it a most villainous scowl from Herr von Kunersdorf.

You were right when you said it was an easy task—easy for *me*. But not for the Germans. And now, why did I succeed so easily where all others had failed? Simply because I am—well, what am I! My assistant, when he examined the box, had found a little pinch of dust—just ordinary looking dust, which might have collected in any box. This dust, following my instructions always to preserve everything possible, no matter how insignificant it might seem, he had preserved for me. The dust in the hands of my assistant was of absolutely no value. When I, Paul Dubarre, took it, it became of the greatest value. For it was by means of this dust that I was able to solve the mystery, and thus succeed in the task. I took the dust to my laboratory, analyzed it; and found that it contained carbon and a powerful but slow acting acid. After this discovery everything was as clear as day to me. Old Kunersdorf, not wanting the message to reach Nicholas, had soaked the paper on which it was written in the acid. Of course, in a day or so, the acid if not molested would eat up the message, leaving only a little dust. When I received the message I took it, as I have said, to my room, where I had placed a chemical compound which would counteract the force

of the acid. It was a very easy matter for me, who once, undetected, opened the vault in which the English crown is kept, to open, in my own room without leaving the slightest sign of have done so, this little box. It was the matter of a few minutes to steep the message in the counteracting base, and replace it in the box. Here it appeared to be just as it had been when it left his majesty's hand. The next morning I proceeded to St. Petersburg with the result that you and the whole world have seen.

THE VOICES OF THE WIND.

Q. S. Mills.

The night is cold: within my close shut room
The fire burns low, the chimney rumbles loud
In answer to the sullen roaring of the wind
That with unbridled strength now hastens on
To scourge the empty regions of the upper air;
And as it sweeps along a myriad voices sound
In blended wailing as of bitter woe,
With sobs, and sighs, and moans, and stifled screams,
Of spirits damned that ride upon the gale
In endless expiation of their crimes.

But now the sullen roaring ceases, and anon,
With fiendish yells and shrieks that rend the night,
Grapple the demons of the upper air;
Madly they thunder, howling far above,
Shrieking, raving, battling to and fro,
With frightful strength that rends and tears the clouds
Until the firm earth trembles far below,
And a vague shudder thrills the lower air.

Then hurtling downward in their furious war,
In flight more swift than thought, they rage near by;
The stout oaks reel and twist, while in their tops
Demoniac voices shrill yell through the night
And fling a thousand hideous curses forth
That chill my heart; stout branches crack, and yield,
And whirl aloft as mighty war-clubs gripped
And brandished high by awful demon hands.

Still down the evil spirits whirl until
In frenzied wrath they beat upon the walls,

Tear at the roof and shake the fast-closed blinds;
The building quivers, and I start in fear
As ghostly fingers rattle at the door.
And voices whisper low, and sob, and sigh,
Within the dark recesses of my room,
While others groan without or loudly wail
Beneath the eaves, to rob me of my peace.

But hark! the mourning voices cease; away
They sweep in one wild ecstacy of grief,
The Babel echoes in the wintry sky—
Once more the wind roars sullen far above.

BETWEEN SIX AND SIX-THIRTY

Mary Graves.

IT was the dull hour just before dinner and I was alone in the office, except for a bell boy who drowsed in the corner. My new occupation was not proving to be as interesting as I had hoped and I longed for a bit of excitement. Just as the clock across the way struck six, a woman entered the police station. I looked up, and was surprised to see that she was young and well dressed. She walked straight over to my desk and laying a pistol before me said, "I have just killed a man. I have come to give myself up."

"Have a seat, madam," I said after staring at her stupidly for some minutes. "You've killed a man you say?" Her calm statement had somewhat taken my breath away.

"Yes," she answered, "he murdered my husband two years ago and at last I have punished him." There was no remorse in her voice. She was cold and triumphant. I was not there to try or question criminals, but she seemed anxious to tell her story so I thought I might as well listen. There was a half hour yet before I would be relieved from duty.

"And why did you wait two years?," I asked, calmly, as she had spoken. I might have been asking her the time of day for all the excitement my tone conveyed.

"Because," she answered, and this time she displayed more feeling, "he ran away from me. I have tracked him from city to city, and at last, this afternoon I got him. Three years ago he and my husband were rival physicians in a small town. They were friendly rivals

at first, but when my husband succeeded, and this man failed, there grew up a bitterness between them. He made my husband's life and mine unbearable. He threatened and insulted him. Finally, one day, we were at supper and Doctor Franklin shot through the window. Jack fell dead," she paused, her eyes widened with horror, "and I swore I would revenge him. I am ready to pay the penalty."

I could not but admire her nerve, though she apparently was without feeling.

"How was it done?" I asked rather hesitatingly. But she was unabashed.

"I followed him up to his appartments. Fortunately he left his door unlocked. I walked in about fifteen minutes after he entered and found him at his desk. It was almost dark in his rooms, he was sitting with his back towards the door, his head on his hand, apparently engrossed in thought. I raised my pistol and aimed carefully———"

"Are you sure——?" I began.

"Yes," she answered, "it struck his head and he fell to the floor."

"And nobody heard?"

"No, but I thought they might catch me anyway so I might as well give myself up. My life is ended." She looked out of the window dreamily.

For the first time I felt a deep sympathy for her. Presently she turned to me.

"How long do you suppose they'll give me?"

"A life sentence." I blurted out the truth stupidly. But I could not see the effect my words had on her, for it was dark and her face was now in shadow.

"Turn on the lights, boy," I shouted irritably. My heart felt queer.

At that moment a man opened the door and rushed into the room excitedly, but on seeing the woman he suddenly stopped as if rooted to the spot. He stared at her in wonder and surprise. She turned listlessly and looked at him, then jumped to her feet with a cry of horror. She stood gazing at him as if she were paralyzed. Her face showed a deathly pallor under the brilliant electric light. In her eyes there was a look of despair.

The man was the first to recover. He glanced from her to the pistol then back again.

"Your long chase is over," he said slipping closer to her, "and I am still alive." He smiled triumphantly.

Her face flushed with anger and hatred.

"It will never be over till one of us is dead," she cried and reached quickly for the pistol.

The man leapt forward and grabbed her wrist. There was a brief struggle and the pistol went off, burying a bullet in the wall. Then the woman sank to the floor unconscious.

A few minutes later the man went with some of the force to see after his friend's body, and the woman was taken to the Tombs.

I watched the cab she was in as it threaded its way through the hurrying crowd. Automobiles laden with pleasure seekers dashed by, brilliantly lighted cars whizzed across the avenue, but still my eyes followed the black spot making its way southward. The face of the woman in the cab rose before me, clear cut and white with the shadow of hopeless sadness in her eyes.

"A life sentence," I repeated, then the black spot was swallowed up in the throng. At that moment a girl's shrill laugh came floating up to me, and the unending roar of the city filled my ears and deafened me. I turned from the window and hurried out unnoticed, for the office boy had already dozed off again to sleep.

THE EXPENSIVENESS OF JIMMY BARNES

P. H. Royster, '08.

THIS is merely a tale Jimmy Barnes told me. There is no reason for it, but when you come to think of it, there is no reason for Jimmy Barnes. Jimmy says the Lord made him, but that is one of Jimmy's fallacies. Jimmy is a first-class engine room Johnny, who was unfortunate. That is the part he dwells on at length. He started life in a boiler factory; ran a two-by-four pump, a donkey derrick engine, a small machine shop gyrator, and once, in time of a strike, they let him loose with a real live mail train. Jimmy was a first-class mechanic. He would tell you that himself, but he was unlucky. He did every thing just right and yet it was all wrong. He would measure a bearing to a thousandth of an inch caliper test, and when he put it together, it would stick worse than the drawer to a three dollar and a half bureau. On account of his bad luck, Jimmy left railroading for wet water mechanics. He served as second-class 'tiffy on a second-class cruiser whose steam equipment was hardly consistent. Double return tube boilers with corrugated crown-sheets aren't improved by oxidation. Still it wasn't Jimmy's fault that the old tub blew up. The investigating committee cleared him of all suspicion of blame in the matter and advised his discharge. He quit the life on the ocean wave and came home. A 150 H. P. corliss isn't much more than a peanut grinder and Jimmy couldn't hurt it if he tried, at 90 R. P. M. There was a "No Admittance" sign at the door, but I used to go in, and hear Jimmy talk, spit on his guide rods and burn myself on a

hot pipe. Gyrating a cotton mill corliss isn't as exciting as running a powder mill, so Jimmy had plenty of time on his hands. He was—but that is Jimmy. Here is the tale.

When I dropped in Jimmy was trying to fit a ⅝ inch copper pipe to the 1¼ inch thread on a steam gauge by means of a plugged T joint. Success was not apparent, so I didn't disturb him. I dropped into a chair, jerked a magazine off the bench, and began reading. After a while Jimmy came up, stepped on my toe, and hopped on the bench.

"Of all isoperimetrical fools," he broke out, "a Hartford inspector is the maximum. The last inspection, he came in here, spat on my floor, contemplated that steam gauge, and said it was all right. How a man with the inspiration of a saint, can look at a steam gauge and tell if it's O.K., I can't see. Why, that gauge registers twenty pounds when she's cold and the blow-off's open. He don't let me have but a hundred pounds and that cuts me down to seventy. I can't run an engine on—"

"I reckon he meant well. He thought it was right."

"Yes, of course he meant well. You couldn't expect him to get his clothes dirty at five dollars a day. But he spat on my floor—" Jimmy stopped. To him, spitting on the engine room deck was the highest criminal crime.

"I didn't know you were literary," I ventured to change the subject.

"What!" He smiled. "Didn't you notice it? I read nearly all the magazines: Literary Digest, Outlook—"

"I was wondering how you got this Collier's Weekly. You don't read it, do you?"

"Not hardly, except under compulsion."

"I was just looking at this article, 'Panama Without Prejudice'—"

"The what!" Jimmy jumped down on my toe. "Don't read that! It's horrible. Don't talk to me about 'Panama without prejudice'. Look at me. Ain't I a fair-minded man? I ain't often prejudiced against places; I ain't hardly prejudiced against Hell, but I am against Panama. I've been there. Probably if I'd been to Hell, I'd be down on that place too."

"Once upon a time," I commenced.

"Yes," he said, "there is a story. Once upon a time I was nurse to the power plant on a second-class cruiser, which had diversified habits. You couldn't get 150 pounds of steam to warm your soul. The old kettles leaked worse than a wire window. It got so bad I had to put potatoes in them. That's one of my inventions. Good Irish potatoes duly deposited on the crown-sheet will mend the worst boiler you ever saw. They'll make a sifter hold steam. They won't float and the pressure holds them down, and—"

"Let the potatoes alone and give the tale a chance. Once upon a time—"

"As I was saying, I use to be a engine room artificer on the high seas, nursing a steam equipment that wasn't fit to boil eggs. Presently she blew up. I was given an honorable discharge for the good of the service and ceased to draw pay accordingly. I ran on various ships, always having hard luck, and finally got stranded down in the left hand corner of the Atlantic in the vicinity of South America. Particularly, I was in the city of Colon neé Aspinwall. Around in these parts there was a

rumor that a canal had tried to happen and didn't. Near this city was what is called an isthmus. You may think it's the Garden of Eden before Adam's time, but I haven't said what I think. Now, what does your friend Barnes do when he finds himself in this God-forsaken country? Does he look about for a steam engine? Ex-actly. When I'm broke and home-sick, I hunt up a steam plant, burn my hand on a pipe, mash my nuckles with a wrench, and dream of home, sweet home. I'm derned if there was a single steam egg-boiler in that great and illustrious city. There wasn't anything there —except the jail. I was advised to go into the interior. I went into the interior, and being in the interior, I looked up a job. I found the headquarters of the remains of the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interoceanique du Panama, a great and glorious institution founded by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, Vicompte de what's-his-name. They cut down the trees, dug up the grass, and scraped the skin off the isthmus, but they dug more graves than they did canal. They had to dig so many cubic yards of dirt a year in order to hold their lease, so they had two steam shovels down in Bas Obispo out playing around and making mud pies. I applied for the job of master mechanic, constructing foreman, and chief shovel-man.

"I got the job, and I got something else. Among the other liabilities of the isthmus, malaria, Chagres fever, Creeping Johnny, yellow fever, and other such qualities are prevalent. I got 'em. I don't know whether I got them all, but, if any were lacking, I didn't notice it. After about two months, I was able to get about on the strength of forty-two grains of quinine a day. I had

thirty niggers working on that job, and they were the bummest set of working men I ever saw. In the first place, they couldn't talk. They thought they could talk, but somebody had been fooling 'em. A Danish nigger from St. Thomas, raised with the French, trying to talk English and Spanish at the same time, doesn't give you an example of expert philology. They weren't willing to work, and if they had been, they wouldn't, for their pay was behind, ever since Ferdinand de Lesseps left the country accompanied by several million francs.

"'Long about this time a revolution broke out. The Barnses never were much on revolutions. My grandfather got enough in G. Washington's time to last the whole family. For myself, I never liked more than 350 revolutions even on automatic cut-off. Why, I remember once I was running an electric plant down in—"

"That's all right," I interrupted. "Continue with the revolution."

"Some people haven't got the sense to see the beauty of a digression any more than a—As I was saying, that revolution revolved about twelve hundred revolutions per minute. You probably don't know anything about these South American evolutions. The natives don't revolute. They're zero potential. The grafters start the war, and then go out to catch an army. They'll run into a village with a long rope, and bring back five or six volunteers. These volunteers vary in sizes from A.D.T. boys up and down. They're the most patriotic people on earth—fair-minded and impartial partisans. If the government catches them they they are enthusiastic loyalists. If the revolutionists catch them they

are effervescent liberalists. Seven dollars and a quarter will change their whole molecular arrangement. They're born politicians and they've got the greatest democratic government ever devised. Everybody can vote as often as he chooses. They have absolutely free choice. They can either vote for the government candidate, or they needn't vote at all."

"*And* you went to church last Sunday." I put it mildly.

"Some people are disgusting with their unfounded doubts. I ain't extemporizing. They do."

"All right, go on."

"As I said, the revolution revolved, but it revolved around us. I was getting out about eight or nine hundred yards a day, but I didn't hurry, for when I thought of the hundred and fifty-seven million yards to come out of that country, I did think I could finish the canal much before my pay day. 'Long about this time, the rainy season began to set in, and I sent in my resignation. Creeping Johnny is bad enough as it is, and I didn't want to give it any special invitation. Before my resignation was cold, the Super was down at me on the jump, and he explained various things to me. I don't know if I can explain it to you or not. The Super explained it fully—so fully, indeed, that I did understand anything at all. Here's the way things stood.

"The French 'Compagnie du Canal' had a lease on the canal site so long as they got out a certain number of yards of dirt a year. Uncle Sam wanted to build the canal, but he was not overjoyed at the prospect of paying a hundred million to France for the lease. Now, without twisting your imagination, just suppose that

the French compagnie didn't get out their due amount of dirt. Do you catch my point? It was worth a hundred million to your Uncle Samuel. Of course you and I don't know that the United States stirred up the revolution down there, but we can make some remarkable guesses. That's what the Super tried to beat into my head, and he laid special emphasis on the 'supposing' part. Now, this year most of the required dirt had been removed, but there still remained about 5,000 yards more to be dug out before the first of June.

" 'Old boy,' I says to the Super as he left, 'I'll stay by you till the end, if I have to use all the visible supply of quinine. You be easy. By June the first the world around in these parts will be five thousand yards smaller.'

"I hustled my niggers for the next four days and got about three thousand yards out without any interference. I began to think that the Super's 'supposings' were unfounded, but on the fifth day Senor Emanuel de Castro appeared on the scene. Mr. Senor de Emanuel was an ex-politician, ex-president, and ex-convict. He was a three X grafter, who knew the ways of the niggers.

"Next day was the twenty-eighth of May. I was calculating on considerably reducing the dirt before me. Along late in the morning Mr. Emanuel rushes up to the shovel and calls out for the niggers to stop work. They all minded at once and crowded up around the shovel. Although I didn't know it, he had been about among the men the night before, showing them the advantage of soldiering over playing in the mud, and had induced them all to join the rebel army. I cut off steam and asked him what was eating him.

" 'El Senor Americano, you are the man of business. I will be brief for you. These patriots' (he pointed to those niggers); 'these patriots will join the army of the liberators of their country. They go now to fight of their country. I hope the Senor will make the pleasant afternoon.'

" 'Jimmy Barnes,' I says to myself, 'it's your duty to your country to let this buck walk off with your niggers and save your Uncle Sam a hundred million. Jimmy Barnes, you ought to be patriotic, oughtn't you?'

" 'No,' I answers to myself; 'what's the good of patriotism? If you get drunk on the Fourth of July, they put you in jail. What good will patriotism do you when the bank sends your checks back with 'Overdrawn' marked all over them? No, sir, I'm a Hard Shell Baptist by instinct and raising, and I haven't any political affiliations, but I'm working for the 'Compagny' now, and I'm cheering the home team.'

" 'Mr. Senor de Emanuel de Castro,' I says, 'I can't make the happy afternoon so satisfactorily. You look here. I want you to vampoose just as quick as you conveniently can. Senor de Niggers,' I yells, 'you black scoundrels, if you don't get to work, I'll break your necks with a driving pike.'

"Here's where Emanuel gets in his dramatic effects.

" 'Strike, Patriots! Strike for your country and that twenty dollars I promised you!'

"The niggers were evidently backing Senor Emanuel. As long as he was there I saw that I could not do anything with them. One white man can rule a whole bunch of niggers, but that white man was not Jimmy Barnes then. I knew if I could get the Senor out of the

way I could boss my own ranch. The niggers were getting violent and were beginning to throw rocks at me. If I couldn't dispose of little Emanuel, Jimmy Barnes' life wouldn't bring enough at public auction to buy the sleeves to a vest.

"Then I had an idea. A beautiful way of removing Emanuel, so simple and picturesque. I turned on steam and brought the shovel full of dirt directly over the Senor's head and pulled the rope. Half a ton of dirt fell in the midst of Mr. Emanuel de Castro and covered him complete.

" 'Senor de Niggers,' I speaks up, 'our mutual friend Mr. Castro has been prematurely buried. The obsequies will be dispensed with. Now, you —— dirty rascals, get a jump on you and clear that dirt away from there. If you will work for me till Saturday evening, I'll give you each five dollars United States money. So says Jimmy Barnes, and he won't lie unless he want to.'

"Those fellows became violent government supporters in an instant. We dug out Senor Emanuel—No, he wasn't dead, but he was the most depressed man you ever saw. We carried him to the depot on a plank. He looked real hurt. Did you ever see a man after half a ton of dirt had rained on him? He had dirt in his hair, and his eyes, and his ears. He was trying to cuss in Spanish, but his mouth was full of mud. As I said he was real depressed."

Jimmy broke off and ran to his engine which had been knocking violently for some time.

"The bally old thing," he explained, opening a valve below the cylinder, "leaks so bad I can't keep a vacuum in the dash pots."

"Jimmy, oh, Jimmy, come and explain. It's not fair to quit. Did you get your five thousand yards out?"

"What do you ask that for? You know that Uncle Sam paid the French 'compagny' forty million dollars for the lease, and he wouldn't have done it if I hadn't removed that dirt. I'm his most expensive citizen and he values me highly—he ought to. I cost him forty million dollars. I paid him back for the way he treated me when I was nursing the boilers in his navy."

"Am I to consider this under oath?"

"This what?" He spoke innocently.

"All this you've been telling me—this tale."

"Oh, was that a tale I was telling you? I didn't notice it. Anyway, I've got to go up in the dyeing room and fix the bearing on a counter-shaft." And he left.

Wherefore, I say, as I did in the beginning, this is merely a tale Jimmy Barnes told me.

IN THE LAND OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

W. E. Yelverton, '08.

THE stories of the ante-bellum negro and the cavalier-like life of the Southern planter had always interested me. These characters, however, made familiar to me by the stories and sketches of Southern writers seemed to me only a life-like word-painting.

This impression grew upon me as I travelled through this Southland that had been made famous by the old "cunnel" and by "Uncle Remus" with his tales of "de creeturs." For the bustle and hum of the Southern cities rivalled that of the busy cities of the North.

The mission on which I was going South allowed me to ponder a great deal on these things, as I was nearing my journey's end one July afternoon. I was six miles from Maxton, a small town in Middle Georgia, making my way on horseback to the Arlington place. Not being sure of my way at this point in my ride, I called to an old negro whom I saw sitting on the steps of a little log cabin beside the road.

"Good ebenin', boss," he said when I had hailed him, and as he came toward the gate he struck me immediately as being a true flesh-and-blood type of the ante-bellum darkey. His ebony face and squat figure surmounted by a mass of white, woolly hair, reminded me immediately of the familiar figures of "Uncle Remus."

"Can you tell me where the Arlington place is?" I asked him.

"What does yer wanter know dat fer?" he asked so suspiciously as to startle me.

"Why I wanted to see it," I replied a little reservedly.

"You's a Yankee ain't you?" inquired the old negro suddenly. "An' what you wanter be pryin 'roun' here fer?"

His earnestness was enough to keep his questions from seeming impertinent, so I replied in explanation:

"Colonel Bertram Arlington was my grandfather."

"Gawd hab mussy, honey. Den you is Marse Tom's chile."

Upon my replying that I was, his face suddenly lighted up as he asked, "An' whar is Marse Tom?"

He read the answer in my face before I could speak, so I said simply, "Two weeks ago."

An' didn't he say nuffin' 'bout ol' Uncle Ned 'fo' he died?" said he anxiously as he brushed off a tear that was trickling slowly down his cheek.

"No Uncle Ned I was at college when the news came that he was found dead in his bed from heart-disease. He never told me anything about his youth, and I found out who my grand-father was only after father's death, and learned that through his lawyer. My mother died when I was a child and I had no one to tell me about my ancestry. I didn't even know my father was a Southerner until after his death."

"An' you wants to see de ol' place, while I bin stannin' here axin' questions. De house is ober yondah on dat hill. You cain't skasely see it fer de trees an' bushes, fer Mistah Peele what owns de lan' now, ain't had de heart to teah de ol' house away an' upset Marse Bert's grabe atter Marse Bert done ax' 'im ter let eberything stan' lak hit wuz. Now I'll jest walk 'longside er you an' tell you 'bout Marse Tom whilst we's gwine on up dar.

"Well honey, yo' paw wuz de onliest chile Marse Bert had, an' he wuz sutt'ny proud er him. He wouldn't let none er de yuther niggers take keer un 'im but me, an' I stayed wid him twel he war plum growed up.

"Den when de wa' cum I went 'long wid 'im an' try ter take keer un 'im den, but Lawd! when dem bullets wuz a singin' an a whistlin', I couldn't stay nowhars aroun'. But hit look jes' like Marse Tom had de debbil in him in a fight, fer he wuz allays right whar de bullets wuz a singin' de loudes'. Well he went on dat way twel at Gettysburg—er some sich place—Marse Tom wuz shot th'oo de breas' wid a minny ball. I foun' him an' toted him out whar de doctor wuz, an' he said he livin' yit, so dey sent Marse Tom ter de horspital at Wash'n'ton.

"Dey wouldn't let me go, so I runned away an' it tuk me more'n a week ter git dar. Atter foolin' roun' ober dat whole city 'mongst dem Yankees, I foun' him. He didn't know me twel I had bin dar two or three days, when he 'gun ter pick up er littl' an' take notice.

"'Bout dat time cum de trubbul. But honey, I ain't nebber seed de time befo' ner sence when trubbul wuz ez purty ez dat trubbul wuz. She cum in dat horspital one mawnin' wid er basket er vittles fer de sojers, an' she wuz givin' to our boys jes' ez much as she wuz givin' ter de Yankees. When Marse Tom see her, he tuk notice right away. An' she sho' wuz a sight ter look at. She had great quiles er yaller hair—not de kind what look lak hit bin washed out, but live-lookin'—an' de purties' great big blue eyes, dat look lak dey ain't nebber seed nuttin' wrong.

"Well suh, when she got to Marse Tom's cot, hit look lak she stay dar longer dan she did anywhar else. An'

hit wuz dat way ever' day. She would bring her gittar an' sing to Marse Tom an' talk ter him by de hour. Marse Tom couldn't sing yit awhile, but he would tell her tales ob de plantation twel hit jes' look lak she could'nt hear him talk enuff.

"Bimeby she had him tuk to her own house an' nussed him all de time. He kep' gittin better an' better, an' when he wuz erbout ready ter go back ter de army, de news cum dat de wa' wuz done ober. Den he sot er time ter go home an' 'bout dat time I 'gun ter be afeared 'bout what Marse Bert gwine ter say ter de match. Fer I knowed dat de way dem two folks lubbed each udder, dar warn't nuthin' could stop 'em f'um marryin'. 'An Marse Burt sho' hated de very name ob a Yankee. I knowed den, dat if Marse Tom say anything ter him 'bout marryin' a Yankee, dere wuz gwine ter be mo' trubbul den you could shake a cotton-tail at. Bofe ub dem wuz proud, an' I knowed dat if dey ever had a fuss, dey'd bofe be mad till de end er jedgment.

"De time wuz drawin' nigh fer Marse Tom ter go, an' I nebber seed two sich folks ez dem young folks. Hit look lak dey never could git separated no mo'. De day dat Marse Tom wuz ter go, I hap'n'd ter go 'long by de parler winder an' seed dem in dere. An' honey, dese ol' eyes hain't neber seed a purtier sight dan dat. Dere dey wuz bofe a stannin' up in de middle ob de flo', he holdin' her tight an' she wid her arms 'roun' his neck. Her silky, yaller hair wuz down an' hit near 'bout tech de flo'. She wuz cryin' right sof' an' clingin' to 'im, an 'wid dat hair all ober em 'bofe, hit looked jes' lak de sun had bus' an' scattered 'roun' 'em.

"Atter awhile he cum out an' we tuk de cyars fer

Georgy. We got here de nex' day, an' ol' Marse wuz sho' glad ter see Marse Tom. He made Marse Tom tell 'im everything 'cep' what he had writ in his letters already, an' he made 'im tell mos' er dat ober. All dis time Marse Tom don't say nuffin' erbout de Yankee gal, but de nex' mawnin' he made me git outer de room an' den I knowed dat's what he gwine tell ol' Marse. Den I looks fer trubbul.

"Sho' nuff, 'bout haff a hour atter he sent me out, Marse Tom cum out wid his face an' mouf set all hard, an' wid his eyes shinin' lak coals ob fire, an' ordered his hoss. I tried my bes' ter stop 'im but twarn't no use. He say he ain't gwine cum in Marse Bert's house no mo' an' he kep' his word."

Here the old man paused in his narrative, and as I looked up I saw that we had reached the old place. The yard was choked up with weeds and underbush, but the old mansion still preserved some of its dignity as it stood decaying among the trees.

"Ober dar," resumed the old negro pointing, "is whar we buried Marse Bert. He didn't live long atter Marse Tom lef' him. He wuz gittin' ol' an' dat trubbul 'bout finished 'im. He never would say much 'bout Marse Tom, but jes' 'fo' he died he said he wanted ter be buried under dis tree, whar Marse Tom uster play de mos'."

I could not speak, but in silence I wrung the hand of this true ante-bellum negro, and our tears fell fast on the grave of the beloved cavalier master.

A TALE OF THREE CENTURIES

J. M. Porter, '08.

"The soul of a virtuous man is transferred to the body of a new-born child."—*Taylor.*

THE CASHIER of the Bank of England had just returned from lunch, and sat before his desk casually scanning the totals of some reports which he held in his hand. Mr. Eskerman was a typical bank official. He was a man slightly past middle age and that the hairs of his head were numbered was quite evident. The lines on his face were tightly drawn and his eye glasses sat far down on his nose so as not to interfere seriously with his eye sight.

The uniformed office boy announced a caller, who was received in the reception room adjoining the cashier's office. The card presented to Mr. Eskerman bore the name of J. Epstein, whom the cashier called to mind as a wealthy merchant of lower London. As was was evidenced by his rough hands and stooped shoulders, Mr. Epstein was a self-made man.

Mr. Epstein did not hesitate in stating the object of his visit. He began by saying that he was a confirmed believer in the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. Then he went on to say that, since the twilight of his life was fast waning and his lot in life had been a hard struggle, he wished to place on deposit the sum of his wealth: this money to be paid after the lapse of twenty years to the person who should apply for it in the name of the word contained in a sealed envelope deposited with the money.

The proposition completely bewildered the cashier. In all his years of banking experience he had never heard

anything like it. He was unable to reach a decision himself; so he sought advice of the president. But the president was equally at a loss in the matter.

Now precedent is the unwritten law of the English speaking race. It is the rudder which guides their various ships of state majestically through the ages. And so it was quite natural that after much consultation the president and the cashier decided that if the proposal of Mr. Epstein had any precedent in the history of the bank, the deposit would be accepted on the very peculiar terms attached thereto. Mr. Epstein was told to call the following afternoon to learn the result of the investigation.

The following afternoon the rich old Jew was prompt in making his appearance at the office of the cashier. Besides the cashier, were present the bookkeeper, and the president of the institution.

"Mr. Epstein," said the president, "in the records of this bank we find two instances where deposits were made on conditions very similar to those on which you wish to deposit a sum." The president then asked the bookkeeper to read from the records the statements of the previous cases.

The bookkeeper carefully adjusted his eye glasses and read in a sonorous tone: "July 4th, 1865. One, Joseph Kaufman by name, this day placed on deposit the sum of £5000 to be paid to any person applying for same after the lapse of twenty years in the name of a word contained in a sealed envelope deposited with the money. This money is still on deposit. Jan. 1st, 1750. By order of the directors the sealed envelope was opened and found to contain a slip of paper with the word 'Azue'." The bookkeeper paused a minute and simultaneously a

sigh escaped the lips of Mr. Epstein, as if he appeared to recall faintly some long forgotten event.

The bookkeeper then read the statement of a case dated March 14th, 1780, where one B. Stadem had deposited £5000 under the same conditions as the first. No one had ever called for the money and when the envelope was opened some fifty years later the slip of paper therein bore the name of "Lurea".

While the last account was being read the president and the cashier noticed a strange expression on the face of Mr. Epstein and his eyes shone with the light of years gone by. At the reading of the name "Lurea" he sprang from his chair; the death cry rattled in his throat and he fell full length on the floor—a corpse. Thrice he had attempted to provide for ease in his future existence, but his soul refused to remember.

ON NAMING BABIES.

Drury Phillips, '08.

IT IS a peculiar fallacy of parents to bestow upon their helpless and unresisting offspring names that in after years make those offspring wonder, and e'er in vain, just what *was* the matter on christening day. Exactly why these names are so thoughtlessly and indiscriminately scattered around, or worse, so thoughtfully and carefully picked out, is a problem to perplex even the minds of those who pretend to understand the thoughts of newly made parents. To him who has not given the subject the years of careful study necessary for even a glimpse into the intricacies of this most intricate of all psychological processes, the very thought of such a problem is dizzying. Scarce can we now direct the train of our thought toward such a possible alleviation, for remedy, alas, there is none.

Two beams of light we see in this apparently Stygian darkness, two plans to make the lot of these cruelly benamed innocents more tolerable. Faint, indeed, are those beams, but to such as live in darkness we dare hope that even our feeble ray may bring some succor.

We would, then, prohibit such parents from giving permanent names till the bearers of said names are old enough to become co-choosers; or we would grant to every man—and woman—the right to change his—or her—name on becoming of age. Some women, indeed, even now change and rechange their names at will, but man is as ever helpless. Let us, then, bend all our efforts toward providing for that woman so unfortunate, or so hard to please, that not even a single change may be accomplished, a like relief with her more enterprising sisters. Nor let man be forgotten; man, that has not even the sole chance of his so-called weaker mate thus

to better his pitiable condition; man, that thru life and thru eternity, carries on his o'erladen shoulders the needless burden of a misfit name! Inspired by this noble aim, let us to our hopeful task.

Would it not relieve the pitiable state of our parent-named unfortunates to prohibit such parents from giving a permanent name till the bearer of said name were fully consulted? Aye, for thus would we allow to both parent and child the right now exercised—and abused—by the parent only, and thus would we secure to the suffering innocent a blessing hitherto undreamed of. To the child, at suitable age, are presented the preferences of the parents, and he then passes upon their respective merits. *His* word is final, *his* preference is chosen. From that choice is no change, no appeal, but thru death, as thru life, stands that name, self chosen, self borne! Till a child has attained this all important age, would not numbers serve most admirably to designate him from his fellows? Were not Smith One, Jones Second as good as, aye, better than, Sophronia Smith, Llewellyn Jones? Would not fifteen years as Smith One, were it but followed by Mary, more than offset fifty years as Sophronia?

Should the foregoing not meet the favor of those to whose eyes this plea may come, we would offer our second plan—one, however, we cannot so heartily advocate. To grant to every person the right to change his name on becoming of age would entail no little confusion. Man changes but slowly at best, and slow and troublous indeed would be the change from the parent-given names of some unfortunates to the self selected ones of those same new made fortunates. 'Twould be no easy task to cease being Reginald Orlando, or Clementina Sophronia,

and to become John Henry, or Sarah Jane? But, oh, ye parents, can you say that the change is not indeed a wondrous blessing? And can you deny that it is all for the betterment of state as well as of individual? Such names as the above—and they are not rare—are more than sufficient seriously to handicap a person in this strenuous world of today, and to prove absolutely fatal to his hopes for the next. Can our minds picture Saint Llewellyn? Can human intellect conceive of Saint Sophronia?

And so, hampered in this world, and barred in the next, these poor unfortunates cry to us for aid, stretching out their blighting names toward us with a piteous plea for mercy, begging us to succor them in their misery, and furnish them some means of deliverance from the scourge of parent-given names. Let us go to their deliverance, let us rise in the might of our righteous anger and say to these parents: "Thou shalt not give such names." Then will the hosts of the delivered rise in their freedom and with hearts overflowing with joy of relief, will cry, "Do now your worst, unfeeling parents; bestow in vain those cruel phantasies you call names, those vague and troubled wellings from the realms of high-flown literary nomenclature, we are safe; safe from your cruel power to deform us thru life and thru death by a name." And to the question of the poet, "What's in a name?" they will securely, serenely answer, "Nothing—that we do not want."

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

S. H. Lyle, Jr., '08.

I.

A flashing sun, a deep blue sky,
  And the booming of the sea,
From out the deep the sea breeze brings
  A song of cheer to me.

II.

The song of the throbbing waves,
  As they surge from shore to shore,—
A changing song, a haunting song,
  Refrain to the deep sea roar.

III.

The song of a jolly sailor lad,
  Far out on the white-capped foam,—
A throb of joy from a thankful heart
  At nearing the land called home.

IV.

Oh, give me the sea in calm or storm,
  The heaving billow or the flashing spray,
There let me dream, there let me dwell,
  There let me be on life's closing day.

SKETCHES

MASSA WILL'S BREAKFAST.

"But ain't Massa Will got to hab his breakfast?" The old negro indignantly brushed past a soldier who was trying to detain him, and bore his precious burden in the direction of his master's troops. That the young captain had been ordered to move during the night, and had left two hundred yards of plain open between his division and breakfast, seemed no fitting reason to the faithful darkey that "Massa Will" should go hungry that morning. Expostulations and entreaties were wasted on him.

"'Cose I'se goin' across" he said to an officer at the edge of the camp, who tried to stop him. "Do you all think Massa Will can fight on er empty stomach?"

The officer stood aside, and watched the bent, gray figure as it shuffled out on the plain. It went slowly for about fifty yards, then there was the sound of an explosion on the right, a puff of smoke, and the old Confederate uniform fell over in a heap—still clinging to its little white bundle, that was Massa Will's breakfast.

—M. G.

ALLAH ICH PER.

One noon, I happened to be sitting on the steps of Al Moheet's store in Alexandria, Egypt. Al Moheet's store of Egyptian curiosities faces on a little narrow street in the most ancient quarter of Alexandria, not far from the remains of the old Alexandrian Library.

The street was filled with camels laden with merchandise from across Sahara. The sidewalk was covered with Bazaars full of Indian silks and Arabian Daar. The proprietors sat outside smoking their Houkahs. The narrow street was so crowded that there was scarce room to move, yet the crowd was continually moving—a living stream of quaint and curious costumes.

My meditation, however, was broken, Al Moheet himself coming out and saying: "Kift halach yam, kaei*,—I hope the Sahib has had a pleasant...." Here the "Allah ich per" sounded from the highest minaret of the Mosque, chanted by the muezzin. No sooner had Al Moheet heard the word "Allah" than he fell on his knees, crossed his arms and proceeded to take up the prayer along with the muezzin: "Allah ich per...." Give us, we pray thee, the power to overcome our enemies and to benefit our friends; give, O Allah, destruction to the Christian dogs, unless they be converted to the true Faith."

After the prayer was finished the silence was supreme. That busy crowd who were a few minutes before jostling each other and crying their wares in loud voices, fell to their knees as did Al Moheet. The street presented a wide field of prostrate men, broken here and there perhaps by a Greek, standing upright. (Although he does not bow down to Allah, he remains silent out of respect, crosses himself, and perhaps mutters, "Ho Pater, ho Huios, kai to Agion Pneuma.") When they had finished praying, Al Moheet, after he had risen and lazily brushed the dust from his knees, quietly asked again his

* "Kift halach yam, kaei" means in colloquial Arabic: "How are you today, brother."

pleasant question as to how I had enjoyed myself, since I had been in the city.

—W. H. R.

BLUEBEARD.

Bluebeard was his name. I had just bought him the day before, but by the next morning he thought he owned the yard. He was a big fellow of mixed breed, but with spurs an inch long and sharp as needles. He stalked down the yard in answer to the challenge, like a heavyweight prize fighter entering the ring.

The challenge came from a big Plymouth Rock, who for several days past had been bringing his strange flock into my yard, to eat all the corn I had for my own chickens. Sticks and stones would not avail, so to drive off this intruder I bought my rooster.

Down came my new champion right into the midst of the visitors. There was a pause, in which the two big fellows stood watching each other. Then the intruder's hens deserted him and scuttled out the gate.

A spring; a nip; and the battle was on. At first they were wary and watchful, each to feel and test the strength of the other. Now old Bluebeard was working like Jim Jeffries himself. Side step! Why Jeff wasn't in it with my old boy. The other fellow would make a spring, and try his best to spur the old Turk in the head; but he never had a look-in. My rooster was born with the mits on. Just a side step; a duck; and up he'd come under the stranger's wing; and peak him so hard, he would fairly squawk for the pain of it. And except for these occasional squawks, no sounds were heard.

The battle raged for an hour. The rounds were ten minutes long at first, but dwindled toward the close, owing to the heavy-weights not being in good training. They would do a succession of springs, ducks, pecks, and kicks; and then retire to their respective corners for wind. The other fellow had spunk, but Bluebeard was hitting in clinches, and seemed to be on top longer now. He'd grab the stranger's top-knot and drag him around in circles. His wind was better and he hung on longer.

The gong rang for the last round. Bluebeard hit the Tartar. The Tartar jumped clean over Bluebeard. Exit Tartar.

Just as he jumped, Bluebeard spurred him; chased him and spurred him again, chased him once more, and drove him right into a place in a stone wall where there was a hole just large enough to admit the stranger's head. There the Tartar took the count with old Bluebeard alternately kicking and scratching dirt over his drooping tail feathers. Then my rooster crowed and strolled away.

My corn is now consumed on the home market.

—C. D. W.

THE MAN WHO KNEW HOW.

I stood on the bank above the track watching the ineffectual attempts of the train's crew to replace the engine on the rails. They were cursing and swearing at the section foreman for allowing the safety switch to remain on a rotten tie. Time and again they had put the iron dogs in front of the wheels, and each time as the monster tried to pull himself up they had slipped out, and it

stood as before, perfectly helpless because out of place.

During the process the fast mail, having been flagged above the wreck, pulled slowly up near the helpless engine. A number of men got off and came forward to see about the trouble. My attention was attracted to one large business-like man who apparently had no advice to give. He walked around the engine, looked under it, and examined the ties. Then he spoke quickly and with authority, "Put those dogs in front of the hind wheels, cut off the tender, uncouple that fast engine, pull her up and chain to this one, and pull it on the track, and get out of here."

It took but a moment to say it, and those hands obeyed without a moment's hesitation. In five minutes that helpless engine was on the track, while he who "knew how" had gone back to his car.

—C. B. B.

BUG JUICE, PLEASE SUH.

An old negro, seemingly in his seventies, without coat or hat, with the sleeves of his dirty shirt rolled up above his elbows, perspiration streaming off his face, which was covered with stray patches of bristly whiskers, shambled into the drug store, scraping his feet along the floor as if they were too heavy to raise.

The drug clerk, behind the prescription desk, heard him coming and coughed to himself.

At the desk the old fellow leaned over and said, "Marse Frank, gimme er little bug juice, please suh."

The clerk seized a three ounce graduate, poured it half full of alcohol, and then filled it with simple syrup.

The old negro eagerly took it, raised it to his mouth, took it down with a gulp, smacked his lips with satisfaction, and with many "thank you suhs" shambled out.

—J. H. D.

TIME'S UP!

I was in the library yesterday afternoon. That is nothing strange.....it might as well have been you. It is also nothing strange that I was reading a story. But this is only incidental. The hero was in trouble, and what is more important, the heroine too. He was about to save her from the villain, when....

"Time's up."

The librarian called this out in a quick, snappy, jarring, soul-racking, high-pitched, exulting, and it seemed to me triumphant tone of voice. I was mad. Specifically I am a man of high Christian character, but I must say I made some rather indelicate remarks. Why can't he be smooth and easy about it," I thought. "He takes a lot of pleasure in making me stop reading—it's just pie to him. Of course he had to wait until I was good and interested before he butted in." I walked to the door slowly—I wouldn't hurry to save him—,got my hat also very slowly, hesitated as he rattled the door knob and walked out.

I stopped on the porch and thought.

Had I been in a reflective mood, had I been of a philosophical cast of mind, I would have learned from this incident—I said it was incidental—a great Life Lesson. Unfortunately, I was not of of this mind, if I had been—I say, I would have meditated on the uselessness of hu-

man endeavor. We poor humans struggle through "the smoke and stir of this dim spot that men call Earth," and when at last we think we will accomplish something good and noble, Fate calls "Time's up!"

Remember I did not think this. What I did think was,

"If I catch that fellow on the campus tonight, I'll knock him endwise with a brick."

—P. H. R.

A NEW USE FOR AN AFGHAN.

A dozen travelling men gathered around the lobby stove. A cold, drizzling rain was falling and the conversation turned to overcoats.

"Remember those long overcoats, Afghans they called them, that were worn a few years ago?" began a drummer who had just entered. "Well one of them got me out of a pretty scrape in Chicago once. It took lots of nerve though.

"I was with the Douglas Shoe Company and as I had not made connections with my pay envelope in Cincinnati, I was completely 'broke' when I reached Chicago.

"While on my way to a hotel I got an idea from the sign of a pawnshop.

"I slipped up a dark alley; removed my new suit, buttoned my afghan tightly and returned to the pawn shop. I got twenty dollars on my suit.

"That night after registering under an assumed name, and hinting that I was a reporter, I was given a room on the second floor of a pretty good hotel.

"Next morning I awoke late. I rang excitedly, and sent the frightened bell boy hot foot for the proprietor

saying I had been robbed. When the proprietor came I showed him all that was left of my new suit of clothes—the suspenders hanging on the fire escape. He took it calmly enough, saying he would report it to the police. I raved and swore, calling him a criminal old stool-pigeon for a gang of burglars, and threatened to write him up in my paper.

"He talked to me handsomely and paid me a hundred and fifty plunks not to write him up as it would ruin his business. I told him I had lost two hundred in my stolen suit, but the old guy wouldn't come across with another cent.

"With the money I redeemed my suit, and hastily left town. When I received my salary a week later I sent the old codger a check for the full amount, one hundred and fifty-five dollars and thanked him for his loan.

"They tell me that he is still suspicious of strangers who wear long afghan overcoats."

—R. P. B.

RIDING.

'Twas time to go to the Georgetown game. Manager Jones, Coach Lawson, and the team were in the lobby of the Riggs House, waiting on the "baseball car." Just as we were about to board the car, Coach Lawson counted over his men and found one of them missing. Where could he be? He had been seen only a moment before in the hotel lobby.

"We must find him," said Coach. So a diligent search was made for the missing ball player. I was acting in the capacity of general utility man, and was asked to go

up to his room to see if he had possibly strayed back there. As I entered an elevator to go up to the ninth story, I saw another elevator coming down. There was the missing ball player, riding up and down with a tune on his lips and a contented smile upon his face.

"Why in the d—— don't you come on? Don't you know that we have been waiting five minutes for you?"

"Say, Monk," he replied with an ecstatic sigh, "I could just die riding on one of these here elevators, couldn't you?"

—M. O.

THE GLOVE.

On the way from the picnic Irene asked me to put her gloves in my pocket. I forgot to give them to her when I told her good night on the steps. Irene—I loved Irene. For some time my soul had been slopped over with a poetic fancy for which I could find no words to express. Irene, how I loved her!

A few evenings after the picnic as we were coming from school Irene said to me: "Jack, I want you to bring my gloves home, for I must sew up that ripped finger."

"I'll bring them this evening," said I.

I went to my room, picked up the little pieces of kid, and looked at them. Irene, how I loved her! "Now is my chance," said I, "what a delicate device it will be!"

I turned the ripped finger wrong side out, took my pen from pocket and wrote something on it.

Putting the delicate things into my pocket, I walked down the street. I found Irene sitting on the porch talking to her mother, who was busy doing some needle

work. Irene and I sat talking while her mother on the far end of the porch kept sewing.

I took the gloves from my pocket and pitched them into her lap.

"Mama, will you sew this ripped place in the finger of my glove?" said she, as she arose and walked toward her mother.

"Why certainly, Irene," said her mother.

"Excuse me," I stammered, "it is time for me to go."

"Why you have just this moment come," said Irene in surprise.

But I left. —M. L. W.

THE KISS THAT COUNTS.

"Remember the first time you ever kissed a girl?" asked the reminiscent man. "Bet your life *I* do. Once when I was about sixteen I went to see a girl. While we were sitting in the parlor saying a word or two every fifteen minutes, another boy and girl came in. During their stay, which lasted perhaps an hour, we told fortunes by means of a deck of cards. We found out whom we loved, whom we would marry, whom we would kiss next, and various other important things. The one destined to receive my next (or my first) kiss was the hostess.

"When I started to leave she accompanied me to the door and stepped out on the porch to look at the stars. I went close to her and said low and tremblingly, 'When's my fortune goin' to come true?'

" 'Your fortune? What do you mean?'

" 'You know.' She said nothing, 'You know, don't you?' I insisted. After a moment she nodded.

"I was trembling all over. 'Let it come true *now*. I won't never tell nobody. Cross my heart I won't. *Please*.'

" 'Can't, its wrong.'

" 'Wrong nothing. 'Most all boys and girls do it. PLEASE.'

" 'Won't you *never* tell?'

" 'Never in this world. A boy's a rascal to tell on a girl. PLEASE.' Her nod was almost imperceptible, but it was enough for me.

"It was awfully sweet," concluded the reminiscent man, "the first and the best, but—it's not always surest to ask for 'em."

—H. B. G.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH NATURE.

I was reading: "....Ah, how I sigh for a life of Nature, for the careless free existence unfettered by the chains of convention. How I long to stroll through woody dell and know not whither I go; to listen to the birds chirping in the tree tops. I see all Nature rejoice and with Nature I rejoice in all the beauties of the world that exist about me. How I long to stretch me 'neath lofty pine and gnarled oak and gaze undisturbed at the pure blue sky above me; to stroll by babbling brook and limpid pool, where...."

I threw the book behind the trunk, got my hat, and started in search of Nature. I do not generally walk unless I have to. As a rule I do not care for Nature. I had never been further in the woods than Battle's Park. But now I saw the error of my ways—I would reform. I

would go and see Nature for myself. As the author said "I would to commune with Nature."

I walked out by the depot and into the woods beyond. After I had walked for about a half an hour, I looked about me for Nature. She was nowhere to be seen. True, as the author said, I strolled through woody dell and knew not whither I went. I did not even know where I *was*. I stretched me 'neath lofty pine and gnarled oak, but it was not a success; for I arose me quickly because the ground was heavily encumbered with sharp rocks and pine burrs. I was disappointed.

The chirping birds seemed off on a holiday, so I went to find the babbling brook. A branch I found, but no brook. I have never seen it authoritatively stated that a branch could babble, but I could easily overlook this defect. If it could not babble, it was certainly bubbling and splashing most successfully and enthusiastically. As I wandered down its banks, it seemed that I, a materialist, was at last, about to experience the thrill of an awakened soul. At last, I had found Nature. The babbling brook ('twas really a branch) plunging gently over the rocks, fell with quiet splashing into the limpid pool below. That was a picture that I shall never forget. The drooping willows seemed to stop and bend their heads to listen to the soft whispering of the brook ('twas really a branch) as that water, pure as the blue sky above me—as pure as the thoughts of my unfettered soul—! The scene enchanted me. I drew nearer and nearer and finally stepped on the moss covered rocks that, encircling, restrained the eager course of the stream.

This was a mistake—an error in judgment. It is inadvisable for one to step on moss covered rocks encircling

limpid pools whether in brooks *or* branches. However, as I said, I stepped on the rock. But I did not *stay* on the rock. My foot slipped, and I found myself in sitting posture in the middle of that babbling brook. (Now don't forget that 'twas really a branch).

I made a remark. Only the robin building her nest heard and saw. She heard and saw and smiled to herself. When my breath was exhausted, I climbed out of the water and sat down on a stump.

"Yes," I said, "Nature's a good thing. She's a noble thing."

About me the birds sang. The robin chirped contentedly; the sun sifting its mellow light through the leaves of the overhanging branches, reflected in the pool the images of that picture—that beautiful picture of Nature as she is.

I still sat on the stump.

"Yes," I said and looked at my dripping clothes. "Nature *is* a fine thing. 'Child of Nature untouched by human vileness.' Bah!"

I got up and started home. Daniel Boone could walk forty miles a day. He could also walk out into the woods and then walk back again. This seems to be one of the lost arts. I could do neither. When I left I walked for about a half an hour directly west. I now turned directly east and walked for three or four hours. I couldn't find the road, and I could find the town. I am not a judge of roads and some towns are not easy to see. I do not know what qualities a road should possess. I should suppose that a *good* road would at least be steady, sober, and reliant. Personally, I do not think much of a road that is inconsistent—that is always wandering about.

was getting tired. I was also getting mad. Just as I was about to give up. I came suddenly out of the woods and into the clearing.

Across the clearing I saw a scene that did my eye good. From the stack of the cotton mill poured a large column of black smoke—suggestive of nice, smutty, gritty coal soot. From the half-raised windows came the home-like sound of clinking spindles and banging looms. Over at the depot stood Andy's engine—that dear old engine puffing contentedly. Over on the siding, the work-train was banging coal cars about.

"I am not a man of violence," I said to myself, "I am not a man of violence, but if anybody comes talking to me about lofty pine and woody dells——" There I stopped.

"See that cotton mill," I continued to myself, "see Andy's engine over there? Well, there's more Nature to the square inch in them than in any limpid pool that ever limped, or brook that ever babbled."

—P. H. R.

BY WAY OF REWARD.

Although Mr. Hal Turner, better known as Meagre Mike on account of his extraordinary thinness, had just finished a sojourn of five years in Sing Sing, he didn't propose to abandon the profitable trade of burglary. He was a burglar, plain and simple, neither a modern Raffles in evening dress, nor a burly ruffian for whom the timid nightly look under the bed.

Hal had read the society columns to good advantage. He knew the whole Mason family, Mr. and Mrs. Mason

and Miss Eva, would be at the Christmas Eve ball of the Van Buren's. Reasoning logically, he concluded that the servants would be off as soon as the Mason carriage left the door.

As it seemed such an easy "crib" to "crack," he didn't take a "pal," but quietly entered alone by means of a rear window.

He found himself in the dining room; crossing the room with cat-like tread, he peered into the hall. Seeing no one, he quickly mounted the stair to the living-rooms of the family, where for half an hour he was busily engaged in ransacking desks and bureau drawers. Then, adding to his miscellaneous collection Miss Eva's jewel case, and a roll of bills from Mr. Mason's desk, he skipped cautiously down stairs, pausing a moment in the drawing room to see if he had overlooked anything of value.

The slight click of a latch-key, in the front door not twenty feet away, warned him of his peril. The only refuge was a heavy plush curtain suggesting a concealed door, and he darted behind its folds. The door was locked on the other side. Hal blessed his leanness, finding that by standing straight he made no perceptible bulge in the plush. With his pocket knife he deftly slit a peep-hole in time to see Miss Eva come with quick, cautious steps into the room.

Evidently she was excited, for with a glance to see if the room were occupied she left and returned almost immediately with a young man in evening dress, looking as disturbed as herself.

"Decide quickly," said the newcomer. "My automobile is at the door and you have only to say the word."

"Oh, I don't know! Father is so tyrannical he will

never forgive us! We have a right to do it if we are willing to be poor and all that! But to elope!" she hysterically sobbed on his shoulder. "Yes, yes, I'll go with you, only let me run to my room for my jewels and another dress. They are truly mine and if we are to be poor——"

"I hate to have you take them," he protested.

Hal also hated to have her take them as the case was at that moment in his pocket together with sundry other trifles from her dressing table. On missing them she would inevitably put off her elopement to raise an alarm, and he stood little chance of escaping unseen.

He took charge of the situation. Throwing back the curtain, he lifted a cautioning hand at her faint scream.

"If you want to keep this quiet from the servants, no row, please," he said with dignity. "I'm sorry, young fellow, but I'm a detective employed by the lady's papa to stop this very thing. See? I must do my dooty."

"But—but—," stammered the young man staring helplessly, while Miss Eva clung to his arm.

"You see the old gentleman got wind of it, and asked me to step around," Hal explained glibly. "But if you want to skin out just as you are now, inside of sixty seconds I don't know but I might look the other way. See?"

The young couple joyfully accepted this offer and were speeding away in a few minutes but not before the young man had pressed a roll of bills into Hal's hand. "For a Christmas present," he muttered.

—R. P. B.

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

[Entered in Post-Office, Chapel Hill, N. C., as second class matter].

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EDITORIAL

This issue of THE MAGAZINE is practically a Sophomore issue; all the prose contributions are by Sophomores. Our exchanges may say that the work is immature; but, to be sure, this is expected of undergraduate literature. Notwithstanding this fact the technique of the work is very good; the articles display careful workmanship. They are free of gruesomeness and the respective authors show a thorough acquaintance with their subjects. The work is very creditable, and reflects credit upon the Sophomore class, and especially upon the contributors themselves. The idea of having the Soph-

omore class to get out one issue of THE MAGAZINE is a good one. When Professor Graham, of the English department, suggested the idea to us, we at once approved of it. THE MAGAZINE will no doubt be very much benefited by it. This issue shows plainly the kind of magazine we could as a college get out if we could stir up the interest of the student body in the welfare of this publication. We see no reason why this example should not set a precedent. THE MAGAZINE, the English department, and the Sophomore class all would be greatly benefited thereby.

* * *

In the three years that we have been a student at the University there have been many improvements. During this time three new buildings have gone up on the campus and the outlook for another is very bright. The yearly appropriation of the University has increased from $37,500 to $45,000. Athletics have, as far as it is in the power of the faculty, been purged of all taint of professionalism. Hazing—why, hazing is unknown to a Freshman. There was very little hazing when we were a Freshman; and there has been less every year. One of our professors says that it has been his observation that hazing is like the pendulum of a clock: it swings in and swings out. He may be right; but we hope that the unmanly spirit of hazing will ever remain foreign to University life as it is now. Let us see that no such disturbing influence ever enters our life here to burden the attainment of our high ideals. Valuable additions have been made both to faculty and the curriculum; various other changes for good have come

about. But the erection of a Y. M. C. A. Building on the campus will be of more significance to the University than any other one thing that will occur in two or more decades.

As it is there is not enough unity in University life. Students do not take interest enough in things in general. Too many little circles and cliques exist here and yonder. It is all right to have intimate friends, and every one has them; but too many students live and move in these small circles. They care nothing for association with their fellow students at large. The student body scarcely ever comes together except at some big athletic game. The Y. M. C. A. Building will belong to the students; it will be their general meeting ground. Here they will meet, play games, and mingle with each other. They will meet here members of the faculty and become better acquainted with them. There will be reading rooms and reception rooms. The building will correspond to the Union, of Harvard, and such buildings elsewhere. There is one building on the campus that belongs to the students; this will be another. This one will be a great benefit and convenience to the Y. M. C. A.; it will be of more benefit to the social side of our college life. The significance of such a building is great. It will make student life far more pleasant.

This building will in these and other ways give unity to our life here. The factional spirit is growing less and less every year. Already coming changes cast their shadows before them. There is some talk of making a change in the way the dances are conducted here. A prominent member of the faculty has suggested that the students have, instead of four dances, two large repre-

sentative ones, thus doing away with two intermediates. This will no doubt create much more interest in Commencement. There is no reason for making the dances as exclusive as they are. All, to be sure, do not wish to attend the dances; but they at least wish to know that their presence would be welcomed. It remains with the students to make or to mar Commencement. Whenever petty factional differences and contentions cease to spoil the concord of University life, there will come instead the united sentiment and concerted action of an earnest student body. Then it will be that both factions of college will be relegated to their spheres of influence: each will then play its own part for good. This state of affairs seems to be close at hand. Its advent will mark the coming of a life of unified interests and ideals. Commencement is the index to student life. A successful Commencement means a united student body.

EXCHANGES

In beginning the work of the Exchange department, the present editor appreciates the importance of this department. He knows, too, the difficulty of making it attractive to the average reader. And, furthermore, he feels his lack of familiarity with many of the magazines which he will be expected to criticise. The present editor hopes, however, that, under his direction, this department may not fall far below the standard maintained by his predecessors.

No more attractive magazine in general appearance, than the *Tulanian*, comes to our table. Its typographical work is excellent; its pages are neat. The first place in the March number is given to a poem entitled *Spring*. While the thought is commonplace, the verses have some elements of true poetry which place the poem slightly above the average college magazine poetry. *Yea and Nay*, the only other poem in the issue, does not deserve mention. When we turn to prose, we find one piece of fiction which is good. This story is entitled *A Drought on the Prairie*. In it, the writer of *Yea and Nay* has atoned, in his prose, for his shortcomings in poetry. He tells, in good, strong English, the story of a terrible drought in which the cattle die for want of water, and the people are threatened with the same fate. The children, however, unmindful of their impending doom, are concerned only in the welfare of a beautiful calf for which they secretly draw water from the forbidden cistern. When the rain comes and every one else is rejoicing, these children are sad—the calf is dead. Of the

other articles, *Wild Violets* is such a love story as one usually finds in a college magazine—which means that it is not of a high order. *The Jews as a Remarkable People* is interesting though based on a false economic doctrine. In *The Monroe Doctrine* the writer has given prominence to the controversy as to the real authorship of the doctrine. His argument will fail to convince the admirer of John Quincy Adams. Taken as a whole, the March number of the *Tulanian* is above the ordinary standard of college magazines.

Among the magazines of the colleges of our own State, *The Trinity Archive* is one of the best. It is a credit to Trinity College and to North Carolina. The March number, however, is not quite up to the usual standard. The prose is not of a high order; the poetry is poor. The best piece of fiction, perhaps, is *A True Scene from Southern Life*. It is a story of revenge. The writer gets along pretty well until he makes the "fiery-tempered old gentleman," who has committed murder in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of his daughter, and has been spirited away by his friends, come back to visit his dying daughter, dressed in woman's clothes. *The Town Loafer* is interesting, but not convincing. The loafer is too great a genius. The best poem is *A Last Token*. It starts off pretty well, but breaks down before the end is reached. A line like this is simply intolerable:

"Neither of loving thee is the fault mine."

The *Georgetown College Journal* contains two good pieces of fiction. *"Died" on the Table* is much above the average college magazine story. It is a story of revenge in which the avenger of his sister's wrongs, is

driven insane by the horror of his own deed. The interest is sustained to the end. Even the writer's thinly veiled moralizing in the last paragraph, does not seriously injure the effect of the story. *A Second Chance* is the story of the trials and final success of a young newspaper correspondent. This, too, is well done. For the poetry of this number we can not say so much. There are two poems in negro dialect. Of these, *Li'l Nigger Baby* is poor; *De Ole Hoss'-Dawg*, worthless. These two poems are by the same writer. Besides these, there are two translations from the Odes of Horace. The translator of the fourteenth ode could not have made a more complete failure. His double rimes are bad enough, but our poet is not satisfied. The following is his translation of the last strophe of the ode:

> "Beware and have a care, lest every air
> Make thee its sport.
> My sheer and quondam fear—but now so dear—
> Come safe to port"

The translator of the ninth ode has done better. His translation is almost literal, and is not bad verse.

The William and Mary Literary Magazine devoted its March number largely to poetry. There are six original poems—two of them much longer than those usually found in a college magazine—and one translation in verse. Among the prose articles, moreover, we find the following titles: *Our Different Schools of Poets*; *Poetry; The Love of Nature*, which is a discussion of the attitude of the poets toward nature; and *The Character of Lady Macbeth*. Of the poems, the best, perhaps, is *Over the Waves*, which will be found among our clippings. Several of the other poems also show real

poetic merit. Our Virginia contemporary is to be congratulated on the interest of its contributors in this too much neglected branch of literature.

We acknowledge our usual exchanges.

SONNET.

God paints his pictures on the skies
With unseen hands. We look and but behold
The colors come and go—the ruddy gold,
The crimson, purple, and the blue that lies
Alone, around, like Love's own secrecies,
That hide the Spirit from the over-bold,
The painting and erasure thus are told:
'You west did live with color; now it dies.'

So let my work be, in my lower sphere,
If aught of beauty these my fingers throw
Upon a life's wide canvas, be it so
That none shall see me at my working there,
But let him say, and speak it wonderingly:
'The glory of a Presence shone on me.'

—*Davidson College Magazine.*

CUPID AT G. F. C.

Cupid has wings and hence he can soar.
Don't think you escape by being "Third Floor."

O the frost is on the window and the snow is on the ground,
And Miss G. is on the second floor a-lookin' all round,
And up and down the long, long halls the girls that are awake
Get down behind their key-holes while they shiver and they shake.

And then a voice comes from the stars,
O, what a shock!
"Girls, shut your doors and go to bed,
It's ten o'clock!"

And this is why the end's abrupt
To this effusion,
She's sent me home before I find
A good conclusion.

—*The College Message.*

OVER THE WAVES.

Far out, far out upon the sea
A shadowy bark is tossing free
Its owner Age; its captain Death,
Its cargo, me.

Far out, far out into the night
I'm borne; the fading beacon light
Fainter and still fainter grows
Then fades from sight.

I know not where may be our goal,
Yet fear I neither rock nor shoal,
I'm trusting to the Helmsman there
To save my soul.

Far out, far out upon the deep
With all our sail full spread we sweep,
And trusting in the Helmsman still
I fall asleep.

—*Robin Adair in William and Mary Magazine.*

THE EVENING WALK.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The day was almost over,
As gentle, brown-eyed Bess and I
Came thro' the scented clover.

Across the level meadow lands
The sun's last rays were streaming,
They touched her hair red-brown, but now
Like burnished copper gleaming.

And slowly, slowly, on we walked,
  Yet not a word we said,
What need of words, when as a child
  With Bessie I had played.

The sun had set, the rosy glow
  Had faded from the sky,
When through the farmyard gate we passed,
  The old brown cow and I.

—*Julia D. Walker in Tennessee University Magazine.*

ALUMNI NOTES

Col. William W. Flemming. 1863-'64, member of the bar and mayor of the city of New York, died Nov. 15, 1905, at his home in New York City, aged sixty-nine.

Rev. Samuel W. Frost, D.D., 1852, died at his home in Pennsylvania on the 6th of January, 1906.

Dr. John F. Miller, at the University in 1854-55, superintendent of The Eastern Insane Asylum at Goldsboro, died last January.

Mr. J. J. Tyson, '05, left a few days ago for Ensley, Alabama, where he went to accept a position as chemist with the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

Mr. W. C. Cathey, '05, is at Birmingham, Alabama, and has a position with the engineering corps of the Southern Railway.

Mr. I. C. Wright, '05, is studying law at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Dorman Steele Thompson, '01, Law '02, now practicing in Statesville, N. C., was married the 22nd of last January to Miss Luda Morrison, of Statesville.

Mr. J. Crawford Biggs, class of 1893, Law 1894, now practicing at Durham, N. C., was married Feb. 7th last to Miss Margarette Campbell Jordan.

Mr. W. T. Shore, '05, is traveling for the H. A. Bohannon Tobacco Company, of Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Dialectic Society has just received a picture of the late George R. Davis, LL.D., of the class of 1838, of Wilmington. Dr. Davis was in his day one of the most

prominent lawyers of the state, and during the late war was Attorney General of the Confederacy.

Mr. A. H. Bahnson, of the class of 1906, who has been confined at his home in Winston-Salem for several months with blood poison and a complication of diseases is now recovered and spending a few days on the Hill.

Mr. H. A. Allard, '05, has been appointed assistant in Department of Plant Breeding, Washington, D. C. His work will probably be in cotton.

Messrs. Graham Kenan, '04, and Robt. W. Herring, '03, have formed a partnership for the practice of law under the firm name of Kenan & Herring, at Wilmington, N. C.

It will doubtless be interesting to the alumni to know that Mr. Walter F. Burns has recently compiled in book form the two addresses, one of Chief Justice Walter Clark at the unveiling of the monument of Capt. Otway Burns, the other of Dr. K. P. Battle on the presentation of the portrait of Capt. Otway Burns to the State of North Carolina (both addresses delivered in 1901), together with a sketch of Capt. Burn's life. The address of Dr. Battle is a most valuable contribution to the history of the State. The *Raleigh Post* had this to say of the address: "Dr. Battle always does his work well, and this production is but another of his very valuable contributions to our State's historical literature."

REVIEWS BY THE BROWNING CLASS

(To be continued.)

The Brownings and America. By Elizabeth Porter Gould. The Poet-Lore Co., Boston, 1904.

A review of this book shows that America was the first to honor the Brownings. Edgar Allan Poe dedicated thirty poems, including the *Raven*, to Miss Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning. She deeply appreciated the high honor Poe had done her in his country and hers, and hoped that some day she might be able to justify the distinction thus conferred.

American magazines and newspapers as well as American poets early showed appreciation for the gifted woman's work. She contributed many of her short poems to these magazines and papers, *The New York Tribune*, *The Union*, *The North American Review*, and others. The review in the Editor's Table of *The Graham Magazine* called Miss Barrett the "learned poetess of the day", and declared "her productions unique in this age of lady authors. They have, too, sentiment, passion, and fancy in the highest degree without reminding us of Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, or L. E. L." She appreciated very highly these courtesies from America and in corresponding with her numerous friends she refers to the American papers sent her—*The New York Tribune*, *The Union*, *The Union Flag*—as being "scattered over with extracts from her books, and benignant words about their author." Mrs. Browning wrote to her friend, Miss Milford: "For my part, I have every possible reason to thank and love America; she has been kind to me." Sev-

eral American critics considered Mrs. Browning "above any female writer the world had yet seen."

Miss Gould considers Mrs. Browning "sane as well as sensitive in her idea of reviews." She claims that Mrs. Browning could have said what Hawthorne wrote to Poe, after having read Poe's occasional notices of his works: "I care for nothing but the truth, and shall always much more readily accept a harsh truth in regard to my writings than a sugared falsehood."

Mrs. Browning was delighted over the recognition and honor America had bestowed upon her, but her greatest joy was in the recognition her poet-husband was getting from this new world. In writing to Mr. Browning's sister in 1861 she says: "I don't complain for myself of an unappreciative public. I have no reason. But just for that reason I complain more about Robert—only he does not hear me complain. In America he is a power, a writer, a poet—he is read, he lives in the hearts of the people." She then wonders if Robert had told her ("No, I fancy not," she hastens to say) that an English lady of rank had recently asked the American Minister whether Robert Browning was not an American. "Is it possible," replied the Minister, "that you ask me this? Why, there is not so poor a village in the United States where they would not tell you that Robert Browning was an Englishman, and that they were very sorry he was not an American." To all of this the proud wife adds: "Very pretty of the American Minister, was it not? and literally true, besides."

Miss Gould wonders what she or her poet-husband would have said could they have known that his first published book, *Pauline: A Fragment of a Confession*,

1833, had been sold at the David F. Appleton auction sale in New York City in 1903 for one thousand and twenty-five dollars, thus making it rank with Poe's *Tamerland* as a record price book.

It was also an American professor, Hiram Corson, who organized the first Browning society of any land. The Browning Society of Cornell University, organized five years before the London Society in University College, London (1881), was the result of a conference between Mr. Corson and Dr. Furnival, when the American scholar was cordially invited to lecture before the society the following year. The societies then followed in America—The Syracuse, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and others being organized more or less from Professor Corson's lectures and readings.

It remained at last for the Boston Browning Society to give in Boston, for the first time on any stage, in March, 1902, the tragedy of *The Return of the Druses*. A few years before, in 1899, it had given the first stage representation of *Pippa Passes*, in six scenes, with music written for the occasion.

Mrs. Browning, the gifted wife, was not overlooked by America during these later years. The unique Browning room in Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass., with its Browning windows, autographs, and busts, is a perpetual reminder of the love of young women for her. New editions of her work, lovingly edited by well equipped Americans, are a perpetual memorial of her who "loved America", and who publicly declared:

> "For I am bound by gratitude,
> By love and blood,
> To brothers of mine across the sea,
> Who stretch out friendly hands to me."

W. B. Shipp, who was killed while leading a charge on San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898.

The only thing that mars the beauty of the book is the inaccuracy of some of the quotations from Robert Browning.

The two best known and most widely read editions of Browning's works are the six volume edition by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, and the one volume Cambridge edition by the same company. One would naturally expect the text of both editions to be alike, or very nearly so; but we find by careful comparison that there are a great many differences. It is a surprising fact that this well known company should make such a grave mistake. We presume that Mrs. Shipp's selections are taken from the six volume edition, as she follows that text more closely. There are quite a number of inaccuracies, however, which differ from either edition. It is very evident that some are typographical errors and need not be mentioned.

Others: page 135, *Luria:* 142, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day:* 209, *An Epistle of Karshish:* 322, *Paracelsus:* 322, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*: and 380, *Paracelsus*, are apparent oversights. But these: page 15, *Paracelsus*: 23, *Luria*; 39, *Paracelsus:* 49, *Strafford:* 166, *Pippa Passes:* 201, *Paracelsus*; 228, *Paracelsus*; 358, *Strafford:* 360, *Paracelsus:* and 376, *Pippa Passes* are not defensible on any grounds.

While none of these affect the meaning, they do detract from the merit of a true work on Browning.

(MRS.) ERWIN ROBINSON HAND.

The Poetry of Robert Browning. By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. Cloth, 447 pages. Price $1.50 net. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, N. Y., 1902.

To those acquainted with Mr. Stopford A. Brooke's brilliant criticism of Tennyson, this book on Browning will, in many respects, prove disappointing. The author attempts to give a comprehensive criticism of the whole of Browning's work. The first chapter deals with Browning and Tennyson, and in it the critic is at his best. If all the vast mass of literature that has sprung up in recent years about the work of Browning there is nothing better than this chapter contrasting him with his great contemporary. But none of the remaining seventeen chapters is quite so good. When we come to the interpretation of the poems, we feel at once that the subject was not a congenial one to the author. We naturally expect some note of originality, some flashes from the brain of the poet that no one else has caught, such as characterized his work on Tennyson. But Browning seems to have whispered no message into his ear that the ordinary wide-awake reader might not have caught.

The book will be of service to those who wish to know about Browning because it is the fad to know—those who wish to be able to talk intelligently about him without being put to the trouble of reading him at first hand. It embraces, in attractive form, much of the best thought of the critical literature on Browning up to the present time. But the sérious student, who wishes to get at the heart of Browning, can afford to read it rapidly after he leaves the first chapter.

H. H. Hughes.

smiles." We find him, at the age of seventy, back in Italy for the first time since his wife's death. He wrote no more great poems, but the best of this last decade are: *Ferishtah's Fancies*, *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day*, *Asolando*, and *A Reverie*. Browning's work was over, and broken in health he went to his son's home at the Palazzo Rezzonico where, a month later, he died.

After the narrative of Browning's intellectual life, Mr. Herford comments upon the poet's "mind and art." In this second part of the book the author treats Browning, first as a poet, and next as an interpreter of life. As a poet, Mr. Herford says that while Browning was romantic and idealistic in temper, yet he was entirely realistic in method. Yet, as though a realist in method, his individuality forces its way into his poems. In these poems we see that he took great joy in light, color, form, and power. Browning took supreme interest in the "incidents and development of souls," and he looked for the soul life in everything.

As the interpreter of life we see Browning studying the "working of God in the world," and exhibiting the "most buoyant faith in the divine origin and destiny of man." Mr. Herford says that Browning had conflicting tendencies in his conceptions of Reality, of Knowledge, and of God. I do not believe that the average reader of Browning will find these "antagonistic elements" in his poems, and certainly one who reads Browning for soul comfort had best not search for these alleged inconsistencies. Yet the author finds a solution to these antagonisms and inconsistencies in Browning's faith in "the absolute and flawless worth of love," and in his seeing in Love the Union of God and Man:

"The acknowledgment of God in Christ
Acknowledged by thy reason solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it."

For Browning, by the magic power of love, infinity was fitted to the finite, heaven was realized on earth, and the needs of Time and Eternity were satisfied.

Mr. Herford sums up Browning as the poet in whom Joy sang that "strong music of the soul," and for whom Love was the ideal avenue to Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. He says that Browning gave us "the profounder division between man enslaved by apathy, routine, and mechanical morality, and man lifted by the law of love into a service which is perfect freedom, into an approximation of God which is only the fullest recognition of humanity."

Archie C. Dalton.

Beautiful Thoughts from Robert and Elizabeth Browning. Arranged by Margaret Shipp. New York, James Pott and Company, 1900.

It is interesting to know that this lovely little yearbook is, so far as is known, the first thing on Browning that has ever been published by a native North Carolinian.

It is a collection of three hundred and sixty-five of the most beautiful and impressive thoughts from the prose and verse of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, and is attractively bound in leather. Mrs. Shipp's selection and arrangement show excellent taste and a thorough and discriminating knowledge of her subject. She has very appropriately dedicated the book to her husband, Lieut.

Space forbids a fuller review of Miss Gould's effort to show the Brownings "shaking hands across the Atlantic", where they were first recognized and honored by papers, magazines, critics, sculptors, and society.

America is justified by this production for all of the encouragement given to the Brownings. The book shows that the Brownings were not slow to honor the country which gave them the first great appreciation of their works. L. F. ABERNETHY.

Robert Browning. By Charles H. Herford. Dodd, Mead and Co., New York, 1905.

The author attempts in this book to present to his readers a literary view of Browning's genius. The task is a difficult one, and yet Mr. Herford has treated the subject in an interesting and rather complete manner. His book is divided into two periods; one reviews Browning's life and work, the other comments upon his mind and art.

In the first section of the book, Mr. Herford develops Browning's life and work along parallel lines. Beginning with his early life we see the influences and boyish preferences which laid the foundation for his future work. The aims and ambitions and passions of the youth of twenty are reflected in his first published poem, *Pauline*. In the dreaming lover, the hero of the poem, we see for the first time Browning's strong psychological tendencies; but the best known poem of Browning's early life is *Paracelsus*, which he completed at the age of twenty-three. Paracelsus and Aprile, good characters of his constructive imagination, the one with a passion

for knowledge and the other with a passion for love, show us a parallel to Browning's own intense search for intellectual truth and his great love of beauty.

As Browning increased in years and in intellect, and as his ideals naturally expanded under the broadening influence of travel and association with the world of men, he began to think more of great intellectual struggles. One of the results was his poem, *Sordello*, in which the hero, through lack of love, failed to harmonize soul and body.

Browning began more and more to deal with great soul problems, and the next five years after the publication of *Sordello* were spent in writing dramas, dramatic lyrics, and romances. Here he dealt with character and the conflict of human thoughts and passions.

From 1846 to 1869, Mr. Herford calls "the great central epoch of Browning's poetic life." This dates from his marriage to the completion of *The Ring and the Book*.

The Ring and the Book Mr. Herford calls Browning's culminating achievement, and treats the "monumental poem" at length, as befits the poet's greatest production. *The Ring and the Book* is "a turning point in Browning's career" and a crowning monument to his "lyric love." The period following Mr. Herford calls the aftermath. Browning lived more in the world, and began to like the world's ways. In the ten years of this period, he wrote more than in any other ten years of his life, but these later poems were more obscure and less popular than his earlier ones.

Mr. Hereford now brings us to Browning's "Last Decade," "where the quiet colored end of evening

A Primer of Browning. By Edward Berdoe. George Routlege & Sons, London, 1904.

The author tells us in his introduction that "the aim of the Primer is to indicate briefly the subjects treated in the different poems, and to indicate in plain language their main outlines." In his treatment of some of Browning's poems he does this in an admirable manner, while in others the outlines he gives are so condensed that the poems are understood with difficulty.

In the discussion of some of the poems the plots are merely hinted at, while the author devotes most of his space to a short sketch of the lives of the chief characters in the poems. On this account the Primer would be of use only to those who are thoroughly conversant with the works of Robert Browning. His outlines of *The Return of the Druses*, *Pippa Passes*, and *Paracelsus* are very full, and he has depicted very clearly all the chief events and characters of the poems. But in *Fra Lippo Lippi* and in *Andrea del Sarto* the author mentions the plot in a very few words while most of his discussion is taken up with a brief history of the life of the chief character in the poem.

The author succeeds wonderfully well in most cases in giving merely a brief outline of the plot of the poems. But to put Browning's poems into such a condensed form destroys all the beauty of his work and leaves us only the cold bare statements without his portrayal of human character.

The work is a success in that the author fulfills his object in almost every instance. But as the book gives only the plot we could not get a clear knowledge of the

poems of Robert Browning by confining ourselves solely to the boundaries of the Primer. The book will not take the place of the same author's *Browning Cyclopaedia*, the most helpful of all handbooks.

Francis Hutchison

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University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 36. No. 6--APRIL, 1906. New Series, Vol. 23.

THE VOYAGE.

H. H. Hughes.

My bark is frail, the welkin black,
The winds and waters roar;
The lightnings flash, the thunders crash
Along the midnight shore.
I fear nor darkness of the night,
Nor wind's nor water's roar,
Nor lightning-flash, nor thunder-crash,
Nor rock on desert shore:
For God is God forevermore.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ENGLISH ELEGY.

C. P. Russell.

FROM the dawn of creation up to the present time there has been one eternal problem with which the mind of man has had to contend—the mystery of death. Let man look at it as he will; let him regard it religiously, philosophically, reasonably—from whatever view point the fact of death remains. It always comes as a shock; something has gone out of our lives and we can never be the same again. Grief and longing always follow the loss of a loved one and the instinct of the soul is always to give vent to its sorrow in outcries and lamentation. Man is primarily a religious creature; and any great calamity or seeming convulsion of nature always throws him back upon his most primitive instincts; and so it is entirely natural that death should appeal to the most primitive of all—the religious instinct. A friend or loved one dies and man begins to hold communion with himself. He asks: Does death end all? Is there a life beyond the grave? If so, how does the departed one spend his time? Perhaps the friend is young and full of promise, death suddenly takes him away just as he is attaining the height of his powers. To man with his limited powers this seems all wrong. Why is this? he queries. If the Great Unseen loves mortal man, why does he allow such as this? Is there a God after all? Is there any connection between the Individual and the Absolute? If so, how? These are the questions that arise in the soul of man as he is torn with grief and longing.

Poetry is religious in its origin, as we know; and thus

it is natural that outbursts of grief should pass into measure and rhythm. Even savage peoples have their death songs and chants. Grief seems to pass naturally into lyric expression; thus songs and dirges are the result.

Among ancient peoples, the Greeks seem to have obtained the highest development in the lyric expression of sorrow. From the earliest records we learn that with them the dirge or death-song was a customary thing at the funeral of a departed warrior or hero. It is from the Greeks that our literature gets its form; it comes to us through the Latin which in turn imparts to us its own color; but the form of English expression is essentially Greek.

The elegy played an important part in classical Greek literature; but it was not until the third century before Christ that the elegy reached its highest development under the Alexandrian sweet singers—Theocritus, Bion and Maschus. It is they who raised the elegy into the realm of art. It is they who took the elegiac, the idyllic and the epic elements and fused them into one harmonious whole, thus creating models for countless imitations to follow. They gave to the crude elegy of grief, epic and idyllic features; with the First Idyl of Theocritus was born a new type of elegy, and as polished and improved by Bion in his "Lament for Adonis" and Maschus in his "Lament for Bion", which last was the first pastoral elegy in honor of a real person, it exerted an immense influence upon the bucolic elegies and pastoral poems of the Romans which in turn gave rise to the deluge of elegies, pastorals, etc., of English literature. The Lycidas of Milton, the Thyrsis of Arn-

old and the Adonais of Shelley are directly descended from the pastoral elegies of Theocritus, Bion and Maschus. As Prof. Trent says: "It is impossible for us to understand or appreciate to the full the poetic beauty of 'Lycidas', 'Adonais', and 'Thyrsis' without first having read the exquisite elegiac idyls of the Alexandrians, in which the sensuousness and passivity of the East are charmingly blended with the love of pure beauty and the energy of the West."

Exquisite as these elegies of the old Alexandrians are, they have little of the deep thought and evident personal grief characteristic of the leading English elegies. Theocritus in his "Sorrow of Daphnis" and Bion in his "Lament for Adonis" had neither personal grief nor reflective thought to convey to the outside world. The Greeks aimed to make their elegies, like their pure idyls, simply works of art. Maschus in his "Lament for Bion" strikes a deeper note than common, but even he had no really lasting grief to put into mournful measures.

On the other hand, the English elegist as a rule has a sense of personal grief that is weighing heavily on his spirit. It serves to send him off into solitude where he meditates and communes with his own soul as to this great mystery. He reflects upon the meaning of this great calamity of death until he arrives at settled conclusions. He does not keep his sorrow to himself but when his pent-up grief rises, to the surface, it flows out upon his paper in words that carry comfort and solace to the whole suffering human race. The dull pain is soothed and the star of hope once more shines through the gloom of despair.

It is the aim of this paper not to dwell so much upon

the form as upon the thought of the English elegy; and an effort will be made to make plain the message that each elegist has for those who, like himself, are filled with longing and sorrow. Only those will be considered which time has shown to be worthy of being preserved.

We have seen that the spirit of the pastoral elegy passes from the Greeks to the Romans, from the Romans, developing and broadening as it goes, to the poets of modern Europe. One of the earliest notable elegies in which we see clearly the influence of the Alexandrians is that famous allegoric pastoral—Milton's "Lycidas." This, as is well known, was written in memory of Milton's friend, Edward King, a bright and promising young man, who was drowned off the Welsh coast in 1637 at the age of twenty-five. This production of Milton's, for beauty of phrase and freshness of description combined with lyric lightness and grace, stands unequalled among the elegies of English literature.

Milton begins by transforming himself into an imaginary shepherd. He calls upon the Muses and tells of the comradeship that existed between himself and the departed one. He reproaches the nymphs for being absent while their "lov'd Lycidas" was drowning. Then the thought suddenly changes. A sigh seems to come from the bosom of the poet as he gives utterance to those questions that have occurred to many a toiling scholar and plodding thinker:

> "Alas! what boots it with incessant care
> To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

After all, says the toiler, whats the use? Is it not better to get all you can out of this life and let the hereafter take care of itself? Back comes the answer:

> "Fame is the spirit that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble mind)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days;"

But then just as our ambitions are about to be fulfilled

> "Comes the blind Fury with abhorred shears
> And slits the thin-spun life."

But after all this life is not all; there is an all-judging Absolute above and he rewards the deserving one. The poet takes comfort from the thought that this friend is not dead. As the day-star sinks in the ocean-bed only to rise again, so with Lycidas; and through the "might of him that walk'd the waves", he now rejoices with the saints above among pleasant groves and streams while he laves his locks in nectar and listens to the inexpressible nuptial song". Heaven, then, according to the shepherd poet, is a place of purely sensuous enjoyment. Henceforth, as a reward Lycidas will be allowed to act as the guardian-spirit of the shore, that other mariners may not meet his fate.

Milton was an intense individual, and his dominating individuality and Puritanism stands out prominently in this poem. He cannot resist turning aside to take a slap at the corruption then existing in church and clergy, though such appear to have little to do with the death of young King, we can understand them when we look at them as reflections upon the life and manners of the time from the vigorous young Milton in his intense religious and political convictions. He mixes up references to both pagan and Biblical literature and yet on

account of the personality that shows through his lines, these mar the poem but little. As a Puritan, he believed in austere living and in frugal industry, and yet he makes Lycidas spend his time in the immortal regions, wandering idly through grove and by stream, giving himself up to uninterrupted physical enjoyment. We can understand this passage, however, as simply a classical and allegorical allusion from the old Greek and Roman myths. But after all, Milton seemingly cannot escape the idea the Puritan had that it was his duty to act as censor morum in the conduct of other people, and so he makes his hero after death act as a warner of other people's heedless voyaging. This, however, is really a classical allusion from one of Horace's Odes. There seems to have been little real personal grief on Milton's part at the death of King; and he probably seized on the untimely departure of his friend simply to give forth some of his own ideas and conclusions as to the life of the period.

Next in chronological order comes the immortal "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," given to the world by Thomas Gray in the year 1750. No other elegy in our language is so widely known and extensively admired as this solemn, reflective lyric of the poet Gray. The ideas embodied in this poem have been common to man since death first came into the world; and yet in dignity and solemnity of style, in sureness of phrase, in simplicity of expression coupled with depth of thought and feeling, it stands alone among the elegies of the world. The poem reminds one of the clear, bell-like notes of the swamp-thrush on a cool summer afternoon. All know that man is mortal and that death

is no respecter of persons; and yet it remained for the solitary poet at Stoke to put these thoughts into perfect expression in the famous verse:

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour.
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

This elegy will never lose its power, because its appeal is universal. It does not lament the death of a single person but reflects mournfully upon the fortunes of the human race as a whole.

The love of nature which appears prominently for the first time in English literature in Thomson, plays a conspicuous part in Gray's elegy. Grief always seems to carry the reflective mind back to nature. The little shoot springs up, becomes a blooming plant; then wilts and dies; but in its death it helps to enrich the earth for a longer and richer plant. So death seems a natural and necessary thing after all; and thus the grief-burdened spirit seems to find comfort in the ordinary objects of nature.

The poet begins then, with references to the well-known features of nature, "the lowing herd", "the ploughman", the "ivy-mantled tower", "the moping owl". The solemn stillness seems to accord with the eternal quiet of the graves beneath the rugged elms and yews. The poet muses on the potential greatness of the minds and bodies that now fill these graves. Their accustomed joys and labors now make no appeal to "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" as they sleep. Here lie beings whose souls had the elements of greatness in them: but their lot was to remain unknown. They

were not called upon to stand before the public eye; they simply lived their lives, and now some plain stone supplies the place of fame and elegy. He cannot solve this mystery; it is the way of the world, and all he can do is to reflect and gain comfort from his musings and the objects of nature about him.

Why some are called to dare and do before the public eye and others equally as able are permitted to live and die unnoticed, the poet cannot understand. It is a problem with which the mind of man has wrestled long and painfully and it has never yet been satisfactorily explained. He finally ends with a personal note as he comforts himself with some reflection on the youth "to Fortune and to Fame unknown:"

> "Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
> Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
> He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
> He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend."

He rests now in

> "The bosom of his Father and his God"

and this is the main thing after all. No man can attain more.

The next elegy with which we have to deal shows very plainly in its form and expression the influence of the Alexandrians; this is Shelley's "Adonais," written in 1821. A personal description of Shelley says he was "sanguine complexioned and shrill voiced;" his poetry is likewise. This poem, like his other productions, is remarkable chiefly for its liberality of thought, irridescence of diction and luxuriant riot of fancy. Its favor is rapidly dying out; there is little interest in it now save as a highly artistic production. The author

had no really deep affection for Keats, in honor of whom the poem was written, and the poem is lacking in sincerity.

Shelley was a student of Plato and Sophocles; and it is to these two Greeks that he owes his ability to soar into the most ethereal realms of imagination and yet make himself intelligible, though he is vague enough at times as any reader of the "Adonais" will testify.

After calling on Urania, which is simply another name for the Aphrodite of Bion, and having paid his respects to the critic in the Edinburgh Quarterly Review, Shelley begins to give utterance to some of his philosophy.

In his youth, Shelley was intensely interested in the science of physics, and we see its influence in stanza XX. —"Naught we know dies". The outward form changes but nothing is ever destroyed or annihilated. Even

> "The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender,
> Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath."

Likewise the mind of the departed though lost to the world, lives on. Death is, after all, the only real thing. We came from it and must go back to it again. This life is only a dream; death begins the real existence. We see the influence of Plato's "Phaedo" very plainly here.

> "But the pure spirit shall flow
> Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
> A portion of the Eternal."

Here is where Shelley's Pantheistic notions begin to crop out. He turns from Plato's philosophy and begins on some of his own ideas here. The poem as a whole is full of these inconsistences. All things are of the same essence and at death the soul goes back to its source, flows

into the spirit of the Universe and becomes one with God. Death releases the soul from its dream of life and returns to mingle with the Spirit of all things. "He is made one with Nature"—this is Shelley's belief and faith; but what comfort is it to the sorrowing ones who remain behind to know that the soul of the loved one is now in the moan of the thunder and the song of the nightingale? This is very beautiful but very vague. It little relieves the burden of those who are bowed with grief.

The soul of Adonais now flies to the vacant "kingless sphere" reserved for him; takes up his golden harp and joins Chatterton, Sir Philip Sidney and Lucan as they strike up the music of the spheres. Old Plato's ideas come out prominently here again. "The One remains, the many change and pass." This is Shelley's doctrine; with him nothing is fixed and immovable except the eternal One—by which, probably Nature is meant.

Shelley then was a Greek; he was Greek in thought, life and religion. He worshipped Nature; Nature he identifies with Beauty and so his God was Beauty, and Beauty was the religion of the Greeks. He had the abstract intellect and classical imagination that characterized the inhabitants of Athens in its palmiest days. Shelley showed his abstract intellect in his failure to grasp the idea of an Almighty God controlling the universe. This explains his almost total lack of conscience and morals. He showed his classical imagination in his tendency to personify abstract ideas.—Thought, Dreams, Death, Corruption, etc. Shelley then was a Greek, a Platonist and a Pantheist. If we understand these terms, we understand the "Adonais."

Very different from the "Adonais" and standing in a

place of its own, is that supreme elegy of elegies, Tennyson's "In Memoriam". A new century is on now; the current of thought has changed; and this poem stands as the high-water mark of poetic art of its class for the nineteenth century. Its profoundness of thought and feeling, its grandeur of expression combined with its passionate grief and beautiful lyric qualities give "In Memoriam" an immortal place among the productions of the poetic mind and thought of all ages. Its resounding phrases echo in the ear like the boom of the surf upon distant cliffs and caves.

As a revelation of the workings of the human soul "In Memoriam" has never been approached; it stands alone. There is no other poem in the world which copes with the problem of our mysterious existence and issues forth from the conflict so triumphantly.

"In Memoriam" appeared in 1850, at a time when there was a general reaction in the direction of scientific skepticism. It is essentially a Christian poem and yet the agnostic element in it is very strong. The poet has to force himself to believe. Faith is preserved by force of will, not by reason. Though the agnosticism in the poem is very strong, it is agnosticism always reaching out in the direction of faith. Man is too isolated and helpless by himself, and through faith Tennyson seeks and finds refuge in Immortal Love. In his musings the poet asks: Is there really another life after death? If so, how can we know? Shall we know ourselves, our friends and loved ones in the hereafter? Is not the world out of joint? For an answer to all these the poet comes back to the main thing, Love. Amid all the tumult of his doubts and fears he clings to Love.

The movement of thought and feeling in "In Memoriam" is similar to that of "Lycidas" and "Adonais" in that each elegy begins with expressions of grief and despair, and ends in a song of triumph.

In the beginning all is darkness and the shadow of despair. The poet is sunk in a stupor of grief and he can see no light beyond the cloud of darkness that covers him. Nature seems cruel and remorseless. There seem no such things as law or order. The poet is suffering from that feeling that life must begin all over again, that all is chaos and disorder, common to all those who return from the burial of a loved one. From then on it is a process of development and evolution. The conviction comes that there is a life after death. Love widens from the individual to include all humanity. There are assailing doubts and fears from time to time, but the intensity of grief gradually lessens notwithstanding the fact that there is often a return of gnawing pain. "In Memoriam" is thoroughly imbued with the scientific spirit of the age and we see it in Tennyson as he exhibits the modern passion for vivisection. He watches his own soul suffer and lays it bare for others to watch. Gradually the pain lessens. The poet becomes more and more acquiescent, even cheerful. He becomes convinced of the presence and power of an Almighty Being who directs all things for the best. His belief in law and order is restored. Thoughts of others enter in. Through feeling he comes nearer to God, becomes more united with the Absolute, till finally anguish is turned into triumph over sorrow and death. The individual has become one with the universal. He attains this point through will first and then feeling. Reason does

not appeal to him. He cannot find God through reason. To its arguments, the heart answers, "I have felt." To the scientist who says that he sees God in nature, Tennyson answers:

> "I found him not in world or sun,
> Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye."

He himself attains God then through faith:

> "We have but faith; we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see."

We see the scientific idea cropping out again here in this later sentence. And though his own soul seeks to become one with the spirit, Tennyson has no use for Shelley's Pantheistic notions:

> "That each who seems a separate whole,
> Should move his rounds, and fusing all
> The skirts of self again, should fall
> Remerging in the general Soul,
>
> Is faith as vague as all unsweet!"

Tennyson doesn't want to merge with his friend into a general Soul, each losing his individuality; what he wants is to meet him face to face,

> "Enjoying each the other's good."

"In Memoriam" is a study in Evolution. The poem appeared at a time when the theory was coming to the surface; there was a lively discussion among scientists which finally emerged in the Evolution idea. Tennyson was thus a seer and a prophet. Even the form and structure of the poem is in accord with the evolutional theory. It is a steady progression from beginning to end; each phrase and line adds to the thought until the poem stands as one complete whole. About this time

the nebular hypothesis was given to the world, and how much these two scientific theories influenced the poet we see in section CXVIII:

> "They say,
> The solid earth whereon we tread
> In tracts of fluent heat began,
> And grew to seeming random forms,
> The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
> Till at last arose the man;"

And so

> "those we call the dead
> Are breathers of an ampler day
> For ever nobler ends."

"In Memoriam" then is nineteenth century to the core, and it will forever stand as a revelation of nineteenth century thought.

We now come to an elegy that is little known outside of the realms of literature: Arnold's "Thyrsis", written in 1861. This poem is thoroughly Theocritan in sentiment and form and while it has no profound thought, it has a charm of its own on account of its quiet symplicity and pure melody. Among the leading English elegies, this is the only one that is agnostic in thought and feeling, and this probably accounts for the fact that it is the least known of the more important English elegies. It has no comfort for the bereaved who look to be united to their loved ones in a future life; its thought stops with death. To Arnold's mind death ended all; it was a "morningless and unawakening sleep." But even Arnold, the doubter, could not escape the instinct of the soul for immortality. He makes his hero, Clough, wander "with the great Mother's train divine" in some "boon southern country" and associate with the heroes of

Theocritus, Bion and Maschus. In a vague sort of way he seems to try to imagine that the soul of Clough has gone back to nature. The thought, however, is too vague and intangible. The soul in its anguish wants to know definitely what has become of the spirit of the departed one; and it finds small comfort in this poem of the agnostic Arnold, beautiful though it may be. "Thyrsis" will probably last as a beautiful thing of its kind, but it will never be widely read; its thought is too indefinite. A grief-stricken soul calls out for a God on whom to lean; and with Arnold there is none.

We now come to a new note in the English elegy. In 1877 while the poet was visiting in a little Italian village with one of his most admired friends, Miss Annie Egerton Smith, the latter suddenly died, and the sad event brought the poet face to face with the mystery, death; and in memory of his lost friend he writes "La Sasiez."

Browning stands as the exponent of Theism; he stands secure in the faith that there is an All-wise Ruler controlling the universe; and in this poem he gives expression to this and some of his other most cherished beliefs. The poem is Browningian to the core; written in his curious, twisting, "serpentining" style with many a dash and break yet with scarcely any of the obscurity that characterizes many of his poems. To Browning truth is subjective; and how firmly he holds to this theory, we see in this poem. Through it all shines Browning's exuberant optimism, his robust belief that "all's right with the world." Tennyson is sometimes doubtful and pessimistic; Browning never. Tennyson hopes, Browning knows. In "In Memoriam" the argument grows and expands in evolutional fashion; in "La Saisez" the argument is concentric.

While reflecting on his friend's death in a spot the two were accustomed to frequent, "a spirit of the place" caused the poet to question:

> "Does the soul survive the body? Is there
> God's self, no or yes?"

Life is a burden—that is the main fact; stalwart body is yoked to stunted spirit, spirits that would soar are bound by a fleshy train. Life is owned unhappy; then what are you going to do about it?

To Browning question and answer presuppose two points: that thing itself which questions and answers, *is*, exists, thinks—the *Cogito ergo sum* of Descartes; and that it also perceives a something outside and beyond us. These two things he calls respectively God and the soul. He assumes then that these two exist. Browning then repeats some of the old stock arguments as to immortality; but he shams that they mean nothing to him; he is determined to face the thing squarely.

Life is not the same to every man; each one sees it from his own view-point. Every man must live his own life in his own way.

To Shelley all knowledge is reminiscence. To Tennyson knowledge comes through feeling. Browning says: "Knowledge stands on my experience." Every man then must speak for himself and is what he proposes to do.

We all know that every rose has its thorn, every light its shadow, and "in the midst of life we are in death." Is life then a curse or a blessing? Is there a future life in truth?

He decides to let Fancy and Reason debate the question, while his own soul acts as judge. The substance

of the thrusts and parries that follow may be summed up in two of Browning's old theories: (1) "Life is a probation." (2) "Moral certitude would defeat its own aim." Without these two beliefs life to Browning would be without meaning. Look at it from these two viewpoints, he can now see a use for sin, pain and sorrow. He now sees why there should be God, soul, life, earth, heaven and hell. The poem ends with a hope that is practically a belief.

This then is the philosophy of the English elegy. We began with the pagan, pessimistic Theocritus of the third century B.C.; we end with the optimistic, Christian Browning of the nineteenth century A.D. Surely as we trace the current of thought from then till now, we must join in with Browning as he says: "All's right with the world," and we cannot escape the belief that life is better and happier today than in the days of old.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

P. H. Royster.

Here I sit and watch the steamers beating out to open sea,
With their big black clouds of blinding smoke a-blowing off to lee,
And I think about those steamy ships—what once they meant to me,
As I dream that now again I am what once I loved to be.
I love to think again I'm on those dirty steamy ships;
I hear the clanging engine bell, the cross-head as it slips
Along its guides, with splashing oil that crawls around and drips
And where it falls, the sizzling grease tells where a bearing grips.

The engine deck is covered thick with slimy oil and coal;
The air's so scalding hot you faint, down in that stifling hole—
But the throbbing of the engine calls a throbbing from my soul
And I have a feely feeling in my heart I can't control.
Oh, the longing of the sailors for the sea can not compare
With my longing for the banging steel and white-hot furnace glare,
That makes the stoker run with sweat and makes the fireman swear
As it rushes out with blinding heat and crinkles up the air.

I'm a time-expired man they say, too old to work again,
But when I worked, I thank my God, I worked along with men.
I was sweating on the furnace deck, when I was scarcely ten—
I was raised with steam, I love it now, I use to love it then,
And when my trip is ended and I come to cross the bar,
I will pray God not to take me from my steam to Heaven so far,
Where there's neither fire nor fire-box—just to play a gold guitar—
Down to Hell I hope He'll send me where the furnace fires are.

WHEN BUNKUM WENT DRY.

H. H. Hughes.

I HAD walked to the postoffice at the little cross-roads store in the valley and was returning to camp by a near cut through the forest, when I met the two moonshiners going home from their work.

"Light an' look at yer saddle," said Sandy by way of greeting.

"An' let yer hoss rest a spell," added Dave with a friendly grin as he noticed my muddy boots and tired expression.

We seated ourselves on a log and talked of the weather and hunting and fishing and revenue raids and various other topics near to the mountaineer's heart. Then Sandy noticed the newspaper sticking out of my pocket and said:

"I see you've bin to th' postoffus. Did you hear any news wuth mentionin'?"

"Nothing of special interest," I replied. "My newspaper reports about the usual number of murders and lynchings and says that the legislature is going to pass the new prohibition bill that has been under discussion for the past week."

"'Taint likely they'll do it," said Sandy after a moment's thought.

"Why not?" I asked.

"'Cause it's aginst natur' an' reason an' religun," he sagely observed.

"Ef that's all that's to keep 'em frum passin' it," said Dave, "it'll go through slick as sin. 'Cause you caint count on a legislacher fer a reasonin' critter. It's like a

mule, you got to prod it frum behin' er tol it frum before to make it go."

"Go off an' ketch some sense, Davy, fore you try to lectur yer grandaddy," said Sandy contemptuously. "That legislacher won't pass a prohybishun bill fer two reasons. In the fust place, barrin' a few dozen preachers an' dekuns o' churches an' moonshiners, no man with any seeds in his gourd ever votes prohybishun 'cept when he's drunk; an' seconly, owin' to a misforchin in 'lectin' members, it 'ld be highly onpractikul to make th' biggest half' o' that same legislacher middlin' drunk. Take th' two members from Bunkum County, fur instunce. Each of 'em can put hisself on th' outside o' his two pints 'thout' winkin' an' walk stiff as a saint at a funeral. Now think o' th' barls o' licker it 'ld take to soak a whole legislacher full o' sich cattle. An' then c'nsider th' oshuns it 'ld take to keep 'em soaked through all th' howlin' days o' jawin' an' jowerin' an' discussin' that allus comes afore th' votin'. C'nsider all o' this an' you'll begin to see th' onpractycability o' th' thing stickin' out plain as Hogback mountain.

"No sir-ee, it caint be done with a legislacher, 'cause, you see, it's a critter made up o' pollytishuns what's bin raised on bottles an' jugs sence they wuz knee high, an' pourin' good licker inter th' cuss holes in ther faces is like pourin' water inter a tater bed in August. It's all sucked up 'thout leavin' any signs to show where it's bin. Now when it comes to makin' a whole county o' common cattle drunk an' votin' em' prohybishun, like I done fur Little Pigott onct, that's another game, an' I'm yer man fur a thing o' that sort."

"Who was Little Pigott and when did you vote a

whole county prohibition for him?" I asked innocently.

"Is it possybul," said Sandy with unfeigned surprise, "that I've never told you 'bout th' time when Bunkum County went dry?"

"It's not," said Dave with mock gravity; "you've told him all you ever knowed an' severul things you didn't."

"Mebby I has, an' mebby I has not," said Sandy reproachfully. "Any ways, Davy, they still r'mains a c'nsidable batch o' yer own bloody performances that I ain't uncorked myself of yit. I reckon I might begin with th' time when you wus mortally wounded in th' back?"

This allusion was to an incident in Dave's career seriously reflecting on his courage and honor. It had the desired effect of silencing him completely, and Sandy continued his story.

"It'll be eighteen years comin' brandy-makin time. I wus in pollyticks then—I've r'formed sence, but I wus onct in pollyticks,—an' one day 'bout a week 'fore they wus goin' to be a leckshun to settle a row that th' prohybishunists had kicked up, I c'ncluded to leg it over to th' county seat an' git some ammynishun fur my shootin' iurns an' see how th' lan' lay in pollyticks. I knowed Bunkum an' I knowed prohybishun 'ld be th' life o' my bizness. So I sez to myself as I wus goin' along, 'Sandy', sez I, 'ef they's a chance big as a chigger's heel fur carryin' th' ol' county dry, dry she's got to go, 'cause it's bizness.' An' all day in town I hung aroun' with my eyes skint, an' my years cocked, tryin' to find out some scheme to help th' cause o' prohybishun. But they didn't seem to be no chance. Ev'rybody wus rank agin it, an' they wus talk o' tarrin' an' featherin' anybody

that wus cotch votin' dry. But 'long towards sundown I started home, feelin' tuckered out an' down in th' mouth, an' wus passin' th' courthouse when somebody inside sung out to me to wait a minit as he wanted a word with me. An' th' next minnit Little Pigott, who wus headin' th' prohybishun crowd, come out an' took me 'round to his offus.

" 'Sandy', sez he, 'I wants to talk to you 'bout th' comin' leckshun. How does yer deestrick stan' on th' licker question?'

" 'Wet', I sez, 'every bloomin' sinner of 'em, 'cept me an' Dave—we're fur you.'

" 'Yes', sez he, 'I heerd that you wus on our side. Have you got much infloonce over in yer corner o' th' woods?' he sez, leanin' forrard an' talkin' seryous.

" 'Only 'bout two barls now', I sez, 'but we're runnin' th' still night an' day an'll have more by leckshun time.'

" 'I don't quite onderstan' ', sez he, lookin' at me kind o' sprised an' curous like.

" 'They's 'bout fifty gallons to th' barl', I sez by way of explynashun.

" 'Bout fifty gallons o' what?' sez he.

" 'O' white-lightnin', popskull, sow's paw, soothin' syrup, er whatsumever other names you wants to call it by; I calls it licker simple an' straight', I sez, 'an' don't mince with no pet names.'

" 'But I wusn't wantin' licker', sez he, 'I wus axin' 'bout yer inflooence.'

" 'It's all th' same thing in Bunkum at leckshun time', I sez.

" 'You means to say then', sez he, drawin' up his little self an' puffin' out again like a toad when he's

sulkin', 'that you wants me to use two barls o' licker to inflooence votes with on leckshun day?'

" 'Not ef you thinks you can git along with any less', I sez. 'I'm not th' man to counsul extravvygance. A barl an' a half ef judishly distribbyted 'ld go a long ways, an' no doubt 'ld make some votes, but it's not a drop in a millpon' to what Floyd an' his gang'll have.'

"I knowed by th' look on his face that I had rubbed him th' wrong way, fur he wus new to pollyticks an' innercent as a unborn babe when it come to eatin' dirt.

" 'Sandy', sez he, 'ef I didn't know you wus makin' a hones' mistake, I'd be tempted to be mad with you. But jist rickollect in th' fucher that I allus deals on th' square, an' ef I caint git votes straight I does 'thout 'em.'

"You don't know this county like me', I sez, 'I wus raised here, an' I've seen dozens o' leckshuns, an' inflooence—er licker—is what counts in Bunkum on leckshun day.'

" 'Count what will', sez he, 'I buys no votes with licker, 'cause its agin my conshuns.'

" 'A man in pollyticks aint got no bizness havin' a conshuns', I sez, 'Sich things is all right in ther propper places, but any man with mole's eyes in his head can see they's got no place in pollyticks. They's a millstone roun' a man's neck what drags him down in th' mud an' lets tother crowd walk ther dirty boots over him. An' onless you cuts loose frum yer conshuns you'll be beat easy as lyin' in th' comin' leckshun.'

" 'Sandy', sez he, 'it's no use argyin' with me. I've said I wouldn't git votes underhan', an' I won't. I knows tother side 'll stoop to all manner o' dog's tricks,

an' I knows I'll be beat; but I've done all I could, an' anjuls caint do no more. I've worked night an' day fur th' last month 'thout stoppin' to eat er sleep, an' we won't poll two hundred votes in th' whole county. An' Sandy', sez he, speakin' confydenshus, 'jist twixt us, I'm sick o' th' whole infernal bizness an' I'm goin' to r'sign an' throw th' fight up to-morrow mornin.'

" 'Yer liver's out o' whack', I sez. 'What you needs is to go down th' river on a fishin' jag an' stay tell it goes on th' right tack agin. You could let Mull (Mull wus one o' his deppyties) hang aroun' here an' look out fur yer intrust at th' leckshun in case you didn't git back in time fur it.'

" 'By George, Sandy,' sez he, 'I'll do it, fur I needs th' rest an' as fur my intrust at th' leckshun, I reckon it won't be hard to keep up with.'

" 'When'll you be ready to start?' I sez.

" 'Tomorrer mornin',' sez he.

"An' with that I went an' looked up Mull an' had a talk with him. Then I come home an' Dave an' me held a counsul of war.

" 'What we needs', sez Dave, 'is to git some o' Floyd's leaders on our side.'

" 'What we needs on our side', sez I, 'is licker—th' more licker th' better—an' th' leaders 'll come fast enough.'

" 'But we'll have to reason with 'em,' sez Dave.

" 'We'll have to do nothin' o' th' sort', sez I. 'We'll make 'em drunk, blin' drunk, an' the'll vote prohybishun easy enough with propper handlin'. You caint reason with 'em. 'Cause most folks' heads is not made so much fur reasonin' with as to have sootabul place to stick ther eyes, nose, an' mouth in.'

"'But how're you goin' about it?' sez Dave.

"'Slow an' easy,' I sez, 'They's only one votin' presink of any consyquince in th' county. We plants ourselves at it on leckshun day. Th' licker does th' rest with propper an' judishus manippylatin.'

"'But Floyd an' his deppyties 'll be fur interferin' with our program,' sez Dave.

"'They'll be fur nothin' o' th' sort', sez I, 'fur they's notched first on th' program. We'll make 'em drunk as swine afore we begin with th' common cattle. It'll take a better grade o' licker, an' more of it, man to man; but they's worth more. An' b'sides who's goin' to count cost? Our bizness is to carry Bunkum dry an' lect Little Pigott in th' teeth o' cost an' consyquinces, an' lect him we will er know th' reason why.'

"Dave took to th' scheme when I had explained it, an' we went to work to clear our way o' stumps. First I done some pollytickin' with Mull. I kep him in th' dark concernin' my plans; but since things had come to the pass they wus at, he 'greed to help me in enny scheme that I could hatch up that 'ld give Pigott a fightin' chance in th' leckshun. Next I went out an' loaded my one-hoss waggin with two fifty-gallon barls o' as mean licker as th' devil ever grinned on an' a four gallon jug o' five-year-old fine enough to melt th' tongue of a king.

"On leckshun mornin' I hitched up an' rolled away to th' votin' place at th' county seat. Th' fust thing I clapped eyes on when I got inter th' town wus a perliceman an' a revenue off'cer walkin' down th' street afore me. I knowed Floyd 'ld have 'em gagged good an' tight, so I crawled up astraddle o' one o' th' barls, stung my o' mule with th' whip, an' went chargin' down th'

street yellin' 'hooray fur prohybyshun!' at th' top o' my throat. They only wunk ther off-side eyes at me an' kep walkin' straight ahead, thinkin' o' course, it wus Floyd's treat I wus haulin'.

"I hadn't mor'n come to a stand in th' square back o' th' courthouse, where all o' th teams an' saddle horses wus hitched, when up comes Floyd hisself, smilin' all over his big round greasy face.

" 'Which one o' my deppyties had you to bring this?' sez he, indycatin' th' two barls with a wave o' his han'.'

" 'I didn't say it wus any of 'em did I?' I says as I rolled one o' th' barls roun' in shape to tap it.

" 'Wus it Duncan?' sez he.

" 'I'm not namin' names terday', I sez.

" 'It's all right, Sandy,' sez he, 'an' you'll be paid out o' th' campaign fun's. But it's jist a little extravvygant in Duncan to go to th' extry expense o' purvidin' this licker. O' course, we can use it, but, you see, they's no sort o' need fur it. I'll bet my chance o' heaven I can count ev'ry vote over a hundred an' fifty that sees th' inside o' th' dry box terday, on th' toes of a wooden leg.'

" 'Have you wet yer whistle yit this mornin'?' I sez, changin' th' subject.

" 'That's a foolish question fur a sensybul man to ask', sez he. 'I wets my whistle ev'ry mornin'. But the pecoolyer thing about my whistle is, it wont stay wet more'n fifteen minits at a time.'

" 'That's on account o' th' grade o' flooid that you wets it with,' I sez. 'Try a slug o' this an' see ef it don't stick better.' I poured out a glass from th' jug an' handed it to him. He drunk it off an' smacked his mouth.

"'Moses!' sez he, 'but that's what I calls licker!'

"'They's only four more gallons as good in th' county,' I sez, 'an' they's in that jug.'

"'How old is that licker, Sandy?' sez he, lookin' lovin'ly at th' jug.

"'Guess,' I sez.

"'I wouldn't stake an opinyun on it with sich slight 'quaintance,' I sez.

"I poured him out another stiff slug an' he drunk it down an' held th' glass up an' looked at it.

"Are you begginnin' to git 'quainted?' I sez.

"'Five years,' sez he, 'more er less.'

"'Off,' I sez; 'you've bin swillin' hog slop tell you don't know good licker when you sees it.'

"'It's 'cause I've not tasted it fully', sez he. 'My palit is so infernal thick it takes two glasses to wet through to my tastin' appyrattus. Jist let me git my mouth to another glass an' I'll do better.'

"I filled him another, an' he emptied it inter his head 'thout winkin.'

"'Eight,' sez he.

"'Off agin,' I sez. 'I'm s'prised at yer ignerunce in a line that you has a call to know as well as any man alive.'

"'It's not that,' sez he; 'It's th' infernal thickness o' my palit. Only give th' licker time to soak through to my dellikit orgins o' tastin', an' I'll tell you to th' minit how old it is.'

"He walked round to th' courthouse, an' come back in fifteen minits with Duncan.

"'Is it beginnin' to soak through to yer dellikit orgins o' tastin' yit?' I sez, offerin' him another glass.

"'How's twelve?' sez he, when he had drunk it off an' licked his lips.

"'You're on th' right track,' I sez. 'But you're dog-cold yit.'

"'I'll know th' age o' that licker,' sez he, 'ef I has to read it in th' bottom o' th' empty jug.'

"'That's th' place to look fur it,' I sez, handin' him th' glass so he could pour for hisself.

"He swilled two more, an' sez thick an' sleepy:

"'How's fifteen?'

"I shook my head.

"'Hones'ly, Sandy,' sez he, holdin' to th' waggin fur a prop, 'how old is that licker?'

"'Twenty years,' I sez, 'thout battin' a eyelid at th' lie.

"'I b'lieve you,' sez he, but to clinch my convickshuns on th' subject, I'll jist wet th' root o' my tongue with one more slug.'

"'Ef you misdoubt my word,' I sez, 'make yerself doubly certain, fur th' licker's free as branch water as long as it lasts.'

"He got hisself on th' outside o' another stiff glass, an' lookin' down at his wobbly knees sez:

"'Th' lower part o' my cyarkiss is c'nvinced, but my head is still skeptykul.'

"I give him one more fur his head. An' he tacked it to his mouth an' worried it down, one swaller at a time, like a man with measles drinkin' sheep tea.

"'Now,' sez he, handin' me th' glass, 'I'm c'nvinced all over—head an' all—an' I wants to make a speech to th' sons o' Bunkum. Help me to git my cyarkiss in this waggin', an' Duncan can go out an' round up my constit-

chyents an' bring 'em here. But afore he goes let him try a slug o' Bunkum's best.'

"I rolled him inter th' waggin, and then handed th' jug to Duncan. He started to pick up th' glass what Floyd had emptied but I stopped him.

" 'Don't waste no time mincin' with manners', I sez, 'take it straight from th' jug, Bunkum style.'

"He swung th' jug to his mouth an' helt it thar fur five solid minits.

" 'You must be short o' breath er else turned prohybishunist,' I sez as he started to set it down.

" 'I wusn't informed that I wus either,' sez he.

" 'I wus judgin' by yer acts,' I sez. 'No man with any sense o' justis an' ekality would leave four gallons o' twenty-year-old licker in a jug an' only two teaspoonfuls inside o' him.'

" 'It wus my manners made me stop,' sez he, 'not my conshuns.'

" 'Devil take yer manner!' I sez. 'Drink like th' true son o' Bunkum that you are.'

"He stuck th' jug in his head agin an' it froze thar tell he wus red in th' face an' blinky 'bout th' eyes.

" 'Does that ekalize matters any?' sez he, withdrawin' th' jug.

" 'Some,' I sez; 'you can finish when you gits done roundin' up Floyd's constichyents.'

"He went off an' purty soon th' sons o' Bunkum begun comin' in. They formed a ring round th' waggin an' looked at th' two barls o' licker an' licked ther chops. I waited tell they had all got in, then I roused up Floyd an' tol him his constichyents had come. He pulled hisself together, got up on his hin' legs, propped hisself agin one o' th' barls, an' cut loose with his speech,

"'Suvrin sons o' Bukkum,' sez he, gesturin' with the han' what he wusn't holdin' on to th' barl with, 'prohybishun is no go. Licker is th' greatest instytushin that has bin invented sence Adam's day. It has made Bunkum th' biggest county in th' state; it has made me, an' I'm th' biggest man in Bunkum; it has made Sandy here an' he's th' secon' biggest. Now what would Bunkum be 'thout licker?'

"'It 'ld be hell,' sez somebody in th' crowd. An' th' sons o' Bunkum let off a yell that wus like a wild injin's war-hoop.

"At that minit Floyd's hold slipped an' he tumbled down like a log 'twixt th' two barls o' licker. I helped him to git on his trotters agin, but he had changed his noshun o' makin' a speech.

"'Sons o' Bunkum,' sez he, talkin' thick an' dreamy, 'I'm too sleepy to make a speech. But you all knows how to vote, an' ef you don't, you can tell by watchin' th' prohybishunists. Allus vote agin th' prohybishunists, an' you'll allus be right, fur they's allus wrong. Now, Sandy,' sez he, 'give my sheep a drink frum th' well o' th' livin' waters o' Bunkum.'

"With that he keeled over in th' waggin' an went to sleep. I got two o' his men to carry him off an' put him to bed. Then I tapped one o' th' barls an' stood treat to th' crowd.

"It wus a inspirin' sight to see th' suvrin sons o' Bunkum linin' up an' sheepin' by, one by one, while I give each o' 'em a bumpin' slug o' licker mean as sin. At first I wus afraid one wouldn't do th' work, seein' how much it had took to throw Floyd an' Duncan, but they wus reg'lar ordained pollytishuns, an' these wus only

common cattle, an' th' one slug worked slick as snakes. It made ther heads spin round in a devil's dance an' kep ther legs stiff as sticks. An' this wus purcisely what I wanted, fur you caint make no sort of use o' a man what gits drunk in his legs 'fore he does in his head, like Floyd. He limbers up an' goes down by seckshuns, an' when his head tumbles he's dead fur all practikul purposes tell he sleeps hisself sober.

"As I wus sayin', I kep handin' out th' licker tell I had got th' biggest half of 'em comfably drunk, an' th' last barl wus beginnin' to answer holler to th' tap o' my knuckles on th' head. Then I went out an' hunted up Mull.

" 'Git yer crowd together,' I sez, 'an' go an' vote ev'ry mother's son of 'em wet.'

" 'I'll do nothin' o' th' sort,' sez he.

" 'Beggin' yer pard'n,' I sez, 'but you will, 'cause you promised to help me carry Bunkum dry an' lect Little Pigott, did'nt you?'

" 'I did,' sez he, 'but votin' wet ain't helpin'.'

" 'Ord'narily 'taint,' I sez, 'but in this pertickler instunce it is. You see it's a part o' my scheme. I've got Floyd's gang so drunk they wont know a prohybishun ticket frum a peggin'-awl. All they knows is that they wants to vote agin th' prohybishunists. In fifteen minits I'll have two men distrybitin' dry tickets among 'em. Ninety-nine out of ev'ry hundred of 'em will vote these tickets in th' wet box 'thout lookin' at 'em, an' they'll be throwed out in th' count 'cause they's in th' wrong box. Now here's where my scheme comes in. They knows yer crowd, an' they knows they wants to vote agin 'em. An' ef they sees you votin' in th' wet box, they'll vote in th' dry, an' contrarywise.'

"'Sandy,' sez he, jumpin' up an' poppin' his heels together. 'I b'lieve th' scheme 'll work, an' ef it does we'll carry th' county a whoopin'.'

"With that he went to work gittin' his men together, an' I hunted up a couple o' men that I knowed I could trust to keep dark, an' set 'em to distribbytin' votes. When all wus ready I tipped th' wink to Mull an' he marched a part o' his little half o' hanfull o' voters round to th' polls an' b'gun votin' 'em wet by way of experyment. Then come th' part o' th' performunce that wus meat an' drink to me. Th' sons o' Bunkum marched down to th' polls meek as Moses an' b'gun droppin' ther votes inter th' dry box. I wus afraid some son o' a skunk would git wise an' give my scheme away, so I yells out, wavin' my han' toward th' prohybishun gang:

"'That's right, boys, step up lively, an' snow 'em under so deep they wont know when the cows comes home!'

"With that they come tumblin' up like sheep, an' th' thing wus done in less'n a hour. When it wus all over I sent my waggin home by Dave an' went up town with Mull to wait fur th' count-out which would begin at sundown. We waited tell 'bout eight o'clock an' went down to th' courthouse. Th' judges had jist finished, an' th' vote stood, fur prohybishun, twenty-three hundred an' sixty; fur licker, six hundred an' seventy-two. Floyd had sobered up some an' wus on han' to hear th' rezult. When th' judges sung it out he sez to me:

"'Sandy,' sez he, 'this beats hell! an' I don't onderstan' it. They's somethin' rotten in Bunkum. I've knowed th' county frum its infuncy an' it has never showed any symptoms o' piety afore.'

"Just then Duncan come up an' took him off to one side an' talked him wise. When he had finished with him Floyd looked at me a minit, doubled up his fist an' gritted his teeth. Then he started his cuss-mill to grindin', an' when he stopped fur want o' wind you could a combed his system from skelp to toe-nail with a fine-tooth comb 'thout findin' enough cuss words left to last a preacher through a prayer meetin'.

"No sir-ee," said Sandy in conclusion, "that legislacher wont pass no prohybishun bill, 'cause it 'ld take too much licker."

And it didn't.

ON A METROPOLITAN MORNING NEWSPAPER.

By a Reporter in New York.

WITH HARTLEY DAVIS extolling reporters in *Everybody's* and Rem Crawford telling the truth about 'em in *Success*, the man "who writes pieces for the papers" finds himself in the upside down position of the told about. Of course his true function is to be the day-to-day biographer of other people and the chronicler of their various crimes, but if respectable society—reporters are said not to come in that class—evinces a desire to have the glasses turned the other way, then respectable society has itself and the magazine editors to blame if it is disappointed, shocked, or (more probably) bored.

A certain class of people—may they ever grow fewer!—insist on looking upon reporters as extra-human creatures, who go into all sorts of curious places and witness dark deeds in the dead of night. There is so little truth in this conception as to make it absurd, and just enough truth to make the reporter sensitive about it. To make up for having to go back to work when everybody else has finished dinner at 8 P. M. some of the tribe feel that they must fool others and themselves by stories of nocturnal excitements, such as murder mysteries unraveled and bank thieves tracked down. But the rattle-brained, well-meaning individual who says: "Oh, your work must be *so* exciting!" never knows how narrowly he escaped being one of the star actors in a murder scene.

Ambitious to be journalists, hundreds of men—most of them young but some of them not—gravitate to New York every year. Often they are journalists before they

leave home and become reporters when they reach New York. For every fifty who seek employment on the great dailies one gets a trial. There is always a waiting list a yard long. If a newcomer doesn't "make good" it is not long before he is dropped—city editors are not a bit sensitive about putting the fatal note in a fellow's mail box. Luck often gets him into his birth, but it won't keep him there.

Like those of policemen and motormen, the hours of a reporter on a morning newspaper are long. If he is on "general work"—and that's where he nearly always wants to be—he reaches the office about noon and stays till they are done with him, till ten, eleven, twelve, one, two, three o'clock. Sometimes, of course, he is released earlier, but if he works twelve hours he has no cause to feel imposed upon.

The reporter's boss is the city editor. He's the man with the "nose for news," the man who is supposed to know the real value of a story, when it's worth while to send a reporter out and when it's not. The make-up of the paper, that is, as far as local news is concerned, depends largely upon the judgment of the city editor. So the reporter, when he comes to work between twelve and one o'clock, sits down and waits till the Czar in the corner calls. The wait may be ten minutes, it may be all night, according to the activity of the news market.

The newspaper reporter is, above all else, superficial. There are myriads of things he knows a little about and nothing he knows much about. This is not strange when you consider the character of his duties. In the afternoon he covers a Syrian riot in lower Washington Street; at night he goes cursing to the Entertainment

Club or something else equally unentertaining at the Waldorf-Astoria. One hour it's a session of the Rapid Transit Commission, the next a murder in the Tenderloin or a trolley smash-up on the Bowery. When the city editor calls you may be told to investigate the latest vagary of Oscar Hammerstein, to chase down the story of the Tiffany diamond robbery, or to find out if Mrs. Van Astorbilt got a divorce and if so, why; to hear a political sermon by Dr. Parkhurst or to follow President Roosevelt on one of his triumphal tours through New York.

Dinners—not the kind we really like to eat, but functions—supply a great part of the night assignments. There are a vast number of societies in New York, more than anybody, even the man who has lived here all his life, can realize unless he makes a count. A few of them have good reasons for existing, but the others exist with just as much pomp and noise. Every one has its annual dinner. After the coffee comes the talk and a lot of rot it is, too. All the diners know this except those who talk and why it is endured is an everlasting mystery that even the all-wise head waiter at the Waldorf has not been able to solve. Perhaps the answer lies in the assiduous ministrations of this same individual and his underlings during the dinner proper.

Maybe at the first two or three dinners of the season the newspaper reporter dons his evening clothes, sits through the courses and tries to look happy like those around him. But the strain is too great for a mere human being. At the fourth—the fifth at latest—he appears just in time for the talk, after having eaten a real, comfortable meal at home or in some refreshingly

ungilded cafe; and it is the same way the rest of the dinner season. Sometimes there is good news, sometimes not, but the presence of well-known men at these functions makes it necessary to "cover" them. On the whole dinner assignments are about the most uninteresting and altogether unpleasant of all.

Ordinarily two assignments come to the general reporter every day, one in the afternoon and one at night. Often, of course, there are more—one man may have four or five "spreads" in the same issue. Under average circumstances the day assignment is covered and the "copy" is turned in by six o'clock, and dinner fills the gap between then and the night job. A story of unusual interest and importance, naturally, requires the attention of at least one reporter both afternoon and evening. And a task that is finished by one man by five o'clock might take the whole twelve hours of another less able or less experienced. Every one gets his turn at the emergency "trick" once or twice a week, which means that he sits around the office and awaits the bidding of the night city editor. If a big fire or riot breaks out, if a millionaire commits suicide, or if a collision kills a dozen persons, then the emergency man may "grab off" a couple of columns.

The manner of a reporter's life is not pleasant. God never meant for a man to have his hours twisted so. When other people are through with their day's work this inky-fingered vagabond is just in the middle of his. His "evening"—the period that corresponds to the regular citizen's hours from dinner time to bed time—is from midnight to four o'clock in the morning. Then, perhaps, he goes to the reporter's club in Fortieth Street, or

more probably to some cafe where he may nibble and sip peacefully with his fellows; or maybe he goes home, puts on his dressing gowns and reads a magazine. Maybe he goes straight to bed and does without his "evening." It all depends upon his individual tastes. Which brings to mind the complaint of a certain little boy in New York.

"Mama! Mama!" he wailed, running to his mother. "That man spanked me!"

"What man, son? Who spanked you?" she asked.

"That man that eats dinner here on Sunday!"

It is almost unnecessary to add that this occurred in the home of a reporter.

Speed is the valuable, invaluable asset of a successful reporter. That is, of course, speed with efficiency. The difference between the time one man takes to write his story and the time another takes to write one of the same length and quality is often the difference between a success and a failure. The educated see that the news columns of a newspaper show very little trace of literary ability, and the educated see straight. But in a sixteen-page or a twenty-page paper produced in twelve hours you can't expect to find the delicacy and precision of a Walter pater or the elegance of an Addison.

Once a reporter met his former English professor and the old gentleman said to him:

"I'm glad to hear that you are engaged in literary work."

"You must have been misinformed, professor," was the answer. "I am a reporter on a New York newspaper."

That was a pretty poor joke, but it illustrates a point.

The talent which makes a good reporter is entirely separate from that which makes a good writer of novels or magazine stories. Of course the man that has the two talents combined is doubly fortunate. Many a valuable reporter in New York—a man without whom his paper could not get along—cannot write even a decent newspaper story; but he can get the news, and there is always a man at the other end of a telephone wire to put news into fair shape.

The night city editor of *The Sun*, reputed to be one of the best newspaper men in the world, was getting impatient about a certain story one night last year. The reporter had not come and time was slipping by. Finally the night city editor's patience gave out.

"Joe!" he yelled to one of the "emergency" men, "for the Lord's sake go out and get this story—I've got a magazine writer out on it."

This remark was just meant for a witticism, of course, for *The Sun's* "star" man, a great favorite of the night city editor, was a magazine writer of some reputation and has since left *The Sun* for *Everybody's*. But the reporting knack and the writing knack are not the same. No reporter, of course, could be so foolish that he would not like to be able to write fact or fiction acceptable to magazines.

Newspaper men think they are badly paid. So do all other men. The reporter makes about what he deserves to make—it's "up to" him. Nobody ever got rich working under somebody else and nobody ever will. Reporters are not an exception. Any man who thinks to accumulate wealth as a reporter will learn better soon after he becomes one. If he is built for it he will like the work, and therein lies a big reward.

When a man without experience goes to work on a morning newspaper in New York he starts on a salary—not one for the carting away of which he has to summon a truck. From then on he looks forward to the day when he is put "on space." The waiting time is longer or shorter according to the man. Again, one newspaper may keep a man on salary longer than another. *The Sun*, for instance, has the reputation of being very slow about putting its men "on space," but takes exceedingly good care of them after they are there. Once arrived at the point where he is paid for what he writes, the reporter earns much or little according as he is more or less able and industrious. "Much" and "little" are comparative terms, of course; the reporter's "much" would be a paltry consideration to many a business man, and his "little" might look like a fortune to the newsboy or the old clo' man.

The Sunday supplement offers an inviting field for the energetic. It is half way between a newspaper and a magazine. If he has enough energy—and in a newspaper office, as everywhere else, success is mostly a question of work—the reporter can earn many pretty pennies out of the supplement. Often matter not fitted for his own paper's Sunday section will find a market if sent to another office. This writing "on the side" makes a good deal of difference in a year's income.

Besides general reporters there are those scattered among the several departments. The shop news man keeps tab on all outgoing and incoming passengers and looks after happenings on the water front and the harbor. One reporter's headquarters are at the Tenderloin police station, which is not savory to see or to talk about

but where something important is apt to happen. Another covers the upper west side and another the upper east side stations. To another falls the task of reporting all news of the theatres, and his job consists chiefly in disappointing eager and persistent press agents.

Title has very little meaning in a newspaper office. An editor may have half a dozen imposing adjectives in front of his name and not be of a tenth as much importance as the man who reports the legislative investigation of insurance companies at the City Hall. In the same way the man who reports the investigation is just as far above another reporter—the one who travels from theatre to theatre, for instance—as the latter is above the office boy. But as far as title goes the rank is the same—each is a "reporter."

Surely the cleverest thing that has ever been written about a newspaper office is "An Ultimate Ambition," by William McMurtrie Speer, which appeared in *Harper's* for April of last year. It is a wonderful good story, a good-naturedly cynical picture of the editorial rooms of a New York newspaper. It tells of a youth who came from the country and "told the Editor of the Newspaper that he had an ambition to become a Journalist and Desired a Position on the Editorial Staff." Here are a few extracts from "An Ultimate Ambition:"

"They think editors are great and powerful and reporters are not. The fact lies the other way, but it is only the great politicians and speculators who have found that out, and they grow rich by utilizing it and keeping it to themselves. She (the reporter's wife) did not know any better, and wanted him to be an editor."

"Editors do not put things in newspapers—but keep things out. It takes several editors to keep things out of the papers. Except The Editor all these editors have adjectives before their names."

"The wives and outside people in general refer to all assistants to editors as editors."

"Copy-readers give up their eyesight and digestion to head off libel suits, to cut out superfluous words and phrases, and in the general effort to get the news, and only news that will sell the paper and pacify the business office."

The ultimate ambition referred to in the title of the story was—well, anybody who is curious about it can get *Harper's* and see for himself. Besides having an enjoyable ten minutes he will be rendered immune from attacks of the journalistic germs. The which immunity may be something to be thankful for, or it may not.

"CROSSING THE BAR."

'08.

Sunrise and Sunday morn,
  And one clear bawl at me.
And may there be no babes forlorn
  When I put out to sea,

But silence that will lull and soothe
  Too full for bawl and growl,
When neighbors chance their kids to move
  Elsewhere to howl.

Twilight and evening yell!
  It keeps up after dark.
There'll be no sadness of farewell
  When I embark.

And, oh, from out this babe-infested place
  Thou flood do bear me far.
And may I have no babes to face
  When I have crost the bar.

THE GENTLE ART OF RUNNING AN AUTOMOBILE.

P. H. Royster.

SAY, how do you start this blooming thing?" I pointed to this last error of mine, a four-cylinder touring car, an elephant—my elephant—on my hands.

"Start it with the starting crank," replied the expert, as experts do, in harassingly explicit language. "Do you suppose you'd use a crank pin?" Now I did not suppose anything about it, but it seemed to me that a crank-pin would do me just as much good as a starting crank. But I wisely remained mute.

"Here it is," he said, directing me to the prow of the machine. "Turn it to the right." This was something like. I always was quick to learn and I am proud to say that, if anyone shows me a handle and tells me to turn it, I will *turn* it; that is, of course, provided it will turn. But it wouldn't. I pulled and grunted, but it wouldn't budge a budge.

"She won't—turn," I grunted. "What's the matter?"

"I reckon the compression *is* a little strong." He turned a wire rod under the handle, but still the crank wouldn't move.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Won't the compression behave?" I didn't really know what a compression was; but, still, I thought well to throw in a few technical terms just to show that I was still in the game. I pulled so hard that I raised the front wheels off the ground (the car didn't weigh but eighteen hundred pounds). The crank moved. This was encouraging in so far as it showed that the motor really would work when it was in the mind, but personally the result was

not so gratifying. The crank moved all right, but it moved in the wrong direction, throwing me over the front wheel and causing me to do some extemporaneous manoeuvers.

"What's the matter now?" I asked.

"Only a back-fire. I forgot to retard the spark. Don't worry about it. It doesn't hurt the machine."

"Doesn't it? Does she do like that often? Is that one of her permanent habits?"

"No. Only when you forget to retard the spark. You won't forget more than three or four times."

"No, I don't suppose I will. I won't hardly last that long."

I tried again. This time the engine turned over with little trouble and with less results. I turned and turned and the engine coughed and spitted, spat, spatted (I don't know which is right) but still would not make up its mind to begin operations. I cranked till I was red in the face. I cranked some more till I was blue in the face. I kept on and, just as my complexion was changing from purple to a light shade of green, there came a violent explosion and the motor started. She ran well for about ten seconds and then missed and missed and finally her vivacity died away.

"She seems to have changed her mind. What's the matter?" This was the fifth time I had asked this question, but it was a good sentence, so I repeated, "What's the matter?" for the sake of emphasis.

"The mixture's wrong. Somebody has been monkeying with the carburettor." There was probably a hint in this but it was no go. I didn't know any more about a carburettor than I did about Nebuchadnezzar's opinion

of Reciprocity. Still one shouldn't unnecessarily expose his ignorance.

"I never did take anything off a carburettor yet, in my life, and I'm too old to begin now. Gi' me a hammer and I'll knock a hole through that blooming carburettor." I was really bluffing. Deep down in my heart I am afraid of a carburettor. If I saw one coming I think I would run. But a bluff's a bluff as long as no one calls it. I spoke in a loud tone so the carburettor—wherever or whatever it was—could hear. The bluff worked beautifully. I hardly touched the crank this time before the engine caught an explosion—I believe that is the term they use. I don't really believe that an engine can catch an explosion. That is probably an exaggeration.

The engine was running. This was success. As soon as my complexion cooled to a light blue, I regained my dignity.

"I think I will drive, Mr. Jones, if you please." I could speak on equal terms with this gas engine expert. I had started a motor all by myself. This was more than an ordinary man could reasonably hope for.

I took my seat gracefully. I have often seen that Jackson fellow wallow onto the leather like a cow—and his Mercedes cost nine thousand. From the eminence of my seat I turned to look about me. The sidewalk was covered with boys of all powers (that's getting the language down I reckon). They had eagerly watched my evolutions with the crank, offering various advisory comments, which I found beneath my dignity to notice. Now I could look at them and rebuke them with a frown. My gaze wandered nearer home. On my right side were

two nickel-plated levers. On top of the wheel were two smaller levers and down on the lower floor was a whole chromatic scale from C sharp to G. I used to play a four key-board organ so I didn't lose my nerve.

"You'll have to learn the names of all these levers," said the expert.

"All right," I answered bravely.

"That outside lever is the emergency brake. The next is the transmission gear control. The lever on top of the steering wheel is the gas control; the one on this side the spark lever. The little pedal to the left is the accelerator, the next the clutch; the one on this side the running brake."

"Thank you," I replied. "Now tell me how to start."

"Pull up the spark and gas levers, push down the accelerator, push out your clutch, push the gear lever into the first sector notch and—now don't take your hands off the wheel, you've got to steer with that."

"Now look here. I'm an orphan and I don't think that it is right for you to impose on me. How do you expect me to operate six or seven various and different levers and keep my hands on the wheel simultaneously? I'm only human—I'm no centipede. I've played a diminished seventh chord, and pulled five stops on an organ while doing a sixteenth run in the bass with my feet, but I didn't have to hold my hands on a wheel. Nature didn't give me but two hands, but if you say so, I will strain my imagination and make believe I've got four."

I got set with my hands and feet in position, took a full breath, and pushed as hard as I could on everything in reach. I was expecting an explosion and was startled when nothing moved.

"Are your gears in?"

I didn't know whether they were or not, "But," I reasoned, "so far as I'm concerned they are just as liable to be in as out." So I feebly answered "Yes."

"Then let up your clutch—easy now."

I let up on my left foot and the car began to move. The boys on the sidewalk gave a cheer and we were off. I felt proud. Here was I, sitting in my own machine and running my own machine and not caring a hang for Demegeot and his Daracq either. I was joyous. I was overcome.

"Hadn't you better change the gear now. The second speed runs better."

"I'm not going to change speeds if I have to grab any more chords out of these nickel-plated muckings. What key would I have to play in?"

"The change is simple and easy. Push down the clutch, slip the lever one notch higher and let in the clutch again."

"Oh joy! As simple and easy as the derivative of a function. Running an automobile is simple anyway. I'm afraid it will become monotonous."

I got into position and changed to the key of three flats. The transition was not smooth. It was sudden. You might even call it violent. I would have been thrown from my seat had the wheel not interfered. As usual I asked, "What's the matter now?"

"You put your foot on the brake pedal instead of the clutch," said the expert, crawling back to his seat. (I omit my remarks, which were irrelevant). They became more irrelevant when I found that the engine had stopped. I descended with blood in my eye. Truly the

ways of a gas engine are beyond understanding. Hardly had I touched the crank before the engine started by itself. Why it did I do not know. The manufacturers probably failed to put enough defects in the engine.

I got back into the car and started in the same key again. This time I moved the various and different levers without being told. This, of course, gave me the big head. I went up on the second speed without any verbal aid. I put on the loud pedal and began going faster. On the corner I saw a policeman. I hoped and prayed that he would arrest me. What more honor and glory could a man want than being arrested for exceeding the speed limit. I pushed the gear lever into the last notch and stooped over like the pictures you see of the Vanderbilt race. The policeman yelled to me to stop. I turned my head to make some witty reply—something facetious, you know (I always did pride myself on my wit). The automobile, taking advantage of my lack of attention, started for the sidewalk. An automobile can be tempted, you can coax it, entice it, beg it, but if it makes up its mind to go upon the sidewalk, you had better take your hat and go ashore. These are words of experience. I tried it myself. But the car went for the sidewalk faster than I expected, and just as I was about to jump, the car struck a telegraph post. I say it was a telegraph post, but it may have been a telephone post. So many things happened in so short a time that I can not record them in their chronological order. I will say, however, that a certain time after this I was sitting a little to the northeast of the machine. The machine was sitting down. Her wheels were gone and the body rested on the ground. Jones

was a little southeast of me. His coat was torn off and his face showed signs of sliding on the pavement. Mr. Jones was an iron clad man. Nothing could disturb him. His face (that is the visible portion) showed no emotion. He spoke first.

"Are you hurt?" politely. "How do you feel?"

"Mr. Jones," I said slowly, choosing my words with care. "I feel like Hell. How do I look?"

THE RELATION OF THE UNIVERSITY MAN TO POLITICS.

J. E. Alexander, '95.

I HAVE been asked by the editor of the UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA MAGAZINE to contribute an article for publication in the April number of that magazine on "The Relation of the University Man to Politics." The subject on which I am asked to write is broad, and in order to make a paper of readable length, I shall have to omit many things which from some points of view might be pertinent, and deal only with a few things which are now uppermost with me.

This subject is by no means new. Numerous essays have been written as to the Reciprocal Duties and Obligations of the University Man and the State, "The Scholar in Politics" and kindred phases of the relation of scholastic training to governmental affairs. While these are to some extent theoretical, instances are numerous of eminence attained and high patriotic civic duty performed by men of rare acquirements in letters. Men with trained intellects whose intelligences are in every way vastly superior to innate passions, prejudices, feelings, who by study acquire information from the experiences of others, appropriate that information and use it in their lives for their own improvement and the betterment of their fellows, are always in demand and are usually, though by no means always, found in positions of leadership. University training is a great deal, but University training is not all. There are many other elements which control in the affairs of "the people politically organized." Wealth, opportunity, accident of

birth, many other things may decree that the University man have no opportunity to enter successfully the field of politics. As I say, many men of letters, D'Israeli, Gladstone have served their country well, but others less scholarly, Andrew Jackson and his enemy David Crockett for instance, have served in their respective spheres successfully.

To be brief, the true relation of the University man at the present time to politics is deeper than the mere place. These places are not so powerful after all, neither are they financially desirable. I know some drummers who make more selling their knives, matches, and brooms than a North Carolina Judge receives as salary. The individuals who from time to time fill these places, technically called "offices", are the agents and servants of the people. As a rule they do the popular bidding. Speaking more particularly of the South and our State, it seems to me that our old policies of training must go. Cling as we may to the glories of the past, and we are proud of them, there have been great changes along governmental and industrial lines in recent years, and the University man will doubtless use his intelligence to see it. Fifty years ago, most University men of the South were trained to be politicians, state-craft if you please. There was more demand for such things. The old order has changed. The great questions arising in construing the Federal Constitution, in adjusting the Federal and State powers, in settling the relative rights of the different parts of the Government to the whole, have been settled from time to time by judicial construction, legislative enactment or by arms.

Having for all time established the now acknowledged and undisputed law as to most of the questions which necessarily arose in the establishment of a new Government, the country has settled down with true American industry into what may very correctly be called "The Industrial Age."

To be brief, speaking particularly of local affairs, and striving briefly to state the practical rather than the theoretical, my ideal for the University man is that in these busy times he should be too occupied in devoting his talents, his training and his information in building up great commercial, electrical and manufacturing enterprises, to engage himself actively in what is called "politics" i. e., standing for some office in the State or Federal Government, or managing the campaign of some one who is standing for such office. Of course the University man will vote and take interest in his Government in that and many other ways.

Government affairs do not now demand or need the University trained man to the extent his State needs his services in building factories for wood working, cotton and wool manufacturing, electric railways, developing water powers and otherwise making agricultural North Carolina a manufacturing State. There has come about, and is coming about, a great, a very great change in North Carolina. The development in the last few years has been wonderful. It is current as I write that Eastern North Carolina is to have such a system of transportation as it never had before. In a few years the principal towns in Piedmont Carolina will be connected with inter-urban railways and be so close together in time that they will really be one community.

The University man who can dominate this Industrial Age can dominate and control the politics of the State. The great enterprises that are coming to healthy, wide-awake Piedmont Carolina, and other sections, as well as those already here and elsewhere will need some representatives in the State and Federal Governments. They will need the "University Man", the clear, trained intellect to help them create for the State markets for products, opportunities for labor and increased value to the properties of the State.

We have a splendid State, the best of climate, fertile soils, powerful waters, abundance of woods; these are the problems for the University man of today. With proper efforts he can make North Carolina as rich as New York. In such pursuits he will be the real power behind the throne and the actual ruling force in the State. This is the true basis of political power, and in my humble opinion is the best way in which the college trained man of today can best serve himself and his people.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

H. H. Hughes.

We met beneath the white hawthorn
One moonlit night in May;
And gently on the breeze was borne
The notes of the mock-bird's lay.

Her eyes, the stars of Southern skies,
Shone with a tender light;
Her hair, rich treasure of argosies,
Was wet with the dews of night.

Her snowy robes were like the foam
That girdles tropic seas,
Her lips the dripping honey-comb,
Two melting red cherries.

"O maddening maiden, pity me,"
I said half in affright,
"And give to me one red cherry
From your ruby lips tonight."

She lifted her eyes in mild surprise;
I knew not what she list;
But as honey-bee to lily flies
The tips of her lips I kist.

"Ye gods!" I cried, "what joy to live!
What heavenly rapture this:

With throbbing heart to chastely give
A maid her maiden kiss!"

"Not quite so fast," she proudly said,
And coolly fixed a curl,
"That little smack has turned your head;
Sir, *I'm* a summer girl."

COLLEGE LITERATURE.

J. Kenyon Wilson.

THE READER of college magazines cannot help but see that the literary work of students is different from that he finds in other magazines, yet though different in kind and quality, it compares quite favorably. If he has been reading them for a considerable period he will see that it is growing better.

In the evolution of modern educational methods the college and the university have become more than places of mere instruction. They are sources of production as well. The home of scholarship, they are expected to give to the world the creations of scholars. The college professor is a writer as well as a teacher. The graduate student is expected not merely to learn something, but rather to discover something, to do research in some field and to give his results to the world. Even the undergraduate is expected to contribute something to the sum of human knowledge. It is regarded as the duty of the college to teach not only the few students on its class rolls but also the large mass of people outside, reaching even those who can never come within its doors. Colleges and college life are therefore not confined to the searching or the critical. They are creative.

Accordingly we find regular publications of work done in universities in various branches of research. At regular periods there appear under the name of the institution authoritative and exhaustive studies in such subjects as science, history, political science, economics, philosophy, and philology. In fact every field of research is represented either in college journals or special college

publications. In them, too, we find advanced new hypotheses and theories, new doctrines and systems. All of these, more or less creative as they are, are the products of college thought and college endeavor. All of them have their influence on the world and tend to its uplift. Most of them are, however, technical, only a few are of such popular character as directly to benefit a very large class of readers.

There are, however, published works of the college man which are more nearly creative and less critical than the thesis of the research worker. These are not bound down by technicalities, they are of a more general interest, they are imaginative. They are read by a larger public and therefore contribute more liberally, if not more certainly, to promote the general welfare. In this class perhaps the most important is the literary work of college men. By College Literature is here meant that activity of the college man which is literature in the restricted sense of the word. To be sure, history and philosophy and science are, in a sense, literature. But the general idea of the word is something quite different. It refers to poetry, essays, or fiction rather than to treatises or commentaries. Though an inclusive and exact definition could hardly be given, yet everyone knows what is usually meant by the term literature. It is of this sort of literature, as it comes from the pen of the college student, that the writer is speaking. Furthermore, it is not critical but creative literature that is referred to by the term College Literature.

College life is peculiarly fitted to produce a very worthy type of literature, not a great one perhaps, but

surely a good one. Though a knowledge of the world and its ways, such as the college student has not had and such as can be had only by long acquaintance, may be necessary for the production of the highest literature, yet there are in student life certain elements which promise much for an admirable and distinctive literature. First of all the college man is studying his mother tongue. He is being taught to fashion the English language into clear, strong and easy sentences, to group them into paragraphs and these into larger units. He is learning to link his facts and his ideas so as best to convey the meaning he intends. Moreover he is studying the literature of the masters. He is daily delving into Milton, Addison or Macaulay or exploring the beauties of Tennyson or Shakespeare. He is being steeped in a literary atmosphere, from which he should absorb some of the excellencies of the masters. The student, therefore, adds to his technical study of the principles of English composition a familiarity with the manner in which these principles have been applied by those who have used the language best. He is, or certainly should be, able to use it well himself.

In the second place the college man is a student. His mind is constantly open to facts, he is as constantly receiving them. They awaken the imagination and furnish material for literary efforts. The thrilling events of history should suggest plots for fiction. Biography should furnish the characters. Philosophy should inspire poetry. To his studies may be added the natural imagination of youth, and greater still the picturesqueness of college life. That life is one filled with great ideals, with strong convictions and fervent attach-

ments, with zeal for college causes, for friends, for club, for class and for Alma Mater;—all these of necessity fire the imagination.

Should not such conditions, vitalized by the modern creative spirit in college endeavor produce a literature to be given a high and definite place in the world of letters? Such a combination of qualities in any man must break forth into something good. Mastery of the English tongue, the examples of its master users, the inspiration of growing knowledge, the intensity of college life must express themselves as surely as the revival of learning and Elizabethan politics, industry and naval glory expressed themselves in Elizabethan literature. College environment must and will make to the world some popular and useful contributions in letters.

Their expression, too, will be unique and distinctive. Besides being confined largely to short stories, poems and essays, it will also be different in tone. The college man is in many respects unlike other men. He looks at life from a different angle, he sees things through the coloring of college life. His work will hardly have the practical discrimination and the discernment of the human heart the older writers possess; but it will have about it the stamp of sincerity and the ardent zeal of youth that will give to it a sure, high and distinctive position. We hear of English literature and of American literature, of New England literature and of Southern literature. By these terms we mean that there is some sectional distinction. College Literature is to be another distinctive type, striking the note of that universal something in college life which somehow makes the blood run warmer.

The fulfillment has been delayed by want of encouragement and by ridicule of those who have ventured to write. But ridicule and unsympathetic criticism are happily becoming less and encouragement greater. The day is fast coming when College Literature will be recognized by the world at large, instead of by the college world alone. Recent college magazines show the advance. A little more encouragement will hasten the coming. But even without that it must come. The time is not far off when the world will have cut an ample niche for College Literature.

THE CALL OF THE VIOLIN.

W. E. Yelverton.

DOWN a dirty little side street in the city of San Francisco an old man was walking. He was picking his way gingerly enough among occasional heaps of ashes mixed with broken glass, tin cans, and other refuse; but aside from the objects that lay directly in his path, he seemed entirely oblivious of his surroundings. Dirty-faced children were playing noisily in the street and in the narrow porches of the squalid houses. Here and there from the different groups, a little Chinese face would look up stolidly at the old man's stooped figure. A light breeze, mingled with the aroma of the sea and the smell of stale vegetables, as it came up from the wharf, waved slightly his soft white beard. The April sun as it beamed brightly in contrast to the squalor of the street, found no responsive brightness in the shabbily dressed figure that was making its way so listlessly along the street.

Presently the old man entered a weather beaten two-story house distinguished from those around it only by extreme squalor.

Five years before, he had applied at this house for board and lodging, telling the landlady, Mrs. Scroggs, only that his name was James Carroll, and that he wished to stay there for an indefinite length of time. Beyond this scanty information neither Mrs. Scroggs nor any of the neighbors knew much about him. They saw him go out for a walk each afternoon, and each night at eight o'clock a passerby might see him with a violin under his arm, making his way to a shabby low-comedy theatre. Here in a half-hearted sort of way, he

played second violin to help furnish music for beefy chorus girls to dance by.

As he entered the door of his boarding house on that particular afternoon, he was going through a part of his daily routine. All that day, however, thoughts of his past life had been passing through his mind with unusual persistency. He tried to banish these thoughts, but without success. They stayed with him even during his supper while Mrs. Scroggs was trying to interest him in a choice bit of gossip.

After he had stumbled up the dark stairway, and entered his unlighted room, he sat down mechanically and shut his eyes, in order to see more vividly the pictures that seemed to be slowly unfolding themselves before him. He sat unmindful of the passage of time, as pictures of his youth arose one after another in perfect detail. He could see his ante-bellum home in Middle Georgia--the "great house" with its large yard half-enclosed by negro cabins, and the broad, level cotton fields surrounding the whole. Then the scene changed to the campus of his State University. His triumphs and disappointments there, came back to him with the same vivid reality.

Throughout all this series of pictures the personality of a violin was interwoven. The rich tones of an old Cremona that had been in the Carroll family for three centuries, seemed to form the atmosphere for the whole trend of his thought. This violin had been an object of reverence to him in early childhood, a delight from the day on which his father had begun to teach him music, and a constant companion to him throughout his University life.

As his mind passed beyond the end of his University

career, the personality of the violin dominated his thoughts. His passionate love of music had grown with his growth until, at the close of his college course, he had determined to go abroad to study music. Now as he was reviewing the three years of his study of music, the whispered sound of the violin grew clearer. As step by step he had mastered his study the love of music and the old Cremona had become a passion. As he thought of his course of study in Berlin, he thought of tedious hours which he spent in mastering technique, diversified by leisure hours which he often employed in playing the simple melodies of the plantation.

But as the remembrance of the last year of his course of study came to him, there came with it a picture more vivid than any other of the many that he had seen that night. The fair face, the queenly carriage, and the radiant personality of a German girl lived and moved before his eyes. He had loved and had won her, and she had become his inspiration. Music he loved no less because of this new passion, but music had now become a means of expression rather than a passion, and for this alone he loved it. For now he had realized that the highest art of music is expression, and that the greatest theme for expression is love.

As his memory carried him then to the night of his debut into the musical world of Berlin, he rose from his chair and began to pace the room. And as he walked back and forth through the darkness, that beautiful face was ever before him. The desire that had been with him for forty years was drawing him as never before. The longing to pour out his soul in music once again to that beautiful vision before him, was irresistible. He yielded. With hands trembling from haste he lighted

the little lamp on his table, and eagerly unlocked a small trunk in one corner of the room. He drew from the bottom of the trunk a violin case. From this case he took the old Cremona that had lain there forty years. At last he was obeying the call of the violin.

In the meantime, as Carroll had not appeared at the theatre, the manager decided to go to Carroll's lodgings and find out the reason for his absence. As he ascended the steps at Mrs. Scrogg's, the sound of a violin reached his ears. The lower part of the house was dark as if the family were away, but the manager saw a shaft of light above the stair-case. He tried the front door, and finding it unlocked, entered the hall. The low, sweet sound of the violin grew clearer. The manager stopped in amazement. Surely these were the notes of a master. The song of the violin became louder. The manager, still puzzled, tiptoed to the top of the stair-case. Through a half-open door he saw Carroll. Yet this was not the Carroll he had known, nor had he even seen this violin. Instead of the former dull listlessness, there was now in the eyes of the second violin, the fire of youth and the soul of a musician. The rich tones of this masterpiece of the violin maker's art had never filled the shabby theatre two blocks away, as they were now filling this bare room. Rich, swelling notes of triumph that voiced the exultation of a conqueror, were emanating from the old Cremona.

With this strain the music ceased, and the old man looked down at the violin with the love of a mother for her first born. Then he cried out brokenly and incoherently to it as if he were trying to reveal his heart and soul to his dearest friend.

"Ah! my idol—my old comrade—you remember her—

Margaret—that night—that triumph.—Then the war—home, kindred, Margaret—lost—all—all lost.—Not even you to comfort me—for I could not see her—she could not hear you.—But—I see her now—she hears you.—Ah! her face.—She smiles at your call.—Sing to her—to Margaret—*mein liebling, mein—lieb-ling.*"

As the master raised his bow, the light faded from his eyes. He trembled, fell forward, and the Cremona lay in fragments under his fallen body.

The coroner's jury pronounced it heart disease, and at least one man knew that the verdict was true.

HIS LORDSHIP'S HABITS.

FROM "THE AMERICAN DIARY OF A MARQUIS."

Drury Phillips.

REALLY, these Americans are a most peculiar race, a race absolutely unlike us Anglo-Saxons. Would you believe it, but I actually met one of them who had not the slightest respect for my rank, and wished to treat me as a mere American. His impudence quite took my breath away! But then, he was only a cowboy, and of course knew no better, so I just looked at him and said in my chilliest tone, "My dear man, would you mind addressing me more as a gentleman, and less as your equal?" He just stared at me a moment and then walked around me once or twice still staring, and finally burst out, "My equal? No, thank God, you ain't!" Horribly insolent, I call him.

As, however, this same rude cowboy later happened to extricate me from a rather awkward position, I finally forgave his ignorant presumption, and really endeavored to treat him as my social equal. He soon realized that I was his superior, and gave me that humility and respect due a person of my rank from one of his. The American is slow to realize the privileges of rank, but once he does realize them, he gives it to the full the proper respect, even going further than my own countrymen. This poor fellow almost shamed me by his complete humiliation.

In regard to that little incident, it was really nothing, and I am quite certain that he afforded me very little real assistance. While my position was rather awkward, I was completely master of myself, and in absolutely no

need of his officious intrusion. I might add here that it was purely the regularity of my personal habits that led me into this predicament. For years it has been my custom to rise just before sun-up and take a short walk, attired in garments of the utmost freedom. Indeed, I might say that the scantier the apparel, the more beneficial will the exercise prove. It is to this constant exercise that I owe my perfect health, even at sixty years of age.

As I said, it was this custom that led me into this little accident. I had risen early and gone out for my usual walk, attired only in a suit of red and pink pajamas and a light pair of moccasins. While walking briskly along through the stable yard, I was suddenly somewhat startled to hear a loud yell mixed with a dull bellowing sound, as of distant thunder. The cry was certainly not addressed to me, as I distinctly heard the words "Hey, you darn piebald pinto of a British scarecrow, hike out of that, and pull for that tying post. Hike, you pouty-fied fool, hike, Nigger's loose, and you're in his yard." Since I did not know the significance of many of those words, I paid no attention to such an address, and continued my walk. The yells continued, and I could distinctly tell that the muttering was growing louder. I paid no notice to that, of course. Really, those cowboys have a most peculiar language. Such terms as "Hey, tie a double bowknot in your tail, and hump out of that," "Chase a can for that post," "Wow, you animated caricature of a British plug, hike, Nigger don't savvy your jaw," "Get next to your panties, King Edward, and chase yourself up that tying post, you and Nigger ain't throwing in the same class," "Say, you last year's remnant from a left over bargain sale, you

ain't got a greaser's tomorrow to vacate in, hoist your tail and kiyi," "Hike it out of there, hike, hike," and similar expressions are certainly not in our English language. Naturally, my personal dignity would not permit me to notice these remarks, so I continued on my way, with a quiet and reserved composure that should have awed those roughs into some shadow of respect for one so evidently above them, but which had not the slightest effect. Again let me state that the average American is absolutely beyond my comprehension.

After a few steps, I glanced casually around in a very careless manner, as though I had heard nothing. I was resolved not to show those cowboys that I had heard any of their shouts, or had been in the least affected by them. What I saw, however, was enough to shatter even my hardened nerves, and, to my everlasting shame must I confess it, I was afraid! Not twenty yards behind me was an enormous bull, with lowered head, muttering and bellowing in a most disturbing manner. Even as I looked at him, he hurled a cloud of dust into the air with his forefeet, and started toward me. To the shame of the British nation, and the disgrace of the noble house of Strathmore, my bravery forsook me, and I turned and ran! To my dying hour, I shall feel the disgrace, that a Marquis of Strathmore should turn his back upon any foe, man or beast! I hurried to a pole close by, and hastily ascended it, leaving one moccasin behind me, and making several rents in the rear of my garments. My opponent broke into a run as I hastened my steps, and struck the pole a fearful blow with his head, not a foot below my body. He seemed infuriated beyond all bounds at my escape, and endeavored to destroy the pole with his head. Never had a Marquis of

the Blood Royal, a Marquis of Strathmore, been in such a condition. Forced to take refuge on a single pole, at the foot of which was an infuriated bull, while all around were yelling, jeering cowboys, who actually seemed to enjoy my plight. It only confirms my opinion that these men are not gentlemen. No gentleman could find ground for laughter in the misfortune of another. I cannot bear to repeat the rude jokes made by these men without feeling an anger unbecoming to a gentleman such as I pride myself on being at all times. They were insulting in the extreme, and by no means humorous, though the crowd laughed at them most continuously. I thought them in disgusting taste!

Finally, one of them, the one whom I had previously attempted to put in his place, entered the yard on horseback, with a rope in his hand. He managed to attract the animal's attention, and succeeded in throwing the rope around his front legs. Then turning his horse, he pulled the beast off his feet, after which he addressed himself to me. With a low bow, such as was my right from him, he said, "If Your Royal Highness will have the condescension to descend from his reviewing stand, I will endeavor to restrain the animal while your Lordship retires to his castle." It was the first time I had been addressed with any approach to the proper ceremony, and even then he used the wrong title. However, I dare say he was confused and forgot that a marquis is not addressed as "Your Royal Highness." I descended slowly, and with fully recovered dignity, and moved off toward the house, walking slowly, and with evident coolness. The cowboys at last seemed impressed by my dignity, and the magnificent display of nerve, upon which I have never ceased to pride myself, for not a sound was heard.

Indeed, so impressed were they that one and all removed their hats, and stood with bowed heads as I passed triumphantly through them. Only one small incident marred the profound impression I had made, and that was due entirely to the carelessness of the man holding the bull. While I was still some yards from the house, I heard a yell, "Look out, Nigger's loose again," from the crowd, and a "Lord, fellows, the rope's busted," from the careless horseman. Not wishing to cause him any further trouble, I hastened my steps rather suddenly, neglecting to notice a small ditch till I had fallen. Those men, not appreciating the true motive of my haste, and attributing it to cowardly fear, broke out again into a chorus of yells and jeers, not ceasing till I had entered the house. Indeed, I continued to hear them long after I had reached my room.

When, later in the day, I wished to thank the man for his trifling service, he merely looked at me a moment, and then addressed me in these words, which I considered so characteristic of the American who wakes to his reverence for rank and social superiority that I have presented them verbatim: "Your Royal Highness, the pleasure I feel at having been of even the slightest assistance to your Lordship is more than sufficient to serve me through all my days as a reminder of this day, and of your noble Lordship. It is rare that an opportunity comes to be of use to so noble a Lord as Your Royal Highness, and for that very reason, I feel all the more pride that it has been my fortune to know and to serve the most noble Marquis of Strathmore." I was so impressed with the man's evident sincerity that I was tempted to shake hands with him on the spot!

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

[Entered in Post-Office, Chapel Hill, N. C., as second class matter].

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EDITORIAL

With this issue of THE MAGAZINE the old board steps out and a new board steps in. Our work on THE MAGAZINE this year, while it has often been far from pleasant, has been profitable. THE MAGAZINE editor, in searching over college for "copy," has to learn not to be surprised at disappointments. We can write editorials after editorials, requesting students to contribute to THE MAGAZINE, but we have to go to every man personally in order to get any "copy." The *Yackety Yack* comes along in the spring and students wish to contribute to it. They never once think of the hoary old MAGAZINE. All the year we have been trying to get some good poetry

and have failed almost entirely. The *Yackety Yack* comes along and finds poetry where we never dreamed of finding any.

Something should be done to stir up interest in THE MAGAZINE. Prizes will not. It seems to us that THE MAGAZINE has reached the stage where it can institute some plan, whereby a student can win his place on it by contributions. Men are often elected to THE MAGAZINE because they are popular, or no other qualification than that of a creditable class standing is considered. If some plan should be devised, so that students could win their places by contributions, THE MAGAZINE editors would, no doubt, be relieved of a lot of worry and disappointment.

Such a plan would not, to be sure, be faultily faultless; but we think it would be more satisfactory than the present one. It might be objected that one would win his place on the board and then recline supinely at ease and let the ambitious Sophomore and Junior do the work. We know that there are some men in college that care no more for a position than the honor there is in being elected; but we believe there are but a few such men among us. The aforesaid plan, if instituted, would no doubt bring to light much latent talent. THE MAGAZINE almost always has to depend upon the productivity of the pens of two or three. Such a plan would relieve this situation, and THE MAGAZINE would be benefited by the work of ambitious youths that have a taste for literature. Let editors come from the societies as they have in the past; but let them win their places.

However, to the credit of the societies it can be truthfully said that qualifications were carefully considered this year in the election of THE MAGAZINE board. Mr.

H. H. Hughes, our successor, has been a faithful contributor to THE MAGAZINE for two or three years. He is well known in the realm of college literature. With Mr. Hughes as editor-in-chief THE MAGAZINE will, we feel sure, enjoy a year of unparallelled prosperity. It is with congratulations that we welcome the entire new board to our desk.

The new method of choosing the two best debaters, irrespective of society lines, to represent our college on our debating teams was tried this year for the first time. None can question the success of it thus far. Our team fought a winning fight. The system, too, has thus far been exempt from the objections that its opponents brought forward against it upon its inception and proposal.

The new system makes our debates a University affair as well as a society affair. And our debates are still society affairs. Whereas heretofore the best men from each society was chosen as our inter-collegiate debaters, now the best men in both societies are chosen. The objection that such a system would destroy a healthful rivalry has been overruled by a single year's operation. There was only one debate this year. Four men, two from the Phi and two from the Di, tried for places on the team. As it happened the Di had the two best men and they won the places. They also wrested from a committee of very intelligent judges a unanimous decision in favor of N. C. Our debaters did themselves proud. As a new system was operative this year many were likely to be coldly inclined toward it; enthusiasm was likely to be cooled. But there was none of this. The debate was

well attended by an appreciative audience. Often the applause rang out long and loud through the old chapel; the Phi always cheered as enthusiastically as her sister, the Di.

All in all the new system of selecting debaters has proven a success. Enthusiasm is just as great, rivalry is just as wholesome and friendly, and by it the two best debaters are selected. Our debating is thereby also made more of a University affair and is made no less a society affair. As the system has proved a success during its trial year, when it likely to receive a cold shoulder, it bids fair to prosper. We think it is to the interest of our debating system that the societies make it a point to see it prosper.

SKETCHES

STUNTED.

Mike (good-naturedly accosting a brother of Erian): "How was 't ye growed too little, me froind?"

Pat (the happy-go-lucky midget): "Begorrah, for the loife of me, Oi don't tell you because Oi don't know, but me mother always said, 'Pat did too many stunts when he was a small boi.' "

Moral: As the kid is bent, the man's hump-shouldered. —'04.

MOTHERLESS.

As I sat one day on the bank of a small stream, a rabbit which had been frightened by the bark of a hound on some fresh trail, came out of the undergrowth and stopped close by. It was a secluded little nook. Everything was still—save for the gentle rippling of the water, and the occasional yelp of the approaching dog. Even the birds stopped singing and joined in silent sympathy for their companion of the woods. The great, soft eyes of the creature appealed to me for aid as the bark of the long-eared hound grew hoarser and hoarser, and the more so because I was unobserved. Still and gray she sat there, trifling with life. I was on the verge of tossing a pebble as a warning of danger, when the crack of a gun rung in my ears and the big-eyed rabbit disappeared in the tall grass. The hunter, re-inforced by his dog, rushed for his prey. Limp and life-

less, half across a snug little hole, beside a broomstraw hedge, the rabbit lay—and two little grays were there huddled close together. —'04.

GOOD LUCK TREE.

A few paces from the house stands the family tree. As the wind hurries through its branches and fast spins the last clinging leaf, this front-yard sentinel gracefully rides a rusty burden—a host of horseshoes, some dangling from wires and others riding the branches bareback. This is Good Luck Tree on a winter day.

Behind the house is Good Luck Garden. It is noted for its early products and choice fruits. When other gardens are frozen hard, or parched and burned, Good Luck Garden enjoys warm sunshine and refreshing showers.

Just between Good Luck Garden and Good Luck Tree sets Good Luck House and Good Luck Family here resides. Death has seldom darkened its windows, and sickness is a rare visitor in that happy circle. The family tree is the family doctor.

Good Luck Tree has for years exercised its shrewd protection over garden and family. And now it is proverbial that the flourishing garden and healthy family owe their health and wealth to the mineral-air and magnetism of the little family tree. —'04.

A BLUE SPOT.

A loud explosion, accompanied by the jingle of glass

and followed by the shuffling of small feet, came from the hall.

"Charlie! Charlie!"

The lad's terrified mother rushed down the stairs, and the mammy cook was immediately upon the scene with a pot of boiling water. They found the old family musket, which had been loaded and placed in a closet-corner since goodness knows when, still smoking on the floor, and there was a hole in the front window. No one else had been in the house but Charlie.

The neighborhood was aroused, and assistants came in families to the rescue. There was commotion all around and passing whispers added a mystery to what it all was about. Things were turned upside down—but still there was no Charlie.

With a stubborn look and head hung low, he crept into the hall after their wild calls. His trembling hands and white face betrayed him, but he looked sideways at his mother and uttered an angry No!

The muffled cook said she would flog the "deblish" chap, but the glad mother stooped and kissed him—and he buried his face in her apron and bubbled a penitent Y-e-s.

The smoke cleared away. The cook hid the rusty gun and returned, with the water, to the kitchen. The assistants dispersed and quiet was restored to that household, when there was an ugly rap at the front-door. The cook answered the summons. It was the good neighbor from just across the street, and she wore a dismayed countenance—one congenial to some sudden calamity. She returned a hickory ramrod, and in a

broken voice paid her compliments to Charlie's mother—for the wholesale slaughter of her pet cat, one Domineck rooster, a yellow hen and eleven chicks. Matters had taken a serious turn, neighborly ties had been wrecked—but Charlie was then playing out in the backyard, and feeling only a little blue about one shoulder. —'04.

EXCHANGES

The Senior class of Princeton are entitled to congratulations on the quality of their work in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. It is really worth while, and is a tribute to the literary training of the University, showing as it does grace of style and largeness of grasp such as college education should insure. "The Expiation of Bill" is a short dramatic sketch skilfully and sympathetically done. "Uncle Ned on Skates" cuts a dashing figure. His method of telling his extraordinary experience on the unmanageable things seems to be a kind of a duplicate of his principles of skating. The South Carolina "Uncles" either have a very peculiar, illogical, and incomprehensible dialect or they are cruelly maligned by their literary mouth-piece, "the gentleman from South Carolina", who seems to be trying in this ambitious piece of writing to give a representation of the old Southern darkey. We recommend that the author study his original more closely, or—better still—investigate the manner of one like Joel Chandler Harris who is successful. Mr. Sayre offers us instructive and entertaining "Glimpse of Early London Theatres." Other articles also are worthy of special mention. The whole get-up of the magazine is creditable. No department appears to be better edited than *Aftermath*, which contains a great deal of really good stuff, both in prose and poetry. Altogether the *Nassau Literary Magazine* is thoroughly typical of the better class of college literature.

Judging by the late exchanges many a heart has ben set aflutter this spring by the amorous efforts of

young warm-weather poets who, feeling the yearnings and restlessness inspired by the Spirit of Growth so active everywhere at this season, have poured out their young hearts in uncertain gushings for the benefit of some special object, and, finding their works so good to look upon, have not had the heart to withold them from public appreciation—hence their appearance in the college magazines. However, the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* has a very fair grade of poetry. The little poem, "Utopia" is especially satisfactory. The prose articles in the April number are substantial and worthy of very careful reading, while the fiction is just as commendable. In many respects it is equal to our best exchanges.

The Brunonian is one of the best of the magazines that come to our table. The April number, while it has no peculiar excellence, contains several articles of merit. "Over the Line" is a story of the slums of a city. The writer has succeeded fairly well in his attempt to portray the stolid indifference of the poverty-stricken inhabitants of "Chicken-pie Alley" to disaster, even when his own children are involved. "A Telepathic Interlude", in spite of its name, is a love story, varying but little from the normal college magazine type. The sonnet entitled "Aspiration" is superior to the ordinary sonnet written by a college student.

The University of Mississippi Magazine gives the first place in its April number to a poem entitled "The Message of the Dove." It is not bad verse. In fact, it is real poetry, as college poetry goes. It would have been better, however, if the writer had contented herself with a protest against the useless and cruel slaughter of the

most innocent of birds, instead of trying to find a parallel in the so-called larger affairs of life. "An Anecdote of Reconstruction Days" is based on a worn-out story about someone's (an old negro in this case) giving a mortgage on a number of hogs which turned out, on pay-day to be ground-hogs (wood-chucks). The writer's ability as a story-teller does not seem to us to be of such a high order as to justify the repetition of so old an anecdote.

The *State Normal Magazine* is one of the most attractive magazines in appearance that comes to our table. The March number contains very little fiction. There may be too great a tendency among the college magazines to print nothing but fiction. The Normal magazine, however, seems to have gone to the other extreme. The editors, it seems to us, would do well to arouse the interest of their contributors in this particular kind of literature. This issue contains several critical articles under the general head, "Studies in Fiction". Such a department would add to the worth of many of our exchanges.

The editor of this department acknowledges the aid of Mr. S. Rae Logan in reviewing the exchanges for this issue.

We acknowledge our usual exchanges.

ASPIRATION.

We strive to wrest the secrets of the sphere
And search out all the wonders of the soul;
We ever struggle toward a far-off goal
Where high enthroned shall perfect truth appear.

We seek to trace on high the mad career
Of heaven's myriad host; to find control
Of all terrestrial things from pole to pole;
And scorn the modest hopes we once held dear.

But shall it profit—the toil these tasks impose?
And will the new prove better than the old?
We cannot say, not yet, what things portend.

We can but strive, for deep within us glows
The zeal for truth, to know and to behold,
That loves not life, not hope, before its end.

—*Leon E. Truesdell in The Brunonian.*

LINES.

As the wind and the sunset rain,
And Ocean's melody,
As the sweet of the world-old pain,
As the sorrow of years that flee,
So is Love.

As the crimson in evening skies,
As the scent of a rose in the night,
As incense and prayers that rise
In the early eastern light,
So is Hope.

As the gleam of endless stars,
In the cold green northern sea;
As peace after troublous wars,
As a dream of Eternity,
So is faith.

—*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

UTOPIA.

I dream of some fair Eastern isle,
Set in a tideless sea,
Where tropic sun or silvery light
Breathes out its life to me;

Where ev'ry breath is perfume sweet,
  Where flowers always will last,
Where all the strife and cares of life
  To ocean depths are cast;

Where music, soft and passionate,
  As ev'ry sense to stun,
Throws ever round its magic thrall—
  Breath of the torrid sun;
Where things are soft to touch, and sweet
  To taste, and see, and hear,
Where languid life dreams on, nor seeks
  To find a heaven more dear.

—*Robin in Randolph Macon Monthly.*

REVIEWS BY THE BROWNING CLASS

Concluded.

The Bible in Browning. By Minnie F. Gresham Machen, MacMillan Company, New York, 1905.

The influence of the Bible upon English literature has attracted the attention of many of our scholars. Dr. Henry Van Dyke by his study of the Bible in Tennyson has shown how deeply that great poet was interested in that Book of books. Kipling's great store of knowledge of the Bible has never been shown by any critic, but when this is done he will doubtless rank with Tennyson and Browning.

Miss Machen in her study of Browning has certainly realized one of the great difficulties of the average Browning student and met it. To a limited extent she deals with his philosophy; but the main purpose is to show how great an influence the Bible had on his poems. She brings out remarkably well his familiarity with the Bible, and shows how he makes use of this knowledge when artistic propriety or historic truth calls for such knowledge. Miss Machen makes the point that the lack of quotations in his classical work is due to his scholarly accuracy and sense of propriety. But it is remarkable that with his knowledge he made so few references in his dramas. In his early poems, too, the references to the Bible are few. From these and other similar cases she concludes that all of his references, while they were not studied for the occasion, came as the development of the subject demanded.

His absolute knowledge of the Bible, she claims, is seen

in the fact that all of his characters make Scriptural references freely,—even his villains. His quotations are most free, however, in his poems of a religious nature.

But it is not to his shorter poems that she gives most of her attention. In *The Ring and the Book* she discovers more than five hundred distinct quotations and references, beside a number of indirect references. Here she finds reference to twenty-eight books of the Old Testament and twenty-five of the New. In his shorter poems, however, she discovers references to the remainder of the books from which he fails to quote. In each case she follows Browning's reference with the complete Scriptural quotations, also with an explanation of Browning's probable meaning.

She recognizes that Browning was not always exact in his quotations, but flung them from him as if he need not consult the Book. Many close students of the Old and the New Testament would doubtless not agree with Miss Machen as to some of the quotations; but she at least succeeds in showing that it is impossible to be a successful student of Browning without a thorough acquaintance with the Bible.

It is not on the references in his poems alone that she bases her idea of his knowledge of the Bible, but on his letters to Mrs. Browning. Here he was not "casting his pearls" before one who could not appreciate them, for she returned more than twice as many as he sent.

Miss Machen deals but briefly with Browning's philosophy, yet she sets forth some views well worth the consideration of any one just beginning the study of the great poet. The purpose of the book is accomplished and in a very interesting way. W. B. LOVE.

Robert Browning. By Edward Dowden. London. J. M. Dent & Co., 1904.

In this book Mr. Dowden has undertaken a psychological task—to write a biography of Browning's mind. The task demanded an almost unlimited knowledge of Browning's life and works; this Mr. Dowden seems to have had. As to whether the book is the accomplishment of the purpose of the author, I think we may safely say it is. The most unfavorable criticism that may be brought against the development of the thought is the over-abundance of details. These details make interesting reading, but are a hindrance to the thought.

Browning's influence is thus characterized: "His tonic optimism dissipates the grey air of materialism, which has obscured the sunclad heights of life as effectually as a fog." And furthermore, "To see life through Browning's eyes is to see it shot through and through with spiritual issues, with a background of eternal destiny." The author argues that to know the development and course of the mind we must know what it had to begin with. Browning inherited gentleness from his father, a nervous temperament from his mother, and a great love of music from his maternal grandfather. Naturally in him there ran a restless inward current. His young life was one of doubting and thirsting. All through his early years he was a confirmed individualist. This the author shows by reference to his life and poetry. Browning's great devotion for Miss Barrett, who afterwards became Mrs. Browning, is plainly shown in his poetry. His departure from England for Italy also affects greatly his mind. He takes now as his main

themes, individual freedom and religion, the latter claiming the larger portion of his thought.

"What is the meaning of this mortal life—this strange phenomenon otherwise so unintelligible—if it be not the moment in which the soul is proved, the period in which the soul is shaped and developed for other lives to come." The measurement of man, for Browning, is less his achievements than the possibilities that lie unfolded within him. A French writer of that time is quoted as saying, "Of all poets known to me, he is the most capable of summing up the conceptions of religion, the ethics, the theoretic knowledge of our period in forms which embody the beauty proper to such abstractions." The author says that at the age of forty-three Browning had attained the fullness of intellectual and imaginative power, varied expression of life, and artistic culture of Italy. Upon Mrs. Browning's death he is characterized as thinking of love "as a supreme possession in itself and a revelation of infinite things which lie beyond it; as a test of character, and even as a pledge of perpetual advance in the life of the spirit." *The Ring and the Book*, which was written a little later, Mr. Dowden says, "is a great receptacle into which Browning poured all his power—his searching for truth, his passion, his casuistry, his feeling for beauty, his tenderness, his gift of pity, his veiled memories of what was most precious in the past, his hopes for the future, his worldly knowledge, his unworldly aspirations, his humour, such as it was, robust rather than delicate." After this the author shows that Browning's methods became more and more scientific. He became too indifferent to the truth of beauty. His themes are more of death and

immortality. He says now, "I have doubted and denied a future life, and I fear I have even printed my doubts; but now I am as deeply convinced that there is something after death. If you ask me what, I no more know it than my dog knows who and what I am. He knows I am there and that is enough for him."

A great deal of Browning's later life was spent in Italy and the brightness and lightness of this southern life soothed his strenuousness of mood. "A mood of acquiescence, which does not displace the moods of aspiration and combat but rather floats above them as an atmosphere, was growing familiar to Browning in these elder years." He was now disposed to accept what seemed to be the providential order, that truth and error should mingle in one earthly life, that truth should be served by illusion; he would not rearrange the disposition of things if he could. He could recall the thoughts of love, and reanimate them in his imagination, and could love love with the devotion of an old man to the most precious of things that have been. He shows nothing of his boisterous humour, but smiles at our infinities from the heights of experience. He sees from his Pisgah how life, with all its confusions and contrarieties, is the school which educates the soul and fits it for further wayfaring."

With this brief sketch of the book we may get a glimpse of the author's viewpoint. He undoubtedly has dipped into the depths of the soul of the poet and hands us out at least a part of the fullness and richness of his sublime character and mind. W. L. Mann.

Browning for Beginners. By Rev. Thomas Rain. Cloth, 227 pages. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London, 1904.

In his introduction Mr. Rain says: "The following pages tell how he [Browning] affected a reader of average intelligence, who studied him leisurely, amid other avocations, and as opportunity allowed." Of course no Browning student expects any great book on Browning of any one who has devoted to him only a few leisure moments found among daily duties. One may read his Tennyson at leisure; but he must study Browning with great care, if he would fathom the depths of his genius. Later the author tells us that this book is composed of lectures intended for publication and adds: "They are meant to be only for beginners in their Browning studies; old stagers at this work will not probably find in them much new." Whom can he mean by beginners? Surely he does not intend his book for children. It has not even the first qualities of a child's book. One out of fifty would hardly read the first page. He must have meant it for student beginers of Browning of any age. Even in this the book is a failure. The lectures are too discursive and uninteresting. The quotations, which are scattered over page after page, followed by short comments, are not judiciously chosen. Many criticisms are more interesting than the works themselves; but it is not so with Mr. Rain's book. There is no warmth of enthusiastic appreciation that burns for expression.

Rev. Thomas Rain's *Browning for Beginners* adds very little that is worth while to what has already been written on Browning. His book is uninteresting, and lacks a thorough appreciation of the poet. There is

nothing about it that will create or stimulate anyone's interest in Browning. H. L. Sloan.

Robert Browning. By G. K. Chesterton. 202 pages. New York, The MacMillan Company, 1903.

To write an interesting biography of a man whose life was unmarked by many stirring events is rather a difficult task. To a marked degree, however, Chesterton has accomplished it. Any lack of action in the story of Browning's life is atoned for in Chesterton's treatment by the skilful manner in which, at each critical stage of the poet's development, the curtain is lifted and we are permitted to see the inner character of the man and to grasp his viewpoint. The book is a study in Browning's character and of the philosophy of his works as illuminated by what the author knows of that character.

The book is divided into eight chapters. The first five begin and complete the story of Browning's life. These are entitled: "Browning in Early Life;" "Early Works;" "Browning and His Marriage;" "Browning in Italy;" "Browning in Later Life." To these are added three chapters: "Browning as a Literary Artist;" "*The Ring and the Book*;" "The Philosophy of Browning."

The first group of these portray for us first, not with especial vividness but rather by means of a psychological analysis, Browning the child, crammed full of all sorts of knowledge, yet unconscious of his cleverness; then Browning the youth, growing up "in the atmosphere of literary youth, fierce and beautiful, among new poets who believed in a new world." With a temperament Byronic in its love for the elemental, full of indom-

itable optimism, yet by an apparently illogical though not infrequent contradiction, beginning his career by the production of poems full of morbid, self-condemnatory introspection; then the poet of mature age, his romantic elopement with Miss Barrett, their life together and his closing years following her death are taken up. The obscurity in his early works, says Chesterton, was not due to a pride in intellectualism but to a humility which failed to recognize the intellectual inferiority of other minds to his.

In the chapter on "Browning as a Literary Artist" Chesterton defends Browning's right to the title of poet, denies that he is essentially a logician or that his processes of thought are scientific in their precision and analysis. You may not approve of his art, says he, but the fact remains that Browning approved it and that is sufficient. As a matter of fact his verse is musical in its way, and in some cases effects were secured which could have been brought about in no other possible way.

The two main doctrines in Browning's philosophy Chesterton characterizes as "the hope that lies in the imperfection of Man" and "the hope that lies in the imperfection of God:" if the Creator had not been crucified he would have lacked self-sacrifice and hence would not have been as great as the man who has it. Then sorrow and self-denial are privileges which enable man to grow. But Browning's optimism was based primarily not on arguments but on joyful experience.

The book is easily readable and one feels that its perusal has brought him nearer to Browning. A few obvious errors mar its typographical perfection. There is no effulgent praise, no "slopping over" in Chesterton's

treatment of Browning. It is a sane presentation of the man as he saw him, as a man and as a poet.

Victor L. Stephenson.

Browning and Meredith. By Mary Winchester Abbott. 55 pages. Boston. The Poet-Lore Company, 1904.

In this brief comparative study of Browning and Meredith, scarcely more than a lengthy paper, Miss Abbott seeks to show that the basic principles of the art and of the philosophy of each are the same. The basis of their philosophy she asserts to be: Nature is good. Each finds in Nature spontaneous activity and joy. They do not disapprove of sensual enjoyment, but believe it essential to strength of life. They believe that goodness is the working out of the truth of nature to the beauty and joy of life.

Applying the principle, Nature is good, to the art of the two, Miss Abbott contends that in their Plot it takes the form of a belief in an inexorable Moral Law. Follow truth and you obtain beauty. Depart from it and the Nemesis is inevitable. The fate, however, is in character rather than in events. The characters portrayed by each have the beauty of truth; they have strength.

The article is cleverly written and is evidently the work of one in close sympathy with both Browning and Meredith.

Victor L. Stephenson.

The Poetry and Philosophy of Browning: A Handbook of Six Lectures. By Edward Howard Griggs. Paper 51 Pages. Price 20 cts., net. B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1905.

The author states in his introduction that the purpose of this book is to give an introduction to the poetry and philosophy of Browning by studying a few typical poems, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *Abt Vogler*, *Andrea del Sarto*, *Cleon*, *Paracelsus*, and *The Ring and the Book* are six poems taken up. The first four are short dramatic monologues and the last two are long ones. These poems are characteristic of Browning's style and a study of them would give a pretty good idea of his poetry and philosophy. In a book of this kind it is as necessary that characteristic poems be selected as it is that the study be conducted in the right way.

Now the poems selected are, in my mind, undoubtedly characteristic and typical of Browning's work. They in a general way represent his philosophy of life, and through a knowledge of them we get his point of view. As the author says *Rabbi Ben Ezra* is the positive message; *Abt Vogler*, music and spirit; *Andrea del Sarto*, a study of personality; *Cleon*, the portrayal of failure; *Paracelsus*, the tragedy of the pursuit of knowledge; *The Ring and the Book*, Browning's philosophy of art and life; and the two characters of the latter, Caponsacchi, the crowning revelation of manhood, and Pompilia, Browning's interpretation of womanhood. These subjects are all typical of Browning and in a general way cover the scope of his philosophy.

We might call this book a note book of lectures on six typical poems of Browning. Accordingly, the

nature of the study is more suggestive than anything else. It is full of helpful suggestions as to how a student may study Browning to the best advantage. At the end of each poem, there are about a dozen questions on special points of interest to be observed. This book, on the whole, is good. It is small and condensed but is very useful and helpful. A note book should be just the sort of book that this is. D. P. Tillett.

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